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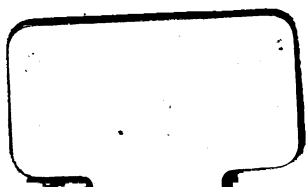
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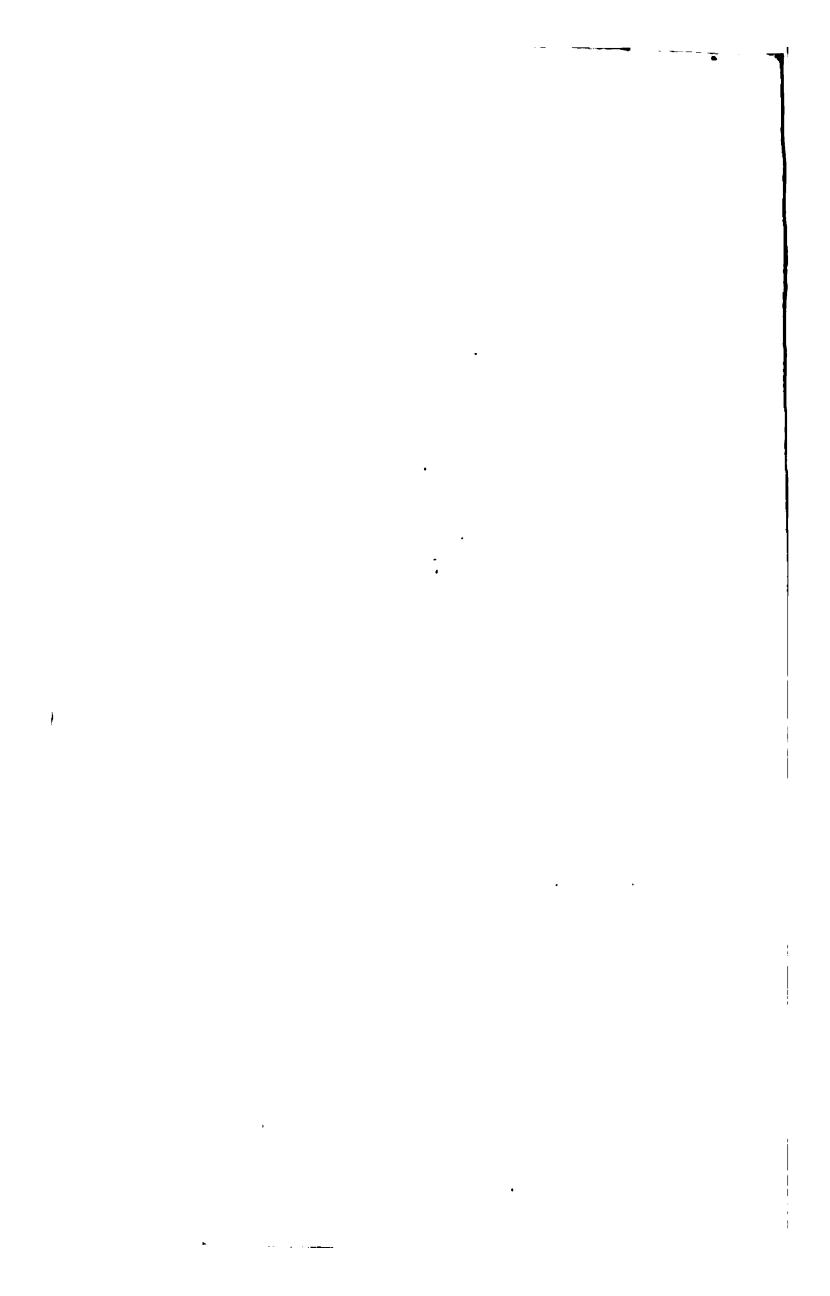
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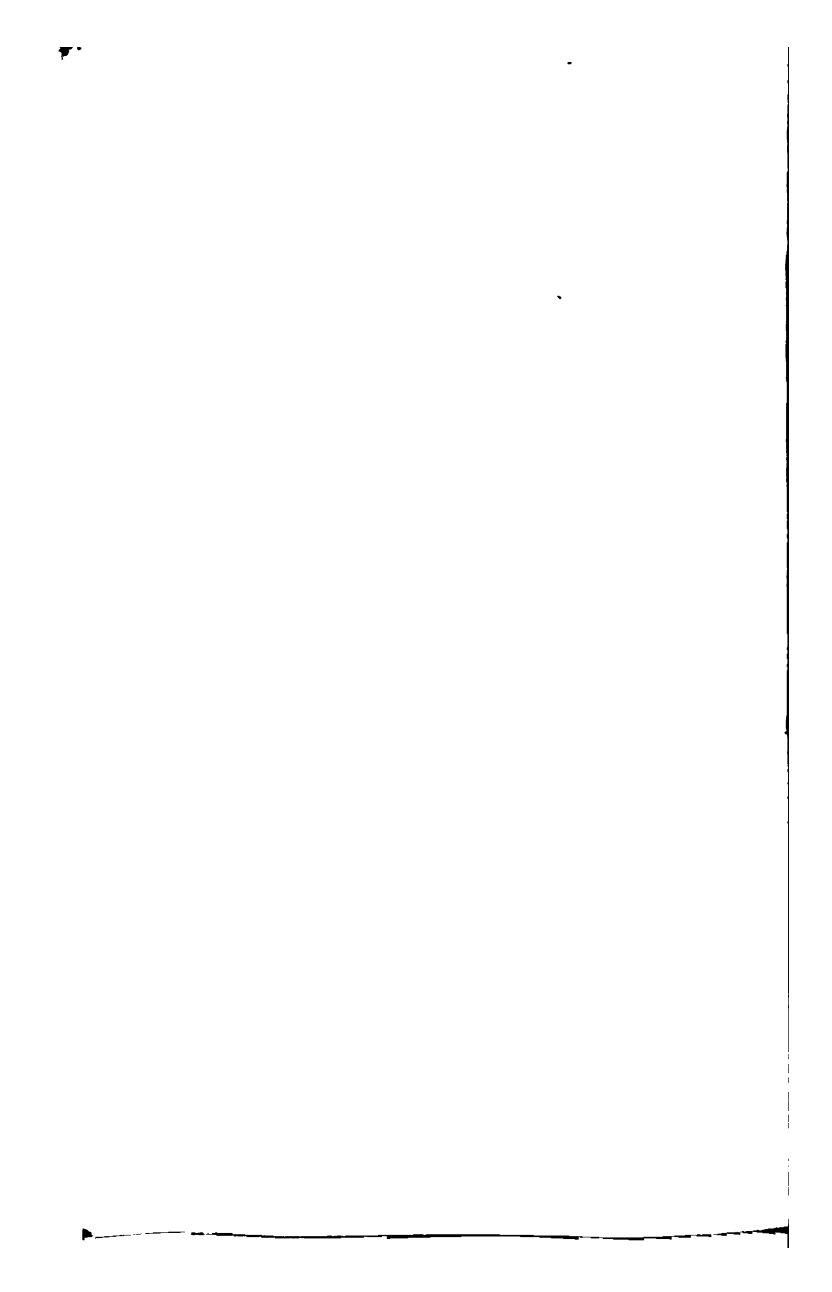
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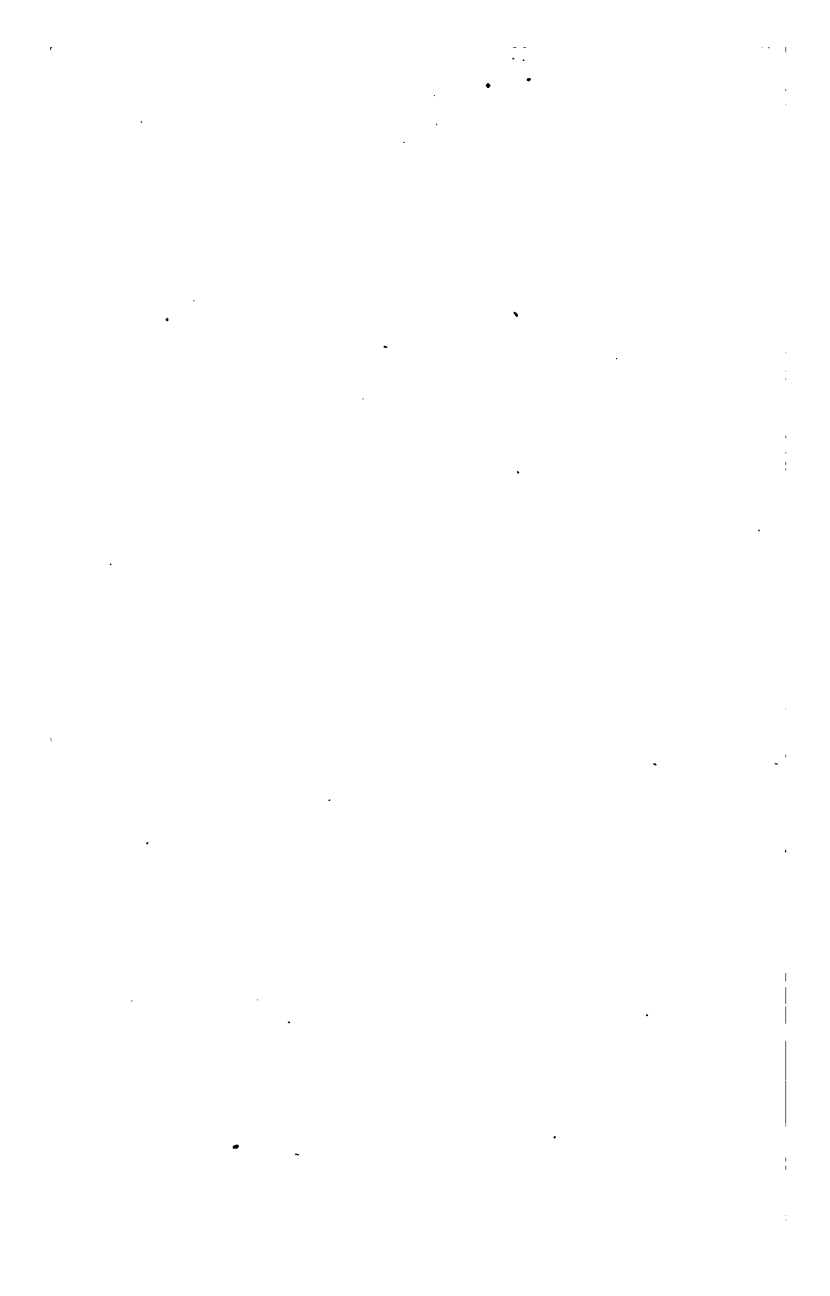


**THE**  
**BRITISH POETS.**

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**One Hundred Volumes.**

**VOL. LXXXVI.**





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THE  
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IN ONE HUNDRED VOLUMES.

LXXXVI.

VIRGIL, VOL. II.

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CHISWICK:

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COLLEGE HOUSE;

FOR J. CARPENTER, J. BOOKER, RODWELL AND MARTIN,

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1822.



THE  
WORKS OF VIRGIL.

TRANSLATED BY  
JOHN DRYDEN.

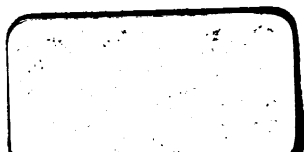
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THE  
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VOL. LXXXVI.

Now, when the purple morn had chased away  
The dewy shadows, and restored the day,  
Her Sister first with early care she sought,  
And thus in mournful accents eased her thought—  
'My dearest Anna! what new dreams affright  
My labouring soul! what visions of the night  
Disturb my quiet, and distract my breast  
With strange ideas of our Trojan guest!  
His worth, his actions, and majestic air,  
A man descended from the gods declare.  
Fear ever argues a degenerate kind:  
His birth is well asserted by his mind.  
Then, what he suffer'd, when by Fate betray'd!  
What brave attempts for falling Troy he made!  
Such were his looks, so gracefully he spoke,  
That, were I not resolved against the yoke  
Of hapless marriage—never to be cursed  
With second love, so fatal was my first—  
To this one error I might yield again:  
For, since Sichæus was untimely slain,  
This only man is able to subvert  
The fix'd foundations of my stubborn heart.  
And, to confess my frailty, to my shame,  
Somewhat I find within, if not the same,  
Too like the sparkles of my former flame.  
But first let yawning earth a passage rend,  
And let me through the dark abyss descend—  
First let avenging Jove, with flames from high,  
Drive down this body to the nether sky,  
Condemn'd with ghosts in endless night to lie—  
Before I break the plighted faith I gave!  
No! he who had my vows shall ever have;  
For, whom I loved on earth, I worship in the  
grave.'

She said: the tears ran gushing from her eyes,  
And stopp'd her speech. Her sister thus replies—

' O dearer than the vital air I breathe!  
Will you to grief your blooming years bequeath,  
Condemn'd to waste in woes your lonely life,  
Without the joys of mother, or of wife!  
Think you these tears, this pompous train of woe,  
Are known or valued by the ghosts below?  
I grant, that, while your sorrows yet were green,  
It well became a woman, and a queen,  
The vows of Tyrian princes to neglect,  
To scorn Iarbas, and his love reject,  
With all the Libyan lords of mighty name:  
But will you fight against a pleasing flame?  
This little spot of land, which Heaven bestows,  
On every side is hemm'd with warlike foes:  
Gætulian cities here are spread around,  
And fierce Numidians there your frontiers bound;  
Here lies a barren waste of thirsty land,  
And there the Syrtes raise the moving sand;  
Barcæan troops besiege the narrow shore,  
And from the sea Pygmalion threatens more.  
Propitious Heaven, and gracious Juno, led  
This wandering navy to your needful aid:  
How will your empire spread, your city rise,  
From such a union, and with such allies!  
Implore the favour of the powers above;  
And leave the conduct of the rest to love.  
Continue still your hospitable way,  
And still invent occasions of their stay,  
Till storms and winter winds shall cease to threat,  
And planks and oars repair their shatter'd fleet.'

These words, which from a friend and sister  
came,

With ease resolved the scruples of her fame,  
And added fury to the kindled flame.  
Inspired with hope, the project they pursue;  
On every altar sacrifice renew:  
A chosen ewe of two years old they pay  
To Ceres, Bacchus, and the god of day.  
Preferring Juno's power (for Juno ties  
The nuptial knot, and makes the marriage-joys),  
The beauteous queen before her altar stands,  
And holds the golden goblet in her hands.  
A milkwhite heifer she with flowers adorns,  
And pours the ruddy wine betwixt her horns;  
And while the priests with prayer the gods invoke,  
She feeds their altars with Sabæan smoke,  
With hourly care the sacrifice renews,  
And anxiously the panting entrails views.  
What priestly rites, alas! what pious art,  
What vows, avail to cure a bleeding heart!  
A gentle fire she feeds within her veins,  
Where the soft god secure in silence reigns.

Sick with desire, and seeking him she loves,  
From street to street the raving Dido roves.  
So, when the watchful shepherd, from the blind,  
Wounds with a random shaft the careless hind,  
Distracted with her pain she flies the woods,  
Bounds o'er the lawn, and seeks the silent floods;  
With fruitless care; for still the fatal dart  
Sticks in her side, and rankles in her heart.  
And now she leads the Trojan chief along  
The lofty walls, amidst the busy throng;  
Displays her Tyrian wealth, and rising town,  
Which love, without his labour, makes his own.

This pomp she shows, to tempt her wandering guest:

Her faltering tongue forbids to speak the rest.  
When day declines, and feasts renew the night,  
Still on his face she feeds her famish'd sight;  
She longs again to hear the prince relate  
His own adventures, and the Trojan fate.  
He tells it o'er and o'er; but still in vain;  
For still she begs to hear it once again.  
The hearer on the speaker's mouth depends;  
And thus the tragic story never ends.

Then, when they part, when Phœbe's paler light  
Withdraws, and falling stars to sleep invite,  
She last remains, when every guest is gone,  
Sits on the bed he press'd, and sighs alone;  
Absent, her absent hero sees and hears;  
Or in her bosom young Ascanius bears,  
And seeks the father's image in the child,  
If love by likeness might be so beguiled.

Meantime the rising towers are at a stand:  
No labours exercise the youthful band,  
Nor use of arts, nor toils of arms, they know:  
The mole is left unfinish'd to the foe;  
The mounds, the works, the walls, neglected lie;  
Short of their promised height, that seem'd to threat

But when imperial Juno, from above, [the sky.  
Saw Dido fetter'd in the chains of love,  
Hot with the venom which her veins inflamed,  
And by no sense of shame to be reclaim'd,  
With soothing words to Venus she begun—  
' High praises, endless honours, you have won,  
And mighty trophies, with your worthy son!  
Two gods a silly woman have undone!  
Nor am I ignorant, you both suspect  
This rising city, which my hands erect:

But shall celestial discord never cease?  
'Tis better ended in a lasting peace.  
You stand possess'd of all your soul desired;  
Poor Dido with consuming love is fired.  
Your Trojan with my Tyrian let us join;  
So Dido shall be yours, Æneas mine—  
One common kingdom, one united line.  
Eliza shall a Dardan lord obey,  
And lofty Carthage for a dower convey.  
Then Venus (who her hidden fraud descried,  
Which would the sceptre of the world misguide  
To Libyan shores) thus artfully replied—  
' Who, but a fool, would wars with Juno choose,  
And such alliance and such gifts refuse,  
If fortune with our joint desires comply?  
The doubt is all from Jove and destiny;  
Lest he forbid, with absolute command,  
To mix the people in one common land—  
Or will the Trojan and the Tyrian line,  
In lasting leagues and sure succession, join.  
But you, the partner of his bed and throne,  
May move his mind:—my wishes are your own.'  
' Mine (said imperial Juno) be the care:—  
Time urges now:—to perfect this affair,  
Attend my counsel, and the secret share.  
When next the Sun his rising light displays,  
And gilds the world below with purple rays,  
The queen, Æneas, and the Tyrian court,  
Shall to the shady woods, for silvan game, resort.  
There, while the huntsmen pitch their toils around,  
And cheerful horns from side to side resound,  
A pitchy cloud shall cover all the plain  
With hail, and thunder, and tempestuous rain:  
The fearful train shall take their speedy flight,  
Dispersed, and all involved in gloomy night:

One cave a grateful shelter shall afford  
To the fair princess and the Trojan lord.  
I will myself the bridal bed prepare,  
If you, to bless the nuptials, will be there:  
So shall their loves be crown'd with due delights,  
And Hymen shall be present at the rites.'  
The queen of love consents, and closely smiles  
At her vain project, and discover'd wiles.

The rosy morn was risen from the main,  
And horns and hounds awake the princely train:  
They issue early through the city gate,  
Where the more wakeful huntsmen ready wait,  
With nets, and toils, and darts, beside the force  
Of Spartan dogs, and swift Massylian horse.  
The Tyrian peers and officers of state,  
For the slow queen, in antichambers wait:  
Her lofty courser, in the court below  
(Who his majestic rider seems to know),  
Proud of his purple trappings, paws the ground,  
And champs the golden bit, and spreads the foam  
around.

The queen at length appears: on either hand  
The brawny guards in martial order stand.  
A flower'd cymar with golden fringe she wore,  
And at her back a golden quiver bore:  
Her flowing hair a golden caul restrains;  
A golden clasp the Tyrian robe sustains.  
Then young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,  
Leads on the Trojan youth to view the chase.  
But far above the rest in beauty shines  
The great Æneas, when the troop he joins;  
Like fair Apollo, when he leaves the frost  
Of wintry Xanthus, and the Lycian coast,  
When to his native Delos he resorts,  
Ordains the dances, and renews the sports:

Where painted Scythians, mix'd with Cretan  
bands,

Before the joyful altars join their hands:

Himself, on Cynthus walking, sees below

The merry madness of the sacred show.

Green wreaths of bays in length of hair enclose:

A golden fillet binds his awful brows:

His quiver sounds.—Not less the prince is seen

In manly presence, or in lofty mien.

Now had they reach'd the hills, and storm'd the  
seat

Of savage beasts, in dens, their last retreat.

The cry pursues the mountain goats: they bound

From rock to rock, and keep the craggy ground:

Quite otherwise the stags, a trembling train,

In herds unsingled, scour the dusty plain,

And a long chase, in open view, maintain.

The glad Ascanius, as his courser guides,

Spurs through the vale, and these and those out-  
rides.

His horse's flanks and sides are forced to feel

The clanking lash, and goring of the steel.

Impatiently he views the feeble prey,

Wishing some nobler beast to cross his way,

And rather would the tusky boar attend,

Or see the tawny lion downward bend. [skies:

Meantime, the gathering clouds obscure the

From pole to pole the forky lightning flies;

The rattling thunders roll; and Juno pours

A wintry deluge down, and sounding showers.

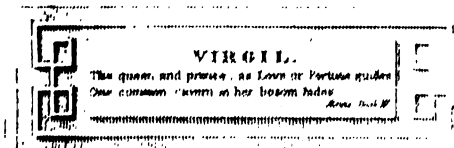
The company dispersed, to coverts ride, [side.

And seek the homely cots, or mountain's hollow

The rapid rains, descending from the hills,

To rolling torrents raise the creeping rills.



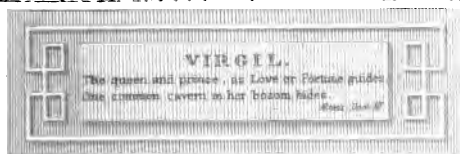


Engraved by W. Thompson R.A.

Engraved by R. G. Smith

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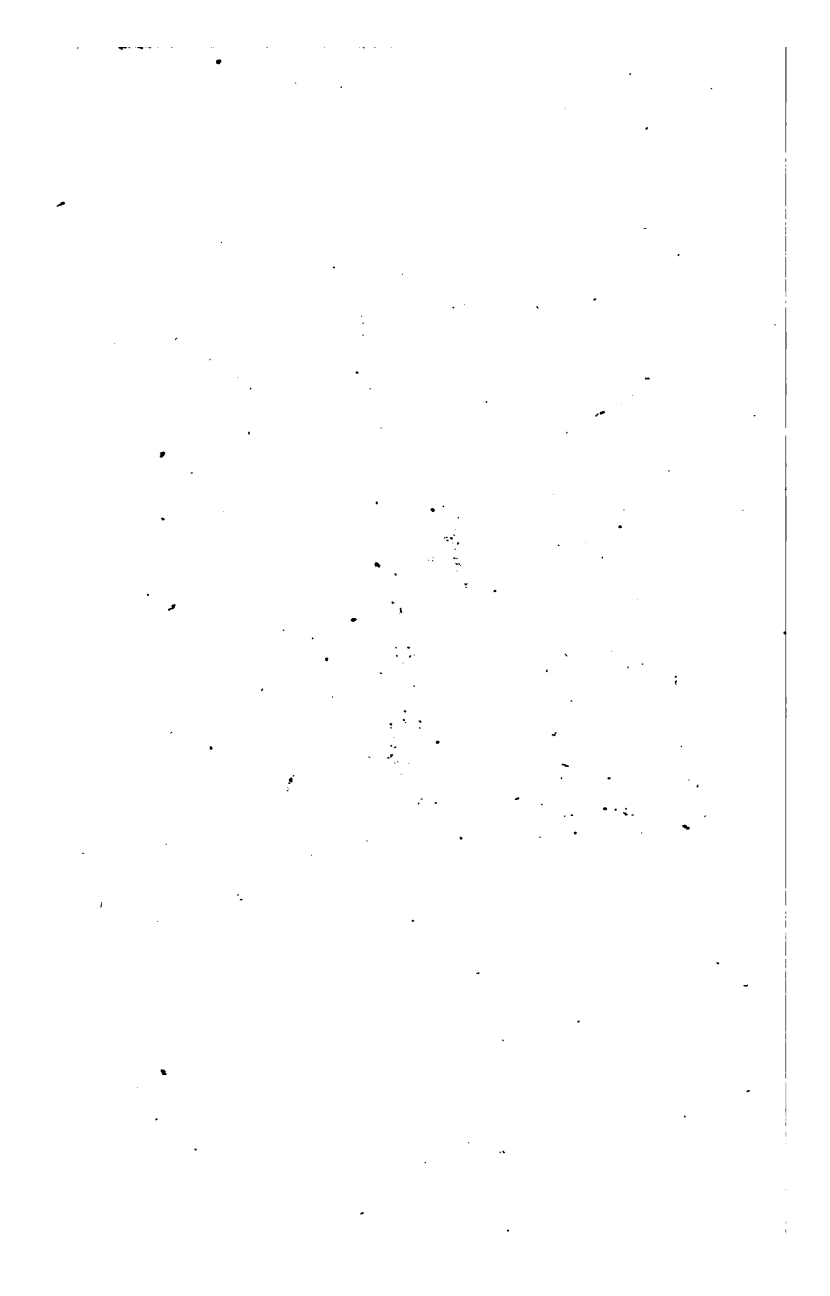




Painted by W. Thomas R.A.

Engraved by R. Goulding

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The queen and prince, as Love or Fortune guides,  
One common cavern in her bosom hides.  
Then first the trembling earth the signal gave;  
And flashing fires enlighten all the cave:  
Hell from below, and Juno from above,  
And howling nymphs were conscious to their love.  
From this ill omen'd hour, in time, arose  
Debate and death, and all succeeding woes.

The queen, whom sense and honour could not  
No longer made a secret of her love, [move,  
But call'd it marriage, by that specious name  
To veil the crime, and sanctify the shame.

The loud report through Libyan cities goes.  
Fame, the great ill, from small beginnings grows—  
Swift from the first, and every moment brings  
New vigour to her flights, new pinions to her wings.  
Soon grows the pigmy to gigantic size;  
Her feet on earth, her forehead in the skies.  
Enraged against the gods, revengeful Earth  
Produced her, last of the Titanian birth—  
Swift is her walk, more swift her winged haste—  
A monstrous phantom, horrible and vast.  
As many plumes as raise her lofty flight,  
So many piercing eyes enlarge her sight;  
Millions of opening mouths to Fame belong;  
And every mouth is furnish'd with a tongue;  
And round with listening ears the flying plague  
is hung.

She fills the peaceful universe with cries:  
No slumbers ever close her wakeful eyes:  
By day, from lofty towers her head she shows,  
And spreads through trembling crowds disastrous  
news;

Not so fair Venus hoped, when twice she won  
Thy life with prayers; nor promised such a son:  
Hers was a hero, destined to command  
A martial race, and rule the Latian land;  
Who should his ancient line from Teucera draw;  
And on the conquer'd world impose the law.  
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,  
Nor future praise from fading pleasure wean,  
Yet why should he defraud his son of fame,  
And grudge the Romans their immortal name?  
What are his vain designs? what hopes he more  
From his long lingering on a hostile shore,  
Regardless to redeem his honour lost,  
And for his race to gain the Ausonian coast?  
Bid him with speed the Tyrian court forsake:  
With this command the slumbering warrior wake.'

Hermes obeys; with golden pinions binds  
His flying feet, and mounts the western winds:  
And whether, o'er the seas or earth he flies,  
With rapid force they bear him down the skies.  
But first he grasps within his awful hand  
The mark of sovereign power, his magic wand:  
With this he draws the ghosts from hollow graves;  
With this he drives them down the Stygian waves;  
With this he seals in sleep the wakeful sight,  
And eyes, though closed in death, restores to light.  
Thus arm'd, the god begins his airy race,  
And drives the racking clouds along the liquid  
space;

Now sees the top of Atlas as he flies—  
Whose brawny back supports the starry skies—  
Atlas, whose head, with piny forests crown'd,  
Is beaten by the winds—with foggy vapours bound.  
Snows hide his shoulders: from beneath his chin  
The founts of rolling streams their race begin:

A beard of ice on his large breast depends.—  
Here, poised upon his wings, the god descends :  
Then, resting thus, he from the towering height  
Plunged downward with precipitated flight,  
Lights on the seas, and skims along the flood,  
As water-fowl, who seek their fishy food,  
Less, and yet less, to distant prospect show ;  
By turns they dance aloft, and dive below :  
Like these, the steerage of his wings he plies,  
And near the surface of the water flies,  
Till, having pass'd the seas, and cross'd the sands,  
He closed his wings, and stoop'd on Libyan lands ;  
Where shepherds once were housed in homely  
sheds,

Now towers within the clouds advance their heads.  
Arriving there, he found the Trojan prince  
New ramparts raising for the town's defence.  
A purple scarf, with gold embroider'd o'er  
(Queen Dido's gift) about his waist he wore ;  
A sword, with glittering gems diversified,  
For ornament, not use, hung idly by his side.  
Then thus, with winged words, the god began,  
Resuming his own shape—' Degenerate man !  
Thou woman's property ! what makest thou here,  
These foreign walls and Tyrian towers to rear,  
Forgetful of thy own ?—All powerful Jove,  
Who sways the world below, and heaven above,  
Has sent me down with this severe command :—  
What means thy lingering in the Libyan land ?  
If glory cannot move a mind so mean,  
Nor future praise from fitting pleasure wean,  
Regard the fortunes of thy rising heir :  
The promised crown let young Ascanius wear,

To whom the' Ausonian sceptre, and the state  
Of Rome's imperial name, is owed by Fate.  
So spoke the god; and, speaking, took his flight,  
Involved in clouds; and vanish'd out of sight.

The pious prince was seized with sudden fear:  
Mute was his tongue, and upright stood his hair.  
Revolving in his mind the stern command,  
He longs to fly, and loathes the charming land.  
What should he say? or how should he begin?  
What course, alas! remains, to steer between  
The' offended lover and the powerful queen?  
This way and that he turns his anxious mind,  
And all expedients tries, and none can find.  
Fix'd on the deed, but doubtful of the means—  
After long thought, to this advice he leans:  
Three chiefs he calls, commands them to repair  
The fleet, and ship their men, with silent care:  
Some plausible pretence he bids them find,  
To colour what in secret he design'd. [choose,  
Himself, meantime, the softest hours would  
Before the lovesick lady heard the news;  
And move her tender mind by slow degrees,  
To suffer what the sovereign power decrees:  
Jove will inspire him, when, and what to say.—  
They hear with pleasure, and with haste obey.

But soon the queen perceives the thin disguise  
(What arts can blind a jealous woman's eyes?)  
She was the first to find the secret fraud,  
Before the fatal news was blazed abroad.  
Love the first motions of the lover hears,  
Quick to presage, and e'en in safety fears.  
Nor impious Fame was wanting to report  
The ships repair'd, the Trojans' thick resort,  
And purpose to forsake the Tyrian court.



Frantic with fear, impatient of the wound,  
And impotent of mind, she roves the city round.  
Less wild the Bacchanalian dames appear,  
When, from afar their nightly god they hear,  
And howl about the hills, and shake the wreathy  
spear.

At length she finds the dear perfidious man;  
Prevents his form'd excuse, and thus began—  
' Base and ungrateful! could you hope to fly,  
And undiscover'd scape a lover's eye?  
Nor could my kindness your compassion move,  
Nor plighted vows, nor dearer bands of love?  
Or is the death of a despairing queen  
Not worth preventing, though too well foreseen?  
E'en when the wintry winds command your stay,  
You dare the tempests, and defy the sea.  
False as you are, suppose you were not bound  
To lands unknown, and foreign coasts to sound;  
Were Troy restored, and Priam's happy reign,  
Now durst you tempt for Troy the raging main?  
See, whom you fly! am I the foe you shun?  
Now, by those holy vows so late begun,  
By this right hand (since I have nothing more  
To challenge, but the faith you gave before),  
I beg you by these tears too truly shed,  
By the new pleasures of our nuptial bed;  
If ever Dido, when you most were kind,  
Were pleasing in your eyes, or touch'd your mind;  
By these my prayers, if prayers may yet have place,  
Pity the fortunes of a falling race!  
For you I have provoked a tyrant's hate,  
Incensed the Libyan and the Tyrian state;  
For you alone I suffer in my fame,  
Bereft of honour, and exposed to shame!

Whom have I now to trust, ungrateful guest?  
(That only name remains of all the rest!)  
What have I left, or whither can I fly?  
Must I attend Pygmalion's cruelty,  
Or till Iarbas shall in triumph lead  
A queen, that proudly scorn'd his proffer'd bed?  
Had you deferr'd, at least, your hasty flight,  
And left behind some pledge of our delight,  
Some babe to bless the mother's mournful sight,  
Some young Æneas to supply your place,  
Whose features might express his father's face;  
I should not then complain to live bereft  
Of all my husband, or be wholly left.'

Here paused the queen. Unmoved he holds  
his eyes,  
By Jove's command; nor suffer'd love to rise,  
Though heaving in his heart; and thus at length  
replies—

' Fair queen, you never can enough repeat  
Your boundless favours, or I own my debt;  
Nor can my mind forget Eliza's name,  
While vital breath inspires this mortal frame.  
This only let me speak in my defence—  
I never hoped a secret flight from hence,  
Much less pretended to the lawful claim  
Of sacred nuptials, or a husband's name.  
For, if indulgent Heaven would leave me free,  
And not submit my life to Fate's decree,  
My choice would lead me to the Trojan shore,  
Those relics to review, their dust adore,  
And Priam's ruin'd palace to restore.  
But now the Delphian oracle commands,  
And Fate invites me to the Latian lands.  
That is the promised place to which I steer;  
And all my vows are terminated there.

If you, a Tyrian and a stranger born,  
With walls and towers a Libyan town adorn,  
Why may not we—like you, a foreign race,  
Like you, seek shelter in a foreign place?  
As often as the night obscures the skies  
With humid shades, or twinkling stars arise,  
Anchises' angry ghost in dreams appears,  
Chides my delay, and fills my soul with fears:  
And young Ascanius justly may complain,  
Defrauded of his fate and destined reign.  
E'en now the herald of the gods appear'd—  
Waking I saw him—and his message heard.  
From Jove he came commission'd, heavenly bright  
With radiant beams, and manifest to sight  
(The sender and the sent I both attest):  
These walls he enter'd, and those words express'd.  
Fair queen, oppose not what the gods command:  
Forced by my fate, I leave your happy land.'

Thus while he spoke, already she began  
With sparkling eyes to view the guilty man,  
From head to foot survey'd his person o'er,  
Nor longer these outrageous threats forbore—  
'False as thou art, and more than false, forsworn!  
Not sprung from noble blood, nor goddess-born,  
But hewn from harden'd entrails of a rock!  
And rough Hyrcanian tigers gave thee suck!  
Why should I fawn? what have I worse to fear?  
Did he once look, or lend a listening ear,  
Sigh'd when I sobb'd, or shed one kindly tear?  
All symptoms of a base ungrateful mind,  
So foul, that which is worse 'tis hard to find.  
Of man's injustice why should I complain?  
The gods, and Jove himself, behold in vain  
Triumphant treason: yet no thunder flies;

Nor Juno views my wrongs with equal eyes :  
Faithless is earth, and faithless are the skies !  
Justice is fled, and truth is now no more !  
I saved the shipwreck'd exile on my shore ;  
With needful food his hungry Trojans fed ;  
I took the traitor to my throne and bed :  
Fool that I was—'tis little to repeat  
The rest—I stored and rigg'd his ruin'd fleet.  
I rave, I rave ! A god's command he pleads,  
And makes Heaven accessory to his deeds.  
Now Lycian lots, and now the Delian god,  
Now Hermes is employ'd from Jove's abode,  
To warn him hence ; as if the peaceful state  
Of heavenly powers were touch'd with human fate !  
But go ; thy flight no longer I detain—  
Go, seek thy promised kingdom through the main !  
Yet if the Heavens will hear my pious vow,  
The faithless waves, not half so false as thou,  
Or secret sands shall sepulchres afford  
To thy proud vessels ; and their perjured lord.  
Then shalt thou call on injured Dido's name :  
Dido shall come in a black sulphury flame,  
When death has once dissolved her mortal  
frame—

Shall smile to see the traitor vainly weep :  
Her angry ghost, arising from the deep,  
Shall haunt thee waking, and disturb thy sleep.  
At least my shade thy punishment shall know ;  
And fame shall spread the pleasing news below.'

Abruptly here she stops—then turns away  
Her loathing eyes, and shuns the sight of day.  
Amazed he stood, revolving in his mind  
What speech to frame, and what excuse to find.  
Her fearful maids their fainting mistress led,  
And softly laid her on her ivory bed.

But good Æneas, though he much desired  
To give that pity which her grief required—  
Though much he mourn'd and labour'd with his  
love—

Resolved at length, obeys the will of Jove;  
Reviews his forces: they with early care  
Unmoor their vessels, and for sea prepare.  
The fleet is soon afloat in all its pride;  
And well caulk'd galleys in the harbour ride.  
Then oaks for oars they fell'd; or, as they stood,  
Of its green arms despoil'd the growing wood,  
Studious of flight. The beach is cover'd o'er  
With Trojan bands that blacken all the shore:  
On every side are seen descending down  
Thick swarms of soldiers loaden from the town.  
Thus in battalia march embodied ants,  
Fearful of winter and of future wants,  
To' invade the corn, and to their cells convey  
The plunder'd forage of their yellow prey.  
The sable troops, along the narrow tracks,  
Scarce bear the weighty burden on their backs:  
Some set their shoulders to the ponderous grain;  
Some guard the spoil; some lash the lagging train;  
All ply their several tasks, and equal toil sustain.  
What pangs the tender breast of Dido tore,  
When from the tower she saw the cover'd shore,  
And heard the shouts of sailors from afar,  
Mix'd with the murmurs of the watery war!  
All powerful Love! what changes canst thou  
cause

In human hearts, subjected to thy laws!  
Once more her haughty soul the tyrant bends:  
To prayers and mean submission she descends.

No female arts or aids she left untried,  
Nor counsels unexplored before she died.  
' Look, Anna, look ! the Trojans crowd to sea ;  
They spread their canvass, and their anchors  
    weigh,  
The shouting crew their ships with garlands bind,  
Invoke the sea gods, and invite the wind.  
Could I have thought this threatening blow so near,  
My tender soul had been forewarn'd to bear.  
But do not you my last request deny :  
With yon perfidious man your interest try,  
And bring me news, if I must live or die.  
You are his favourite : you alone can find  
The dark recesses of his inmost mind :  
In all his trusted secrets you have part,  
And know the soft approaches to his heart.  
Haste then, and humbly seek my haughty foe ;  
Tell him, I did not with the Grecians go,  
Nor did my fleet against his friends employ,  
Nor swore the ruin of unhappy Troy,  
Nor moved with hands profane his father's dust :  
Why should he then reject a suit so just ?  
Whom does he shun ? and whither would he fly ?  
Can he this last, this only prayer deny ?  
Let him at least his dangerous flight delay,  
Wait better winds, and hope a calmer sea.  
The nuptials he disclaims I urge no more :  
Let him pursue the promised Latian shore.  
A short delay is all I ask him now—  
A pause of grief, an interval from woe,  
Till my soft soul be temper'd to sustain  
Accustom'd sorrows, and inured to pain.  
If you in pity grant this one request,  
My death shall glut the hatred of his breast.'

This mournful message pious Anna bears,  
And seconds, with her own, her sister's tears:  
But all her arts are still employ'd in vain:  
Again she comes, and is refused again. [move;  
His harden'd heart nor prayers nor threatenings  
Fate, and the god, had stopp'd his ears to love.

As, when the winds their airy quarrel try,  
Justling from every quarter of the sky,  
This way and that the mountain oak they bend;  
His boughs they shatter, and his branches rend;  
With leaves and falling mast they spread the  
ground;

The hollow valleys echo to the sound:  
Unmoved, the royal plant their fury mocks,  
Or, shaken, clings more closely to the rocks:  
Far as he shoots his towering head on high,  
So deep in earth his fix'd foundations lie.  
No less a storm the Trojan hero bears;  
Thick messages and loud complaints he hears,  
And banded words, still beating on his ears.  
Sighs, groans, and tears, proclaim his inward pains;  
But the firm purpose of his heart remains.

The wretched queen, pursued by cruel Fate,  
Begins at length the light of heaven to hate,  
And loathes to live. Then dire portents she sees,  
To hasten on the death her soul decrees—  
Strange to relate! for when before the shrine  
She pours in sacrifice the purple wine,  
The purple wine is turn'd to putrid blood;  
And the white offer'd milk converts to mud,  
This dire presage, to her alone reveal'd,  
From all, and e'en her sister, she conceal'd.

A marble temple stood within the grove,  
Sacred to death, and to her murder'd love;

Sad cypress, vervain, yew, compose the wreath,  
And every baleful green denoting death.  
The queen, determined to the fatal deed,  
The spoils and sword he left, in order spread,  
And the man's image on the nuptial bed.

And now (the sacred altars placed around)  
The priestess enters, with her hair unbound,  
And thrice invokes the powers below the ground.  
Night, Erebus, and Chaos, she proclaims,  
And threefold Hecate, with her hundred names,  
And three Dianas: next she sprinkles round,  
With feign'd Avernian drops the hallow'd ground;  
Culls hoary simples, found by Phœbe's light,  
With brazen sickles reap'd at noon of night;  
Then mixes baleful juices in the bowl,  
And cuts the forehead of a new-born foal,  
Robbing the mother's love.—The destined queen  
Observes, assisting at the rites obscene:  
A leaven'd cake in her devoted hands  
She holds; and next the highest altar stands:  
One tender foot was shod, the other bare;  
Girt was her gather'd gown, and loose her hair.  
Thus dress'd, she summon'd, with her dying breath,  
The heavens and planets conscious of her death,  
And every power, if any rules above,  
Who minds or who revenges injured love.

'Twas dead of night, when weary bodies close  
Their eyes in balmy sleep, and soft repose:  
The winds no longer whisper through the woods,  
Nor murmuring tides disturb the gentle floods.  
The stars in silent order moved around;  
And Peace, with downy wings, was brooding on  
the ground.



The flocks and herds, and party-colour'd fowl  
Which haunt the woods or swim the weedy pool,  
Stretch'd on the quiet earth, securely lay,  
Forgetting the past labours of the day.  
All else of Nature's common gift partake:  
Unhappy Dido was alone awake.  
Nor sleep nor ease the furious queen can find:  
Sleep fled her eyes, as quiet fled her mind.  
Despair, and rage, and love, divide her heart;  
Despair and rage had some, but love the greater  
part.

Then thus she said within her secret mind:  
'What shall I do? what succour can I find?  
Become a suppliant to Iarbas' pride,  
And take my turn to court and be denied?  
Shall I with this ungrateful Trojan go,  
Forsake an empire, and attend a foe?  
Himself I refuged, and his train relieved—  
'Tis true—but am I sure to be received?  
Can gratitude in Trojan souls have place?  
Laomedon still lives in all his race!  
Then, shall I seek alone the churlish crew,  
Or with my fleet their flying sails pursue?  
What force have I but those, whom scarce before  
I drew reluctant from their native shore?  
Will they again embark at my desire,  
Once more sustain the seas, and quit their se-  
cond Tyre?  
Rather with steel thy guilty breast invade,  
And take the fortune thou thyself hast made.  
Your pity, sister, first seduced my mind,  
Or seconded too well what I design'd.  
These dear-bought pleasures had I never known—  
Had I continued free, and still my own—

Avoiding love, I had not found despair,  
But shared with savage beasts the common air.  
Like them, a lonely life I might have led,  
Not mourn'd the living, nor disturb'd the dead.'  
These thoughts she brooded in her anxious  
breast.—

On board, the Trojan found more easy rest.  
Resolved to sail, in sleep he pass'd the night;  
And order'd all things for his early flight.  
To whom once more the winged god appears:  
His former youthful mien and shape he wears,  
And with this new alarm invades his ears—  
'Sleep'st thou, O goddess-born? and canst thou  
drown

Thy needful cares so near a hostile town,  
Beset with foes; nor hear'st the western gales  
Invite thy passage, and inspire thy sails?  
She harbours in her heart a furious hate  
(And thou shalt find the dire effects too late),  
Fix'd on revenge, and obstinate to die.  
Haste swiftly hence, while thou hast power to fly.  
The sea with ships will soon be cover'd o'er,  
And blazing firebrands kindle all the shore.  
Prevent her rage, while night obscures the skies;  
And sail before the purple morn arise.  
Who knows what hazards thy delay may bring?  
Woman's a various and a changeful thing.'  
Thus Hermes in the dream; then took his flight,  
Aloft in air unseen, and mix'd with night.

Twice warn'd by the celestial messenger,  
The pious prince arose with hasty fear;  
Then roused his drowsy train without delay—  
'Haste to your banks! your crooked anchors  
weigh,  
And spread your flying sails, and stand to sea!

A god commands: he stood before my sight,  
And urged us once again to speedy flight.  
O sacred power! what power soe'er thou art,  
To thy bless'd orders I resign my heart.  
Lead thou the way; protect thy Trojan bands;  
And prosper the design thy will commands.'  
He said; and drawing forth his flaming sword,  
His thundering arm divides the many-twisted cord.  
An emulating zeal inspires his train:  
They run; they snatch; they rush into the main.  
With headlong haste they leave the desert shores,  
And brush the liquid seas with labouring oars.

Aurora now had left her saffron bed,  
And beams of early light the heavens o'erspread,  
When, from a tower the queen, with wakeful eyes,  
Saw day point upward from the rosy skies.  
She look'd to seaward: but the sea was void,  
And scarce in ken the sailing ships descried.  
Stung with despite, and furious with despair,  
She struck her trembling breast, and tore her hair.  
'And shall the' ungrateful traitor go (she said),  
My land forsaken, and my love betray'd?  
Shall we not arm? not rush from every street,  
To follow, sink; and burn, his perjured fleet?  
Haste! haul my galleys out! pursue the foe!  
Bring flaming brands! set sail, and swiftly row!  
What have I said? Where am I? Fury turns  
My brain; and my distemper'd bosom burns.  
Then, when I gave my person and my throne,  
This hate, this rage, had been more timely shown.  
See now the promised faith, the vaunted name,  
The pious man, who, rushing through the flame,  
Preserved his gods, and to the Phrygian shore  
The burden of his feeble father bore!

I should have torn him piecemeal—strow'd in  
floods

His scatter'd limbs, or left exposed in woods—  
Destroy'd his friends and son—and from the fire  
Have set the reeking boy before the sire.  
Events are doubtful, which on battle wait!  
Yet where's the doubt, to souls secure of fate?  
My Tyrians, at their injured queen's command,  
Had toss'd their fires amid the Trojan band;  
At once extinguish'd all the faithless name;  
And I myself, in vengeance of my shame,  
Had fallen upon the pile, to mend the funeral  
flame.

Thou Sun, who view'st at once the world below!  
Thou Juno, guardian of the nuptial vow!  
Thou Hecate, hearken from thy dark abodes!  
Ye furies, fiends, and violated gods!  
All powers invoked with Dido's dying breath,  
Attend her curses, and avenge her death!  
If so the Fates ordain, and Jove commands,  
The'ungrateful-wretch should find the Latian lands,  
Yet let a race untamed, and haughty foes,  
His peaceful entrance with dire arms oppose:  
Oppress'd with numbers in the' unequal field,  
His men discouraged, and himself expell'd,  
Let him for succour sue from place to place,  
Torn from his subjects, and his son's embrace.  
First let him see his friends in battle slain,  
And their untimely fate lament in vain:  
And when, at length, the cruel war shall cease,  
On hard conditions may he buy his peace:  
Nor let them then enjoy supreme command;  
But fall untimely by some hostile hand,  
And lie unburied on the barren sand!—

These are my prayers, and this my dying will:  
And you, my Tyrians, every curse fulfil.  
Perpetual hate and mortal wars proclaim  
Against the prince, the people, and the name.  
These grateful offerings on my grave bestow;  
Nor league, nor love, the hostile nations know!  
Now, and from hence in every future age,  
When rage excites your arms, and strength supplies the rage,  
Rise some avenger of our Libyan blood,  
With fire and sword pursue the perjured brood—  
Our arms, our seas, our shores, opposed to theirs—  
And the same hate descend on all our heirs!’

This said, within her anxious mind she weighs  
The means of cutting short her odious days.  
Then to Sichæus’ nurse she briefly said  
(For, when she left her country, hers was dead),  
‘Go, Barcé, call my sister. Let her care  
The solemn rites of sacrifice prepare;  
The sheep, and all the atoning offerings, bring;  
Sprinkling her body from the crystal spring  
With living drops: then let her come; and thou  
With sacred fillets bind thy hoary brow.  
Thus will I pay my vows to Stygian Jove,  
And end the cares of my disastrous love;  
Then cast the Trojan image on the fire;  
And, as that burns, my passion shall expire.’

The nurse moves onward with officious care,  
And all the speed her aged limbs can bear.  
But furious Dido, with dark thoughts involved,  
Shook at the mighty mischief she resolved.  
With livid spots distinguish’d was her face;  
Red were her rolling eyes, and discomposed her  
pace:

Ghastly she gazed; with pain she drew her breath;  
And nature shiver'd at approaching death.

Then swiftly to the fatal place she pass'd,  
And mounts the funeral pile with furious haste;  
Unsheaths the sword the Trojan left behind  
(Not for so dire an enterprise design'd).

But when she view'd the garments loosely spread  
Which once he wore, and saw the conscious bed,  
She paused, and with a sigh the robes embraced,  
Then on the couch her trembling body cast,  
Repress'd the ready tears, and spoke her last—  
' Dear pledges of my love while Heaven so  
pleased,

Receive a soul, of mortal anguish eased.  
My fatal course is finish'd; and I go,  
A glorious name, among the ghosts below.  
A lofty city by my hands is raised;  
Pygmalion punish'd, and my lord appeased.  
What could my fortune have afforded more,  
Had the false Trojan never touch'd my shore?  
Then kiss'd the couch: and ' Must I die (she said),  
And unrevenged? 'tis doubly to be dead!  
Yet e'en this death with pleasure I receive;  
On any terms, 'tis better than to live.  
These flames, from far, may the false Trojan view;  
These boding omens his base flight pursue!  
She said, and struck: deep enter'd in her side  
The piercing steel, with reeking purple dyed:  
Clogg'd in the wound the cruel weapon stands;  
The spouting blood came streaming on her hands.  
Her sad attendants saw the deadly stroke,  
And with loud cries the sounding palace shook.  
Distracted from the fatal sight they fled,  
And through the town the dismal rumour spread,

First from the frighted court the yell began ;  
Redoubled thence from house to house it ran :  
The groans of men, with shrieks, laments, and cries  
Of mixing women, mount the vaulted skies.  
Not less the clamour than if ancient Tyre,  
Or the new Carthage, set by foes on fire—  
The rolling ruin with their loved abodes  
Involved the blazing temples of their gods.  
Her sister hears : and, furious with despair,  
She beats her breast, and rends her yellow hair,  
And, calling on Eliza's name aloud, [crowd.  
Runs breathless to the place, and breaks the  
' Was all that pomp of woe for this prepared,  
These fires, this funeral pile, these altars rear'd ?  
Was all this train of plots contrived (said she),  
All only to deceive unhappy me ?  
Which is the worst ? Didst thou in death pretend  
To scorn thy sister, or delude thy friend ?  
Thy summon'd sister and thy friend had come :  
One sword had served us both, one common tomb :  
Was I to raise the pile, the powers invoke,  
Not to be present at the fatal stroke ?  
At once thou hast destroy'd thyself and me,  
Thy town, thy senate, and thy colony !  
Bring water ! bathe the wound ; while I in death  
Lay close my lips to hers, and catch the flying  
breath.'

This said, she mounts the pile with eager haste,  
And in her arms the gasping queen embraced,  
Her temples chafed ; and her own garments tore,  
To stanch the streaming blood, and cleanse the  
gore.

Thrice Dido tried to raise her drooping head,  
And, fainting, thrice fell groveling on the bed ;

Thrice oped her heavy eyes, and saw the light,  
But, having found it, sicken'd at the sight,  
And closed her lids at last in endless night.

Then Juno, grieving that she should sustain  
A death so lingering, and so full of pain,  
Sent Iris down, to free her from the strife  
Of labouring nature, and dissolve her life.  
For, since she died, not doom'd by Heaven's  
decree,

Of her own crime, but human casualty,  
And rage of love, that plunged her in despair;  
The Sisters had not cut the topmost hair,  
Which Proserpine and they can only know;  
Nor made her sacred to the shades below.

Downward the various goddess took her flight,  
And drew a thousand colours from the light;

Then stood above the dying lover's head,  
And said, ' I thus devote thee to the dead.

This offering to the' infernal gods I bear.'

Thus while she spoke, she cut the fatal hair :

The struggling soul was loosed, and life dissolved in air.



## BOOK V.

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The Argument.

*Æneas*, setting sail from *Afric*, is driven by a storm on the coast of *Sicily*, where he is hospitably received by his friend *Acestes*, king of part of the island, and born of Trojan parentage. He applies himself to celebrate the memory of his father with divine honours, and accordingly institutes funeral games, and appoints prizes for those who should conquer in them. While the ceremonies are performing, *Juno* sends *Iris* to persuade the Trojan women to burn the ships, who, upon her instigation, set fire to them; which burned four, and would have consumed the rest, had not *Jupiter* by a miraculous shower extinguished it. Upon this, *Æneas*, by the advice of one of his generals, and a vision of his father, builds a city for the women, old men, and others, who were either unfit for war, or weary of the voyage, and sails for *Italy*. *Venus* procures of *Neptune* a safe voyage for him and all his men, excepting only his pilot *Palinurus*, who was unfortunately lost.

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MEANTIME the Trojan cuts the watery way,  
 Fix'd on his voyage, through the curling sea;  
 Then casting back his eyes, with dire amaze  
 Sees on the Punic shore the mounting blaze.  
 The cause unknown; yet his presaging mind  
 The fate of *Dido* from the fire divined.  
 He knew the stormy souls of womankind;  
 What secret springs their eager passions move,  
 How capable of death for injured love.

Dire auguries from hence the Trojans draw;  
Till neither fires nor shining shores they saw.  
Now seas and skies their prospect only bound—  
An empty space above, a floating field around.  
But soon the heavens with shadows were o'er-  
spread;

A swelling cloud hung hovering o'er their head;  
Livid it look'd—the threatening of a storm:  
Then night and horror ocean's face deform.

The pilot, Palinurus, cried aloud,  
'What gusts of weather from that gathering cloud  
My thoughts presage! Ere yet the tempest roars,  
Stand to your tackle, mates, and stretch your oars;  
Contract your swelling sails, and luff to wind.'

The frightened crew perform the task assign'd.  
Then, to his fearless chief, 'Not Heaven (said he),  
Though Jove himself should promise Italy,  
Can stem the torrent of this raging sea.

Mark, how the shifting winds from west arise,  
And what collected night involves the skies!

Nor can our shaken vessels live at sea,  
Much less against the tempest force their way.

'Tis Fate diverts our course; and Fate we must  
obey.

Not far from hence, if I observed aright  
The southing of the stars, and polar light,  
Sicilia lies, whose hospitable shores  
In safety we may reach with struggling oars.'

Æneas then replied—'Too sure I find,  
We strive in vain against the seas and wind:  
Now shift your sails: what place can please  
me more

Than what you promise, the Sicilian shore,

Whose hallow'd earth Anchises' bones contains,  
And where a prince of Trojan lineage reigns?"  
The course resolved, before the western wind  
They scud amain, and make the port assign'd.

Meantime Acestes, from a lofty stand,  
Beheld the fleet descending on the land;  
And, not unmindful of his ancient race,  
Down from the cliff he ran with eager pace,  
And held the hero in a strict embrace.  
Of a rough Libyan bear the spoils he wore;  
And either hand a pointed javelin bore.  
His mother was a dame of Dardan blood;  
His sire Criniscus, a Sicilian flood.  
He welcomes his returning friends ashore  
With plenteous country cates, and homely store.

Now, when the following morn had chased away  
The flying stars, and light restored the day,  
Æneas call'd the Trojan troops around,  
And thus bespoke them from a rising ground—  
‘ Offspring of heaven, divine Dardanian race!  
The sun, revolving through the' æthereal space,  
The shining circle of the year has fill'd,  
Since first this isle my father's ashes held:  
And now the rising day renews the year—  
A day for ever sad, for ever dear.  
This would I celebrate with annual games,  
With gifts on altars piled, and holy flames,  
Though banish'd to Gætulia's barren sands,  
Caught on the Grecian seas, or hostile lands:  
But, since this happy storm our fleet has driven  
(Not, as I deem, without the will of Heaven)  
Upon these friendly shores and flowery plains,  
Which hide Anchises and his bless'd remains;

Let us with joy perform his honours due,  
And pray for prosperous winds, our voyage to  
renew—

Pray that, in towns and temples of our own,  
The name of great Anchises may be known ;  
And yearly games may spread the god's renown.  
Our sports Acestes, of the Trojan race,  
With royal gifts ordain'd, is pleased to grace :  
Two steers on every ship the king bestows :  
His gods and ours shall share your equal vows.  
Besides, if, nine days hence, the rosy morn  
Shall with unclouded light the skies adorn,  
That day with solemn sports I mean to grace :  
Light galleys on the seas shall run a watery race :  
Some shall in swiftness for the goal contend,  
And others try the twanging bow to bend :  
The strong, with iron gauntlets arm'd, shall stand  
Opposed in combat on the yellow sand.  
Let all be present at the games prepared ;  
And joyful victors wait the just reward.  
But now assist the rites, with garlands crown'd.  
He said, and first his brows with myrtle bound.  
Then Helymus, by his example led,  
And old Acestes, each adorn'd his head ;  
Thus young Ascanius, with a sprightly grace,  
His temples tied, and all the Trojan race.

Æneas then advanced amidst the train,  
By thousands follow'd through the flowery plain,  
To great Anchises' tomb; which when he found,  
He pour'd to Bacchus, on the hallow'd ground,  
Two bowls of sparkling wine, of milk two more,  
And two (from offer'd bulls) of purple gore.  
With roses then the sepulchre he strow'd,  
And thus his father's ghost bespoke aloud—

‘ Hail, O ye holy manes! hail again,  
Paternal ashes, now review’d in vain!  
The gods permitted not, that you with me  
Should reach the promised shores of Italy,  
Or Tyber’s flood, what flood soe’er it be.’  
Scarce had he finish’d, when, with speckled pride,  
A serpent from the tomb began to glide;  
His hugy bulk on seven high volumes roll’d;  
Blue was his breadth of back, but streak’d with  
scaly gold :

Thus riding on his curls, he seem’d to pass  
A rolling fire along, and singe the grass.  
More various colours through his body run,  
Than Iris when her bow imbibes the sun.  
Betwixt the rising altars, and around,  
The sacred monster shot along the ground;  
With harmless play amidst the bowls he pass’d,  
And with his lolling tongue assay’d the taste:  
Thus fed with holy food, the wondrous guest  
Within the hollow tomb retired to rest.  
The pious prince, surprised at what he view’d,  
The funeral honours with more zeal renew’d,  
Doubtful if this the place’s genius were,  
Or guardian of his father’s sepulchre.  
Five sheep, according to the rites he slew;  
As many swine, and steers of sable hue;  
New generous wine he from the goblets pour’d,  
And call’d his father’s ghost, from hell restored.  
The glad attendants in long order come,  
Offering their gifts at great Anchises’ tomb:  
Some add more oxen; some divide the spoil;  
Some place the chargers on the grassy soil;  
Some blow the fires, and offer’d entrails broil.

Now came the day desired. The skies were  
With rosy lustre of the rising light: [bright  
The bordering people, roused by sounding fame  
Of Trojan feasts and great Acestes' name,  
The crowded shore with acclamations fill,  
Part to behold, and part to prove their skill.  
And first the gifts in public view they place,  
Green laurel wreaths, and palm—the victor's  
Within the circle, arms and tripods lie, [grace:  
Ingots of gold and silver heap'd on high,  
And vests embroider'd, of the Tyrian dye.  
The trumpets clangor then the feast proclaims;  
And all prepare for their appointed games.  
Four galleys first, which equal rowers bear,  
Advancing, in the watery lists appear.  
The speedy Dolphin, that outstrips the wind,  
Bore Mnestheus, author of the Memmian kind:  
Gyas the vast Chimæra's bulk commands,  
Which rising like a towering city stands:  
Three Trojans tug at every labouring oar;  
Three banks in three degrees the sailors bore;  
Beneath their sturdy strokes the billows roar.  
Sergestus, who began the Sergian race,  
In the great Centaur took the leading place;  
Cloanthus on the seagreen Scylla stood;  
From whom Cluentius draws his Trojan blood.

Far in the sea, against the foaming shore,  
There stands a rock: the raging billows roar  
Above his head in storms; but when 'tis clear,  
Uncurl their ridgy backs, and at his foot appear.  
In peace below the gentle waters run;  
The cormorants above lie basking in the sun.  
On this the hero fix'd an oak in sight,  
The mark to guide the mariners aright.

To bear with this, the seamen stretch their oars;  
Then round the rock they steer, and seek the  
    former shores.

The lots decide their place. Above the rest,  
Each leader shining in his Tyrian vest;  
The common crew with wreaths of poplar boughs  
Their temples crown, and shade their sweaty  
    brows:

Besmeared with oil their naked shoulders shine.  
All take their seats, and wait the sounding sign:  
They gripe their oars; and every panting breast  
Is raised by turns with hope, by turns with fear  
    depress'd.

The clangor of the trumpet gives the sign;  
At once they start, advancing in a line:  
With shouts the sailors rend the starry skies;  
Lash'd with their oars, the smoky billows rise;  
Sparkles the briny main, and the vex'd ocean fries.  
Exact in time, with equal strokes they row:  
At once the brushing oars and brazen prow  
Dash up the sandy waves, and ope the depths  
Not fiery coursers, in a chariot race, [below.  
Invade the field with half so swift a pace:  
Not the fierce driver with more fury lends  
The sounding lash, and, ere the stroke descends,  
Low to the wheels his pliant body bends.  
The partial crowd their hopes and fears divide,  
And aid, with eager shouts, the favour'd side.  
Cries, murmurs, clamours, with a mixing sound,  
From woods to woods, from hills to hills, rebound.

Amidst the loud applauses of the shore,  
Gyas outstripp'd the rest, and sprung before:  
Cloanthus, better mann'd, pursued him fast;  
But his o'ermasted galley check'd his haste.

The Centaur and the Dolphin brush the brine  
With equal oars, advancing in a line :  
And now the mighty Centaur seems to lead,  
And now the speedy Dolphin gets a-head :  
Now board to board the rival vessels row ;  
The billows lave the skies, and ocean groans below.  
They reach'd the mark. Proud Gyas and his train  
In triumph rode, the victors of the main :  
But, steering round, he charged his pilot—' Stand  
More close to shore, and skim along the sand !  
Let others bear to sea.'—Menœtes heard ;  
But secret shelves too cautiously he fear'd,  
And, fearing, sought the deep ; and still aloof  
he steer'd.

With louder cries the captain call'd again—  
' Bear to the rocky shore, and shun the main.'  
He spoke, and, speaking, at his stern he saw  
The bold Cloanthus near the shelvings draw.  
Betwixt the mark and him the Scylla stood,  
And in a closer compass plough'd the flood.  
He pass'd the mark ; and, wheeling, got before :—  
Gyas blasphemed the gods, devoutly swore,  
Cried out for anger, and his hair he tore.  
Mindless of others' lives (so high was grown  
His rising rage), and careless of his own,  
The trembling dotard to the deck he drew,  
And hoisted up, and overboard he threw :  
This done, he seized the helm ; his fellows cheer'd ;  
Turn'd short upon the shelves, and madly steer'd.

Hardly his head the plunging pilot rears,  
Clogg'd with his clothes, and cumber'd with his  
years :

Now dropping wet, he climbs the cliff with pain.  
The crowd, that saw him fall, and float again,



Shout from the distant shore; and loudly laugh'd,  
To see his heaving breast disgorge the briny  
draught.

The following Centaur, and the Dolphin's crew,  
Their vanish'd hopes of victory renew:

While Gyas lags, they kindle in the race,  
To reach the mark. Sergestus takes the place:  
Mnestheus pursues; and, while around they wind,  
Comes up, not half his galley's length behind;  
Then on the deck, amidst his mates, appear'd,  
And thus their drooping courages he cheer'd—

‘ My friends, and Hector's followers heretofore,  
Exert your vigour; tug the labouring oar;  
Stretch to your strokes, my still unconquer'd crew,  
Whom from the flaming walls of Troy I drew.

In this our common interest, let me find  
That strength of hand, that courage of the mind,  
As when you stemm'd the strong Malean flood,  
And o'er the Syrtes' broken billows row'd.

I seek not now the foremost palm to gain;  
Though yet—but, ah! that haughty wish is vain!  
Let those enjoy it whom the gods ordain.

But to be last, the lags of all the race!—

Redeem yourselves and me from that disgrace.’

Now, one and all, they tug amain; they row  
At the full stretch, and shake the brazen prow.  
The sea beneath them sinks; their labouring sides  
Are swell'd, and sweat runs guttering down in tides.  
Chance aids their daring with unhoped success:—

Sergestus, eager with his beak to press

Betwixt the rival galley and the rock,

Shuts up the' unwieldy Centaur in the lock.

The vessel struck; and, with the dreadful shock,  
Her oars she shiver'd, and her head she broke.

The trembling rowers from their banks arise,  
And, anxious for themselves, renounce the prize,  
With iron poles they heave her off the shores,  
And gather from the sea their floating oars.  
The crew of Mnestheus, with elated minds,  
Urge their success, and call the willing winds,  
Then ply their oars, and cut their liquid way  
In larger compass, on the roomy sea.  
As when the dove her rocky hold forsakes,  
Roused in a fright, her sounding wings she shakes;  
The cavern rings with clattering; out she flies,  
And leaves her callow care, and cleaves the skies;  
At first she flutters; but at length she springs  
To smoother flight, and shoots upon her wings—  
So Mnestheus in the Dolphin cuts the sea;  
And, flying with a force, that force assists his  
way.

Sergestus in the Centaur soon he pass'd,  
Wedged in the rocky shoals, and sticking fast.  
In vain the victor he with cries implores,  
And practises to row with shatter'd oars,  
Then Mnestheus bears with Gyas, and outflies:  
The ship, without a pilot, yields the prize.  
Unvanquish'd Scylla now alone remains:—  
Her he pursues; and all his vigour strains.  
Shouts from the favouring multitude arise;  
Applauding Echo to the shouts replies:  
Shouts, wishes, and applause, run rattling through  
the skies.

These clamours with disdain the Scylla heard,  
Much grudged the praise, but more the robb'd  
reward:

Resolved to hold their own, they mend their pace,  
All obstinate to die, or gain the race.

Raised with success, the Dolphin swiftly ran—  
For they can conquer who believe they can.—  
Both urge their oars; and Fortune both supplies  
(And both perhaps had shared an equal prize);  
When to the seas Cloanthus holds his hands,  
And succour from the watery powers demands—  
' Gods of the liquid realms on which I row!  
If, given by you, the laurel bind my brow,  
(Assist to make me guilty of my vow!)  
A snow white bull shall on your shore be slain:  
His offer'd entrails cast into the main,  
And ruddy wine from golden goblets thrown,  
Your grateful gift and my return shall own.'  
The choir of nymphs, and Phorcus, from below,  
With virgin Panopea, heard his vow;  
And old Portunus, with his breadth of hand,  
Push'd on and sped the galley to the land.  
Swift as a shaft, or winged wind, she flies,  
And, darting to the port, obtains the prize.

The herald summons all, and then proclaims  
Cloanthus conqueror of the naval games.  
The prince with laurel crowns the victor's head;  
And three fat steers are to his vessel led—  
The ship's reward—with generous wine beside,  
And sums of silver, which the crew divide.  
The leaders are distinguish'd from the rest;  
The victor honour'd with a nobler vest,  
Where gold and purple strive in equal rows,  
And needlework its happy cost bestows.  
There, Ganymede is wrought with living art,  
Chasing through Ida's groves the trembling hart:  
Breathless he seems, yet eager to pursue;  
When from aloft descends, in open view,

The bird of Jove, and, sousing on his prey,  
With crooked talons bears the boy away.  
In vain, with lifted hands and gazing eyes,  
His guards behold him soaring through the skies,  
And dogs pursue his flight, with imitated cries.

Mnestheus the second victor was declared;  
And, summon'd there, the second prize he shared—  
A coat of mail, which brave Demoleus bore,  
More brave Æneas from his shoulders tore,  
In single combat on the Trojan shore.  
This was ordain'd for Mnestheus to possess—  
In war for his defence, for ornament in peace.  
Rich was the gift, and glorious to behold,  
But yet so ponderous with its plates of gold,  
That scarce two servants could the weight sustain:

Yet, loaded thus, Demoleus o'er the plain  
Pursued, and lightly seized, the Trojan train.  
The third, succeeding to the last reward,  
Two goodly bowls of massy silver shared,  
With figures prominent, and richly wrought,  
And two brass caldrons from Dodona brought.

Thus all, rewarded by the hero's hands,  
Their conquering temples bound with purple bands.

And now Sergestus, clearing from the rock,  
Brought back his galley shatter'd with the shock.  
Forlorn she look'd, without an aiding oar,  
And, hooted by the vulgar, made to shore:  
As when a snake, surprised upon the road,  
Is crush'd athwart her body by the load  
Of heavy wheels; or with a mortal wound  
Her belly bruised, and trodden to the ground—

In vain, with loosen'd curls, she crawls along;  
Yet, fierce above, she brandishes her tongue;  
Glares with her eyes, and bristles with her scales;  
But, groveling in the dust, her parts unsound she  
trails—

So slowly to the port the Centaur tends,  
But what she wants in oars with sails amends.  
Yet, for his galley saved, the grateful prince  
Is pleased the' unhappy chief to recompense:  
Pholoë, the Cretan slave, rewards his care,  
Beauteous herself, with lovely twins as fair.

From thence his way the Trojan hero bent  
Into the neighbouring plain, with mountains pent,  
Whose sides were shaded with surrounding wood.  
Full in the midst of this fair valley stood  
A native theatre, which, rising slow  
By just degrees, o'erlook'd the ground below.  
High on a silvan throne the leader sate;  
A numerous train attend in solemn state.  
Here those that in the rapid course delight,  
Desire of honour, and the prize, invite.  
The rival runners without order stand;  
The Trojans, mix'd with the Sicilian band,  
First Nisus, with Euryalus, appears—  
Euryalus, a boy of blooming years,  
With sprightly grace and equal beauty crown'd—  
Nisus, for friendship to the youth renown'd.  
Diores next, of Priam's royal race,  
Then Salius, join'd with Patron, took their place  
(But Patron in Arcadia had his birth,  
And Salius his from Acarnanian earth);  
Then two Sicilian youths—the names of these  
Swift Helymus, and lovely Panopea

(Both jolly huntsmen, both in forests bred,  
And owning old Acestes for their head);  
With several others of ignobler name,  
Whom time has not deliver'd o'er to fame.

To these the hero thus his thoughts explain'd,  
In words which general approbation gain'd—  
' One common largess is for all design'd  
(The vanquish'd and the victor shall be join'd):  
Two darts of polish'd steel and Gnossian wood,  
A silver-studded axe, alike bestow'd.  
The foremost three have olive wreaths decreed:  
The first of these obtains a stately steed  
Adorn'd with trappings; and the next in fame,  
The quiver of an Amazonian dame,  
With feather'd Thracian arrows well supplied:  
A golden belt shall gird his manly side,  
Which with a sparkling diamond shall be tied.  
The third this Grecian helmet shall content.'  
He said. To their appointed base they went;  
With beating hearts the' expected sign receive,  
And, starting all at once, the barrier leave.  
Spread out, as on the winged winds, they flew,  
And seized the distant goal with greedy view.  
Shot from the crowd, swift Nisus all o'erpass'd;  
Nor storms, nor thunder, equal half his haste.  
The next, but though the next, yet far disjoin'd,  
Came Salius; and Euryalus behind;  
Then Helymus, who young Diorez plied,  
Step after step, and almost side by side,  
His shoulders pressing—and, in longer space,  
Had won, or left at least a dubious race.

Now, spent, the goal they almost reach at last,  
When eager Nisus, hapless in his haste,

Slipp'd first, and, slipping, fell upon the plain,  
Soak'd with the blood of oxen newly slain.  
The careless victor had not mark'd his way;  
But, treading where the treacherous puddle lay,  
His heels flew up; and on the grassy floor  
He fell, besmear'd with filth and holy gore.  
Not mindless then, Euryalus, of thee,  
Nor of the sacred bonds of amity,  
He strove the' immediate rival's hope to cross,  
And caught the foot of Salius as he rose:  
So Salius lay extended on the plain:  
Euryalus springs out, the prize to gain,  
And leaves the crowd:—applauding peals attend  
The victor to the goal, who vanquish'd by his  
friend.

Next Helymus; and then Diores came,  
By two misfortunes made the third in fame.  
But Salius enters, and, exclaiming loud  
For justice, deafens and disturbs the crowd;  
Urges his cause may in the court be heard;  
And pleads the prize is wrongfully conferr'd.  
But favour for Euryalus appears;  
His blooming beauty, with his tender years,  
Had bribed the judges for the promised prize;  
Besides, Diores fills the court with cries,  
Who vainly reaches at the last reward,  
If the first palm on Salius be conferr'd.  
Then thus the prince—' Let no disputes arise:  
Where Fortune placed it, I award the prize.  
But Fortune's errors give me leave to mend,  
At least to pity my deserving friend.'  
He said, and from among the spoils he draws  
(Ponderous with shaggy mane and golden paws)

A lion's hide : to Salius this he gives :  
Nisus with envy sees the gift, and grieves.  
' If such rewards to vanquish'd men are due  
(He said), and falling is to rise by you,  
What prize may Nisus from your bounty claim,  
Who merited the first rewards and fame ?  
In falling, both an equal fortune tried ;  
Would Fortune for my fall so well provide !'  
With this he pointed to his face, and show'd  
His hands and all his habit smear'd with blood.  
The' indulgent father of the people smiled,  
And caused to be produced an ample shield,  
Of wondrous art, by Didymaon wrought,  
Long since from Neptune's bars in triumph brought.  
This given to Nisus, he divides the rest,  
And equal justice in his gifts express'd.  
The race thus ended, and rewards bestow'd,  
Once more the prince bespeaks the' attentive  
crowd :

' If there be here, whose dauntless courage dare  
In gauntlet fight, with limbs and body bare,  
His opposite sustain in open view,  
Stand forth the champion, and the games renew.  
Two prizes I propose, and thus divide—  
A bull with gilded horns, and fillets tied,  
Shall be the portion of the conquering chief :  
A sword and helm shall cheer the loser's grief.'

Then haughty Dares in the lists appears ;  
Stalking he strides, his head erected bears :  
His nervous arms the weighty gauntlet wield ;  
And loud applauses echo through the field.  
Dares alone in combat used to stand  
The match of mighty Paris, hand to hand ;



The same at Hector's funerals undertook  
Gigantic Butes, of the' Amycian stock;  
And, by the stroke of his resistless hand,  
Stretch'd the vast bulk upon the yellow sand.  
Such Dares was; and such he strode along,  
And drew the wonder of the gazing throng.  
His brawny back and ample breast he shows;  
His lifted arms around his head he throws,  
And deals in whistling air his empty blows.  
His match is sought; but through the trembling  
band

Not one dares answer to the proud demand.  
Presuming of his force, with sparkling eyes  
Already he devours the promised prize.  
He claims the bull with awless insolence,  
And, having seized his horns, accosts the prince—  
' If none my matchless valour dares oppose,  
How long shall Dares wait his dastard foes?  
Permit me, chief, permit, without delay,  
To lead this uncontended gift away.'  
The crowd assents, and, with redoubled cries,  
For the proud challenger demands the prize.

Acestes, fired with just disdain, to see  
The palm usurped without a victory,  
Reproach'd Entellus thus, who sat beside  
And heard and saw, unmoved, the Trojan's pride—  
' Once, but in vain, a champion of renown,  
So tamely can you bear the ravish'd crown,  
A prize in triumph borne before your sight,  
And shun for fear the danger of the fight?  
Where is our Eryx now, the boasted name,  
The god who taught your thundering arm the game?  
Where now your baffled honour? where the spoil  
That fill'd your house, and fame that fill'd our isle?'

Entellus, thus—‘ My soul is still the same,  
Unmoved with fear, and moved with martial fame :  
But my chill blood is curdled in my veins,  
And scarce the shadow of a man remains.  
Oh ! could I turn to that fair prime again,  
That prime, of which this boaster is so vain !  
The brave, who this decrepit age defies,  
Should feel my force, without the promised prize.’  
He said ; and, rising at the word, he threw  
Two ponderous gauntlets down in open view—  
Gauntlets, which Eryx wont in fight to wield,  
And sheath his hands with in the listed field.  
With fear and wonder seized, the crowd beholds  
The gloves of death, with seven distinguish’d folds  
Of tough bull-hides : the space within is spread  
With iron, or with loads of heavy lead.  
Dares himself was daunted at the sight,  
Renounced his challenge, and refused to fight.  
Astonish’d at their weight, the hero stands,  
And poised the ponderous engines in his hands.  
‘ What had your wonder (said Entellus) been,  
Had you the gauntlets of Alcides seen,  
Or view’d the stern debate on this unhappy green !  
These, which I bear, your brother Eryx bore,  
Still mark’d with batter’d brains and mingled gore.  
With these he long sustain’d the’ Herculean arm ;  
And these I wielded while my blood was warm,  
This languish’d frame while better spirits fed,  
Ere age unstrung my nerves, or time o’ersnow’d  
my head.  
But, if the challenger these arms refuse,  
And cannot wield their weight, or dare not use ;  
If great Æneas and Acestes join  
In his request, these gauntlets I resign :

Let us with equal arms perform the fight;  
And let him leave to fear, since I resign my right.  
This said, Entellus for the strife prepares;  
Stripp'd of his quilted coat, his body bares;  
Composed of mighty bones and brawn, he stands,  
A goodly towering object on the sands.  
Then just Æneas equal arms supplied,  
Which round their shoulders to their wrists they  
tied.

Both on the tiptoe stand, at full extent,  
Their arms aloft, their bodies inly bent;  
Their heads from aiming blows they bear afar;  
With clashing gauntlets then provoke the war.  
One on his youth and pliant limbs relies;  
One on his sinews, and his giant size.  
The last is stiff with age, his motion slow;  
He heaves for breath; he staggers to and fro;  
And clouds of issuing smoke his nostrils loudly  
blow.

Yet equal in success, they ward, they strike;  
Their ways are different, but their art alike.  
Before, behind, the blows are dealt; around  
Their hollow sides the rattling thumps resound.  
A storm of strokes, well meant, with fury flies,  
And errs about their temples, ears, and eyes—  
Nor always errs; for oft the gauntlet draws  
A sweeping stroke along the crackling jaws.  
Heavy with age, Entellus stands his ground,  
But with his warping body wards the wound.  
His hand and watchful eye keep even pace;  
While Dares traverses, and shifts his place,  
And, like a captain who beleaguers round  
Some strong-built castle on a rising ground,

Views all the' approaches with observing eyes ;  
This and that other part in vain he tries,  
And more on industry than force relies.  
With hands on high Entellus threatens the foe ;  
But Dares watch'd the motion from below,  
And slipp'd aside, and shunn'd the long-descending blow.

Entellus wastes his forces on the wind,  
And, thus deluded of the stroke design'd,  
Headlong and heavy fell : his ample breast,  
And weighty limbs, his ancient mother press'd.  
So falls a hollow pine, that long had stood  
On Ida's height, or Erymanthus' wood,  
Torn from the roots. The differing nations rise ;  
And shouts and mingled murmurs rend the skies.  
Acestes runs with eager haste, to raise  
The fallen companion of his youthful days.  
Dauntless he rose, and to the fight return'd :  
With shame his glowing cheeks, his eyes with  
fury, burn'd.

Disdain and conscious virtue fired his breast ;  
And with redoubled force his foe he press'd.  
He lays on load with either hand, amain,  
And headlong drives the Trojan o'er the plain ;  
Nor stops, nor stays ; nor rest nor breath allows ;  
But storms of strokes descend about his brows,  
A rattling tempest, and a hail of blows.  
But now the prince, who saw the wild increase  
Of wounds, commands the combatants to cease,  
And bounds Entellus' wrath, and bids the peace.  
First to the Trojan, spent with toil, he came,  
And sooth'd his sorrow for the suffer'd shame.  
' What fury seized my friend ? The gods (said he),  
To him propitious, and averse to thee,

Have given his arm superior force to thine :  
'Tis madness to contend with strength divine.'  
The gauntlet-fight thus ended, from the shore  
His faithful friends unhappy Dares bore :  
His mouth and nostrils pour'd a purple flood ;  
And pounded teeth came rushing with his blood.  
Faintly he stagger'd through the hissing throng,  
And hung his head, and trail'd his legs along.  
The sword and casque are carried by his train ;  
But with his foe the palm and ox remain.

The champion, then, before Æneas came,  
Proud of his prize, but prouder of his fame :  
' O goddess-born, and you, Dardanian host,  
Mark with attention, and forgive my boast:  
Learn what I was by what remains ; and know  
From what impending fate you saved my foe.'  
Sternly he spoke ; and then confronts the bull ;  
And, on his ample forehead aiming full,  
The deadly stroke, descending, pierced the skull.  
Down drops the beast, nor needs a second wound,  
But sprawls in pangs of death, and spurns the  
ground.

Then thus—' In Dares' stead I offer this.  
Eryx ! accept a nobler sacrifice :  
Take the last gift my wither'd arms can yield :  
Thy gauntlets I resign, and here renounce the field.'

This done, Æneas orders, for the close,  
The strife of archers, with contending bows.  
The mast, Sergestus' shatter'd galley bore,  
With his own hands he raises on the shore.  
A fluttering dove upon the top they tie,  
The living mark at which their arrows fly.  
The rival archers in a line advance,  
Their turn of shooting to receive from chance.

A helmet holds their names : the lots are drawn ;  
On the first scroll was read Hippocoön :  
The people shout. Upon the next was found  
Young Mnestheus, late with naval honours  
crown'd.

The third contain'd Eurytion's noble name,  
Thy brother, Pandarus, and next in fame,  
Whom Pallas urged the treaty to confound,  
And send among the Greeks a feather'd wound.  
Acestes, in the bottom, last remain'd,  
Whom not his age from youthful sports restrain'd.  
Soon all with vigour bend their trusty bows ;  
And from the quiver each his arrow chose.  
Hippocoön's was the first : with forceful sway  
It flew, and, whizzing, cut the liquid way.  
Fix'd in the mast the feather'd weapon stands :  
The fearful pigeon flutters in her bands ;  
And the tree trembled ; and the shouting cries  
Of the pleased people rend the vaulted skies.  
Then Mnestheus to the head his arrow drove,  
With lifted eyes, and took his aim above,  
But made a glancing shot, and miss'd the dove,  
Yet miss'd so narrow, that he cut the cord,  
Which fasten'd, by the foot, the flitting bird.  
The captive thus released, away she flies,  
And beats, with clapping wings, the yielding skies.  
His bow already bent, Eurytion stood ;  
And, having first invoked his brother god,  
His winged shaft with eager haste he sped.  
The fatal message reach'd her as she fled :  
She leaves her life aloft ; she strikes the ground,  
And renders back the weapon in the wound.  
Acestes, grudging at his lot, remains  
Without a prize to gratify his pains.

Yet, shooting upward, sends his shaft, to show  
An archer's art, and boast his twanging bow.  
The feather'd arrow gave a dire portent :  
And latter augurs judge from this event.  
Chafed by the speed, it fired ; and, as it flew,  
A trail of following flames, ascending drew :  
Kindling they mount, and mark the shiny way ;  
Across the skies as falling meteors play,  
And vanish into wind, or in a blaze decay.  
The Trojans and Sicilians wildly stare,  
And, trembling, turn their wonder into prayer.  
The Dardan princee put on a smiling face  
And strain'd Acestes with a close embrace :  
Then honouring him with gifts above the rest,  
Turn'd the bad omen, nor his fears confess'd.  
' The gods (said he) this miracle have wrought,  
And order'd you the prize without the lot.  
Accept this goblet, rough with figured gold,  
Which Thracian Cisseus gave my sire of old :  
This pledge of ancient amity receive,  
Which to my second sire I justly give.'  
He said, and, with the trumpet's cheerful sound,  
Proclaim'd him victor, and with laurel crown'd.  
Nor good Eurytion envied him the prize,  
Though he transfix'd the pigeon in the skies.  
Who cut the line, with second gifts was graced ;  
The third was his, whose arrow pierced the mast.  
The chief, before the games were wholly done,  
Call'd Periphantes, tutor to his son,  
And whisper'd thus—' With speed Ascanius  
find ;  
And, if his childish troop be ready join'd,  
On horseback let him grace his grandsire's day,  
And lead his equals arm'd in just array.'

He said; and, calling out, the cirque he clears.  
The crowd withdrawn, an open plain appears.  
And now the noble youths, of form divine,  
Advance before their fathers, in a line:  
The riders grace the steeds; the steeds with  
glory shine.

Thus marching on in military pride,  
Shouts of applause resound from side to side.  
Their casques adorn'd with laurel wreaths they  
Each brandishing aloft a cornel spear. [wear,  
Some at their backs their gilded quivers bore;  
Their chains of burnish'd gold hung down before.  
Three graceful troops they form'd upon the green;  
Three graceful leaders at their head were seen;  
Twelve follow'd every chief, and left a space be-  
tween.

The first young Priam led,—a lovely boy,  
Whose grandsire was the unhappy king of Troy  
(His race in aftertimes was known to fame,  
New honours adding to the Latian name)—  
And well the royal boy his Thracian steed became.  
White were the fetlocks of his feet before;  
And on his front a snowy star he bore.  
Then beauteous Atys, with Iulus bred,  
Of equal age, the second squadron led.  
The last in order, but the first in place<sup>1</sup>,  
First in the lovely features of his face,  
Rode fair Ascanius on a fiery steed,  
Queen Dido's gift, and of the Tyrian breed.  
Sure coursers for the rest the king ordains,  
With golden bits adorn'd, and purple reins.

The pleased spectators peals of shouts renew,  
And all the parents in the children view;

<sup>1</sup> Dr. Carey reads *grace*.



Their make, their motions, and their sprightly  
grace,

And hopes and fears alternate in their face.

The' unfledged commanders, and their martial train,

First make the circuit of the sandy plain  
Around their sires, and, at the' appointed sign,  
Drawn up in beauteous order, form a line.

The second signal sounds : the troop divides  
In three distinguish'd parts, with three distinguish'd guides.

Again they close, and once again disjoin :  
In troop to troop opposed, and line to line,  
They meet ; they wheel ; they throw their darts  
afar,

With harmless rage, and well dissembled war.

Then in a round the mingled bodies run ;

Flying they follow, and pursuing shun ;

Broken, they break ; and rallying they renew

In other forms the military shew.

At last, in order undiscern'd, they join,

And march together in a friendly line.

And as the Cretan labyrinth of old,

With wandering ways, and many a winding fold,

Involved the weary feet, without redress,

In a round error, which denied recess ;

So fought the Trojan boys in warlike play,

Turn'd and return'd, and still a different way.

Thus dolphins, in the deep, each other chase

In circles, when they swim around the watery race.

This game, these carousals, Ascanius taught ;

And, building Alba, to the Latins brought ;

Show'd what he learn'd : the Latin sires impart

To their succeeding sons the graceful art :

From these imperial Rome received the game,  
Which Troy, the youths the Trojan troop, they  
name.

Thus far the sacred sports they celebrate :  
But Fortune soon resumed her ancient hate :  
For, while they pay the dead his annual dues,  
Those envied rites Saturnian Juno views ;  
And sends the goddess of the various bow,  
To try new methods of revenge below ;  
Supplies the winds to wing her airy way,  
Where in the port secure the navy lay.  
Swiftly fair Iris down her arch descends,  
And, undiscern'd, her fatal voyage ends.  
She saw the gathering crowd ; and gliding thence,  
The desert shore, and fleet without defence.  
The Trojan matrons, on the sands alone,  
With sighs and tears Anchises' death bemoan :  
Then, turning to the sea their weeping eyes,  
Their pity to themselves renews their cries.  
' Alas ! (said one) what oceans yet remain  
For us to sail ! what labours to sustain !'  
All take the word, and, with a general groan,  
Implore the gods for peace, and places of their own.  
The goddess, great in mischief, views their pains,  
And in a woman's form her heavenly limbs re-  
strains.

In face and shape, old Beroë she became,  
Doryclus' wife, a venerable dame,  
Once bless'd with riches, and a mother's name.  
Thus changed, amidst the crying crowd she ran,  
Mix'd with the matrons, and these words began—  
' O wretched we ! whom not the Grecian power,  
Nor flames, destroy'd in Troy's unhappy hour !

O wretched we! reserved by cruel Fate,  
Beyond the ruins of the sinking state!  
Now seven revolving years are wholly run,  
Since this improsperous voyage we begun;  
Since, toss'd from shores to shores, from lands to  
lands,

Inhospitable rocks and barren sands,  
Wandering in exile through the stormy sea,  
We search in vain for flying Italy.  
Now cast by Fortune on this kindred land,  
What should our rest and rising walls withstand,  
Or hinder here to fix our banish'd band?  
O country lost, and gods redeem'd in vain,  
If still in endless exile we remain!  
Shall we no more the Trojan walls renew,  
Or streams of some dissembled Simœis view?  
Haste! join with me! the'unhappy fleet consume!  
Cassandra bids; and I declare her doom.  
In sleep I saw her; she supplied my hands  
(For this I more than dream'd) with flaming  
brands: [stroy:

"With these (said she) these wandering ships de-  
These are your fatal seats, and this your Troy."  
Time calls you now; the precious hour employ:  
Slack not the good presage, while Heaven inspires  
Our minds to dare, and gives the ready fires.  
See! Neptune's altars minister their brands:  
The god is pleased; the god supplies our hands.'  
Then from the pile a flaming fir she drew,  
And, toss'd in air, amidst the galleys threw.  
Rapp'd in amaze, the matrons wildly stare:  
Then Pyrgo, revered for her hoary hair,  
Pyrgo, the nurse of Priam's numerous race,  
' No Beroë this, though she belies her face!

What terrors from her frowning front arise!  
Behold a goddess in her ardent eyes!  
What rays around her heavenly face are seen!  
Mark her majestic voice, and more than mortal  
mien!

Beroë but now I left, whom, pined with pain,  
Her age and anguish from these rites detain.'  
She said. The matrons, seized with new amaze,  
Roll their malignant eyes, and on the navy gaze.  
They fear, and hope, and neither part obey:  
They hope the fated land, but fear the fatal way.  
The goddess, having done her task below, [bow.  
Mounts up on equal wings, and bends her painted  
Struck with the sight, and seized with rage divine,  
The matrons prosecute their mad design:  
They shriek aloud: they snatch, with impious  
hands,

The food of altars: firs and flaming brands,  
Green boughs and saplings, mingled in their haste,  
And smoking torches, on the ships they cast.  
The flame, unstopp'd at first, more fury gains;  
And Vulcan rides at large with loosen'd reins;  
Triumphant to the painted sterns he soars,  
And seizes, in his way, the banks and crackling  
Eumelus was the first the news to bear, [oars.  
While yet they crowd the rural theatre.  
Then, what they hear, is witness'd by their eyes:  
A storm of sparkles, and of flames, arise.  
Ascanius took the' alarm, while yet he led  
His early warriors on his prancing steed,  
And, spurring on, his equals soon o'erpass'd;  
Nor could his frightened friends reclaim his haste.  
Soon as the royal youth appear'd in view,  
He sent his voice before him as he flew:

‘What madness moves you, matrons! to destroy  
The last remainders of unhappy Troy?  
Not hostile fleets, but your own hopes, you burn,  
And on your friends your fatal fury turn.  
Behold your own Ascanius!’—While he said,  
He drew his glittering helmet from his head,  
In which the youths to sportful arms he led.  
By this, Æneas and his train appear;  
And now the women, seized with shame and fear,  
Dispersed, to woods and caverns take their flight,  
Abhor their actions, and avoid the light;  
Their friends acknowledge, and their error find,  
And shake the goddess from their alter’d mind.

Not so the raging fires their fury cease,  
But, lurking in the seams, with seeming peace,  
Work on their way amid the smouldering tow,  
Sure in destruction, but in motion slow.  
The silent plague through the green timber eats,  
And vomits out a tardy flame by fits.  
Down to the keels, and upward to the sails,  
The fire descends or mounts, but still prevails;  
Nor buckets pour’d, nor strength of human hand,  
Can the victorious element withstand.

The pious hero rends his robe, and throws  
To heaven his hands, and, with his hands, his vows.  
‘O Jove! (he cried) if prayers can yet have place;  
If thou abhorr’st not all the Dardan race;  
If any spark of pity still remain;  
If gods are gods, and not invoked in vain;  
Yet spare the relics of the Trojan train!  
Yet from the flames our burning vessels free!  
Or let thy fury fall alone on me.  
At this devoted head thy thunder throw,  
And send the willing sacrifice below.’

Scarce had he said, when southern storms arise :  
From pole to pole the forky lightning flies :  
Loud rattling shakes the mountains and the plain :  
Heaven bellies downward, and descends in rain.  
Whole sheets of water from the clouds are sent,  
Which, hissing through the planks, the flames  
prevent,

And stop the fiery pest. Four ships alone  
Burn to the waist, and for the fleet atone.

But doubtful thoughts the hero's heart divide,  
If he should still in Sicily reside,  
Forgetful of his fates,—or tempt the main,  
In hope the promised Italy to gain.

Then Nautes, old and wise—to whom alone  
The will of Heaven by Pallas was foreshown—  
Versed in portents, experienced, and inspired  
To tell events, and what the Fates required—  
Thus while he stood, to neither part inclined,  
With cheerful words relieved his labouring mind—

‘ O goddess-born ! resign'd in every state,  
With patience bear, with prudence push, your fate.  
By suffering well, our fortune we subdue ;  
Fly when she frowns, and, when she calls, pursue.  
Your friend Acestes is of Trojan kind :

To him disclose the secrets of your mind :  
Trust in his hands your old and useless train,  
Too numerous for the ships which yet remain—  
The feeble, old, indulgent of their ease,  
The dames who dread the dangers of the seas,  
With all the dastard crew who dare not stand  
The shock of battle with your foes by land.  
Here you may build a common town for all,  
And, from Acestes' name, Acesta call.’

The reasons, with his friend's experience join'd,  
Encouraged much, but more disturb'd his mind.

'Twas dead of night; when, to his slumbering  
eyes,

His father's shade descended from the skies;  
And thus he spoke—' O, more than vital breath,  
Loved while I lived, and dear e'en after death!  
O son, in various toils and troubles toss'd!

The king of heaven employs my careful ghost  
On his commands—the god who saved from fire  
Your flaming fleet, and heard your just desire.  
The wholesome counsel of your friend receive,  
And here the coward train and women leave:  
The chosen youth, and those who nobly dare,  
Transport to tempt the dangers of the war.

The stern Italians will their courage try:  
Rough are their manners, and their minds are high.  
But first to Pluto's palace you shall go,  
And seek my shade among the bless'd below:  
For not with impious ghosts my soul remains,  
Nor suffers, with the damn'd, perpetual pains,  
But breathes the living air of soft Elysian plains.

The chaste Sibylla shall your steps convey,  
And blood of offer'd victims free the way.  
There shall you know what realms the gods assign,  
And learn the fates and fortunes of your line.

But now farewell! I vanish with the night,  
And feel the blast of heaven's approaching light.'  
He said, and mix'd with shades, and took his  
airy flight.

' Whither so fast? (the filial duty cried)  
And why, ah! why the wish'd embrace denied?'  
He said, and rose: as holy zeal inspires,  
He rakes hot embers, and renews the fires;  
His country gods and Vesta then adores  
With cakes and incense, and their aid implores.

Next, for his friends and royal host he sent,  
Reveal'd his vision, and the god's intent,  
With his own purpose.—All, without delay,  
The will of Jove and his desires obey.  
They list with women each degenerate name,  
Who dares not hazard life for future fame.  
These they cashier. The brave remaining few,  
Oars, banks, and cables, half consumed, renew.  
The prince designs a city with the plough :  
The lots their several tenements allow.  
This part is namèd from Ilium, that from Troy ;  
And the new king ascends the throne with joy :  
A chosen senate from the people draws ;  
Appoints the judges, and ordains the laws.  
Then on the top of Eryx they begin  
A rising temple to the Paphian queen.  
Anchises, last, is honour'd as a god :  
A priest is added, annual gifts bestow'd ;  
And groves are planted round his bless'd abode.  
Nine days they pass in feasts, their temples  
crown'd ;  
And fumes of incense in the fanes abound.  
Then from the south arose a gentle breeze,  
That curl'd the smoothness of the glassy seas :  
The rising winds a ruffling gale afford,  
And call the merry mariners aboard.  
Now loud laments along the shores resound  
Of parting friends in close embraces bound.  
The trembling women, the degenerate train  
Who shunn'd the frightful dangers of the main,  
E'en those desire to sail, and take their share  
Of the rough passage, and the promised war :  
Whom good Æneas cheers : and recommends  
To their new master's care his fearful friends.



On Eryx' altars three fat calves he lays;  
A lamb new-fallen to the stormy seas;  
Then slips his halsers, and his anchors weighs.  
High on the deck the godlike hero stands,  
With olive crown'd, a charger in his hands;  
Then cast the reeking entrails in the brine,  
And pour'd the sacrifice of purple wine.  
Fresh gales arise: with equal strokes they vie,  
And brush the buxom seas, and o'er the billows fly.

Meantime the mother-goddess, full of fears,  
To Neptune thus address'd, with tender tears—  
' The pride of Jove's imperious queen, the rage,  
The malice which no sufferings can assuage,  
Compel me to these prayers; since neither Fate,  
Nor time, nor pity, can remove her hate.  
E'en Jove is thwarted by his haughty wife;  
Still vanquish'd, yet she still renews the strife.  
As if 'twere little to consume the town  
Which awed the world, and wore the' imperial  
crown;

She prosecutes the ghost of Troy with pains,  
And gnaws, e'en to the bones, the last remains.  
Let her the causes of her hatred tell;  
But you can witness its effects too well.  
You saw the storm she raised on Libyan floods,  
That mix'd the mountain billows with the clouds;  
When, bribing Æolus, she took the main,  
And moved rebellion in your watery reign.  
With fury she possess'd the Dardan dames,  
To burn their fleet with execrable flames,  
And forced Æneas, when his ships were lost,  
To leave his followers on a foreign coast.  
For what remains, your godhead I implore,  
And trust my son to your protecting power.

If neither Jove's nor Fate's decree withstand,  
Secure his passage to the Latian land.'

Then thus the mighty ruler of the main—  
'What may not Venus hope from Neptune's reign?  
My kingdom claims your birth: my late defence  
Of your endanger'd fleet may claim your confidence.

Nor less by land than sea my deeds declare,  
How much your loved Æneas is my care.  
Thee, Xanthus! and thee, Simois! I attest—  
Your Trojan troops when proud Achilles press'd,  
And drove before him headlong on the plain,  
And dash'd against the walls the trembling train;  
When floods were fill'd with bodies of the slain;  
When crimson Xanthus, doubtful of his way,  
Stood up on ridges to behold the sea  
(New heaps came tumbling in, and choked his way);


When your Æneas fought, but fought with odds  
Of force unequal, and unequal gods;  
I spread a cloud before the victor's sight,  
Sustain'd the vanquish'd, and secured his flight—  
E'en then secured him, when I sought with joy  
The vow'd destruction of ungrateful Troy.  
My will's the same: fair goddess! fear no more;  
Your fleet shall safely gain the Latian shore:  
Their lives are given: one destined head alone  
Shall perish, and for multitudes atone.'

Thus having arm'd with hopes her anxious mind,  
His finny team Saturnian Neptune join'd,  
Then adds the foamy bridle to their jaws,  
And to the loosen'd reins permits the laws.  
High on the waves his azure car he guides:  
Its axles thunder; and the sea subsides;  
And the smooth ocean rolls her silent tides.

The tempests fly before their father's face;  
Trains of inferior gods his triumph grace;  
And monster whales before their master play,  
And choirs of Tritons crowd the watery way.  
The marshal'd powers in equal troops divide  
To right and left: the gods his better side  
Enclose; and, on the worse, the Nymphs and  
Nereids ride.

Now smiling hope, with sweet vicissitude,  
Within the hero's mind his joys renew'd.  
He calls to raise the masts, the sheets display;  
The cheerful crew with diligence obey;  
They scud before the wind, and sail in open sea.  
Ahead of all the master pilot steers;  
And, as he leads, the following navy veers.

The steeds of Night had travel'd half the sky;  
The drowsy rowers on their benches lie:  
When the soft god of sleep, with easy flight,  
Descends, and draws behind a trail of light.  
Thou, Palinurus, art his destined prey;  
To thee alone he takes his fatal way.  
Dire dreams to thee, and iron sleep, he bears;<sup>1</sup>  
And, lighting on thy prow, the form of Phorbas  
wears.

Then thus the traitor god began his tale—  
'The winds, my friend, inspire a pleasing gale;  
The ships, without thy care, securely sail.  
Now steal an hour of sweet repose; and I  
Will take the rudder, and thy room supply.'  
To whom the yawning pilot, half asleep—  
'Me dost thou bid to tread the treacherous deep,  
The harlot smiles of her dissembling face,  
And to her faith commit the Trojan race?  
Shall I believe the siren South again,  
And, oft betray'd, not know the monster main?'  


He said: his fasten'd hands the rudder keep;  
And, fix'd on heaven, his eyes repel invading sleep.  
The god was wroth, and at his temples threw  
A branch in Lethè dipp'd, and drunk with Stygian  
dew:

The pilot, vanquish'd by the power divine,  
Soon closed his swimming eyes, and lay supine.  
Scarce were his limbs extended at their length;  
The god, insulting with superior strength,  
Fell heavy on him, plunged him in the sea,  
And, with the stern, the rudder tore away.  
Headlong he fell, and, struggling in the main,  
Cried out for helping hands, but cried in vain.  
The victor dæmon mounts obscure in air;  
While the ship sails without the pilot's care.  
On Neptune's faith the floating fleet relies:  
But what the man forsook, the god supplies;  
And o'er the dangerous deep secure the navy flies;  
Glides by the Sirens' cliffs, a shelfy coast,  
Long infamous for ships and sailors lost,  
And white with bones. The' impetuous ocean  
roars,

And rocks rebellow from the sounding shores.  
The watchful hero felt the knocks; and found  
The tossing vessel sail'd on shoaly ground.  
Súre of his pilot's loss, he takes himself  
The helm, and steers aloof, and shuns the shelf.  
Inly he grieved, and, groaning from the breast,  
Deplored his death; and thus his pain express'd—  
'For faith repos'd on seas, and on the flattering sky,  
Thy naked corpse is doom'd on shores unknown  
to lie.'

BOOK VI.

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*The Argument.*

The Sibyl foretells Æneas the adventures he should meet with in Italy. She attends him to hell; describing to him the various scenes of that place, and conducting him to his father Anchises, who instructs him in those sublime mysteries of the soul of the world, and the transmigration; and shows him that glorious race of heroes, which was to descend from him and his posterity.

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HE said, and wept; then spread his sails before  
The winds, and reach'd at length the Cuman shore:  
Their anchors dropp'd, his crew the vessels moor.  
They turn their heads to sea, their sterns to land,  
And greet with greedy joy the Italian strand.  
Some strike from clashing flints their fiery seed;  
Some gather sticks, the kindled flames to feed,  
Or search for hollow trees, and fell the woods,  
Or trace through valleys the discover'd floods.  
Thus while their several charges they fulfill,  
The pious prince ascends the sacred hill  
Where Phœbus is adored; and seeks the shade  
Which hides from sight his venerable maid.  
Deep in a cave the Sibyl makes abode;  
Thence full of fate returns, and of the god.  
Through Trivia's grove they walk: and now behold,  
And enter now, the temple roof'd with gold.

When Dædalus, to fly the Cretan shore,  
His heavy limbs on jointed pinions bore  
(The first who sail'd in air), 'tis sung by Fame,  
To the Cumæan coast at length he came,  
And, here alighting, built this costly frame.  
Inscribed to Phœbus, here he hung on high  
The steerage of his wings, that cut the sky :  
Then, o'er the lofty gate, his art emboss'd  
Androgeos' death, and (offerings to his ghost)  
Seven youths from Athens yearly sent, to meet  
The fate appointed by revengeful Crete.  
And next to these the dreadful urn was placed,  
In which the destined names by lots were cast :  
The mournful parents stand around in tears ;  
And rising Crete against their shore appears.  
There too, in living sculpture, might be seen  
The mad affection of the Cretan queen ;  
Then how she cheats her bellowing lover's eye ;  
The rushing leap, the doubtful progeny—  
The lower part a beast, a man above—  
The monument of their polluted love.  
Not far from thence he grav'd the wondrous  
maze,

A thousand doors, a thousand winding ways :  
Here dwells the monster, hid from human view,  
Not to be found, but by the faithful clue ;  
Till the kind artist, moved with pious grief,  
Lent to the loving maid this last relief,  
And all those erring paths described so well,  
That Theseus conquer'd, and the monster fell.  
Here hapless Icarus had found his part,  
Had not the father's grief restrain'd his art.  
He twice essay'd to cast his son in gold ;  
Twice from his hands he dropp'd the forming  
mould.

All this with wondering eyes Æneas view'd :  
Each varying object his delight renew'd.  
Eager to read the rest——Achates came,  
And by his side the mad divining dame,  
The priestess of the god, Deiphobe her name.  
' Time suffers not (she said) to feed your eyes  
With empty pleasures : haste the sacrifice.  
Seven bullocks, yet unyoked, for Phœbus choose,  
And for Diana seven unspotted ewes.'  
This said, the servants urge the sacred rites;  
While to the temple she the prince invites.  
A spacious cave within its farthest part  
Was hew'd, and fashion'd by laborious art,  
Through the hill's hollow sides : before the place,  
A hundred doors a hundred entries grace :  
As many voices issue, and the sound  
Of Sibyl's words as many times rebound.  
Now to the mouth they come. Aloud she cries,  
' This is the time ! inquire your destinies !  
He comes ! behold the god !' Thus while she said  
(And shivering at the sacred entry staid),  
Her colour changed ; her face was not the same ;  
And hollow groans from her deep spirit came.  
Her hair stood up ; convulsive rage possess'd  
Her trembling limbs, and heaved her labouring  
breast.  
Greater than humankind she seem'd to look,  
And with an accent more than mortal spoke.  
Her staring eyes with sparkling fury roll ;  
When all the god came rushing on her soul.  
Swiftly she turn'd, and, foaming as she spoke,  
' Why this delay ? (she cried)—the powers invoke.  
Thy prayers alone can open this abode,  
Else vain are my demands, and dumb the god.'

She said no more. The trembling Trojans hear,  
O'erspread with a damp sweat, and holy fear.  
The prince himself, with awful dread possess'd,  
His vows to great Apollo thus address'd—  
' Indulgent god! propitious power to Troy,  
Swift to relieve, unwilling to destroy!  
Directed by whose hand, the Dardan dart  
Pierced the proud Grecian's only mortal part!  
Thus far, by Fate's decrees and thy commands,  
Through ambient seas and through devouring  
sands,  
Our exiled crew has sought the' Ausonian ground:  
And now, at length, the flying coast is found.  
Thus far the fate of Troy, from place to place,  
With fury has pursued her wandering race.  
Here cease, ye powers, and let your vengeance  
end:

Troy is no more, and can no more offend.  
And thou, O sacred maid, inspired to see  
The' event of things in dark futurity!  
Give me, what Heaven has promised to my fate,  
To conquer and command the Latian state;  
To fix my wandering gods, and find a place  
For the long exiles of the Trojan race.  
Then shall my grateful hands a temple rear  
To the twin gods, with vows and solemn prayer;  
And annual rites, and festivals, and games,  
Shall be perform'd to their auspicious names.  
Nor shalt thou want thy honours in my land:  
For there thy faithful oracles shall stand,  
Preserved in shrines: and every sacred lay,  
Which, by thy mouth, Apollo shall convey—  
All shall be treasured by a chosen train  
Of holy priests, and ever shall remain.



But, oh! commit not thy prophetic mind  
To flitting leaves, the sport of every wind,  
Lest they disperse in air our empty fate:  
Write not, but, what the powers ordain, relate.'

Struggling in vain, impatient of her load,  
And labouring underneath the ponderous god,  
The more she strove to shake him from her breast,  
With more and far superior force he press'd;  
Commands his entrance, and, without control,  
Usurps her organs, and inspires her soul.  
Now, with a furious blast, the hundred doors  
Ope of themselves; a rushing whirlwind roars  
Within the cave, and Sibyl's voice restores:  
' Escaped the dangers of the watery reign,  
Yet more and greater ills by land remain.  
The coast, so long desired (nor doubt the' event)  
Thy troopsshall reach, but, having reach'd, repent.  
Wars, horrid wars, I view—a field of blood,  
And Tyber rolling with a purple flood.  
Simois nor Xanthus shall be wanting there:  
A new Achilles shall in arms appear,  
And he, too, goddess-born. Pierce Juno's hate,  
Added to hostile force, shall urge thy fate.  
To what strange nations shalt not thou resort,  
Driven to solicit aid at every court!  
The cause the same which Ilium once oppress'd—  
A foreign mistress, and a foreign guest.  
But thou, secure of soul, unbent with woes,  
The more thy fortune frowns, the more oppose.  
The dawnings of thy safety shall be shown,  
From—whence thou least shalt hope—a Grecian  
town.'

Thus, from the dark recess, the Sibyl spoke;  
And the resisting air the thunder broke;  
The cave rebellow'd, and the temple shook.

The' ambiguous god, who ruled her labouring breast,

In these mysterious words his mind express'd;  
Some truths reveal'd, in terms involved the rest.  
At length her fury fell; her foaming ceased,  
And, ebbing in her soul, the god decreased.

Then thus the chief—' No terror to my view,  
No frightful face of danger, can be new.

Inured to suffer, and resolved to dare, [care.

The Fates, without my power, shall be without my

This let me crave; since near your grove the road  
To hell lies open, and the dark abode,

Which Acheron surrounds, the' innavigable  
flood:

Conduct me through the regions void of light,

And lead me longing to my father's sight.

For him, a thousand dangers I have sought,

And, rushing where the thickest Grecians fought,

Safe on my back the sacred burden brought.

He, for my sake, the raging ocean tried,

And wrath of Heaven (my still auspicious guide);

And bore beyond the strength decrepit age supplied.

Oft, since he breathed his last, in dead of night,

His reverend image stood before my sight;

Enjoin'd to seek, below, his holy shade—

Conducted there by your unerring aid.

But you, if pious minds by prayers are won,

Oblige the father, and protect the son.

Yours is the power; nor Proserpine in vain

Has made you priestess of her nightly reign.

If Orpheus, arm'd with his enchanting lyre,

The ruthless king with pity could inspire,

And from the shades below redeem his wife;

If Pollux, offering his alternate life,

Could free his brother, and can daily go  
By turns aloft, by turns descend below;—  
Why name I Theseus, or his greater friend,  
Who trod the downward path, and upward could  
ascend?—

Not less than theirs, from Jove my lineage came:  
My mother greater, my descent the same.'  
So pray'd the Trojan prince, and, while he pray'd,  
His hand upon the holy altar laid.

Then thus replied the prophetess divine—  
' O goddess-born, of great Anchises' line!  
The gates of hell are open night and day;  
Smooth the descent, and easy is the way:  
But, to return, and view the cheerful skies—  
In this the task and mighty labour lies.  
To few great Jupiter imparts this grace,  
And those of shining worth, and heavenly race.  
Betwixt those regions and our upper light,  
Deep forests and impenetrable night  
Possess the middle space: the' infernal bounds  
Cocytus, with his sable waves, surrounds.  
But, if so dire a love your soul invades,  
As twice below to view the trembling shades;  
If you so hard a toil will undertake,  
As twice to pass the' innavigable lake;  
Receive my counsel. In the neighbouring grove  
There stands a tree: the queen of Stygian Jove  
Claims it her own; thick woods and gloomy night  
Conceal the happy plant from human sight.  
One bough it bears; but (wondrous to behold)  
The ductile rind and leaves of radiant gold:  
This from the vulgar branches must be torn,  
And to fair Proserpine the present borne,

Ere leave be given to tempt the nether skies:  
The first thus rent, a second will arise;  
And the same metal the same room supplies.  
Look round the wood, with lifted eyes, to see  
The lurking gold upon the fatal tree:  
Then rend it off, as holy rites command:  
The willing metal will obey thy hand,  
Following with ease, if, favour'd by thy fate,  
Thou art foredoom'd to view the Stygian state:  
If not, no labour can the tree constrain;  
And strength of stubborn arms, and steel, are vain.  
Besides, you know not, while you here attend,  
The' unworthy fate of your unhappy friend:  
Breathless he lies; and his unburied ghost,  
Deprived of funeral rites, pollutes your host.  
Pay first his pious dues: and, for the dead,  
Two sable sheep around his hearse be led;  
Then, living turfs upon his body lay:  
This done, securely take the destined way,  
To find the regions destitute of day.'  
She said, and held her peace.—Æneas went  
Sad from the cave, and full of discontent,  
Unknowing whom the sacred Sibyl meant;  
Achates, the companion of his breast,  
Goes grieving by his side, with equal cares oppress'd.  
Walking, they talk'd, and fruitlessly divined,  
What friend the priestess by those words design'd.  
But soon they found an object to deplore:  
Misenus lay extended on the shore—  
Son of the god of winds:—none so renown'd,  
The warrior trumpet in the field to sound,  
With breathing brass to kindle fierce alarms,  
And rouse to dare their fate in honourable arms.

He served great Hector, and was ever near,  
Not with his trumpet only, but his spear.  
But, by Pelides' arm when Hector fell,  
He chose Æneas; and he chose as well.  
Sworn with applause, and aiming still at more,  
He now provokes the seagods from the shore.  
With envy Triton heard the martial sound,  
And the bold champion, for his challenge,  
drown'd;

Then cast his mangled carcass on the strand.—  
The gazing crowd around the body stand.  
All weep; but most Æneas mourns his fate;  
And hastens to perform the funeral state.  
In altarwise, a stately pile they rear;  
The basis broad below, and top advanced in air.  
An ancient wood, fit for the work design'd  
(The shady covert of the savage kind),  
The Trojans found: the sounding axe is plied:  
Firs, pines, and pitch-trees, and the towering pride  
Of forest ashes, feel the fatal stroke;  
And piercing wedges cleave the stubborn oak.  
Huge trunks of trees, fell'd from the steepy crown  
Of the bare mountains, roll with ruin down.  
Arm'd like the rest the Trojan prince appears,  
And, by his pious labour, urges theirs.  
Thus while he wrought, revolving in his mind  
The ways to compass what his wish design'd,  
He cast his eyes upon the gloomy grove,  
And then with vows implored the queen of love:  
' O! may thy power, propitious still to me,  
Conduct my steps to find the fatal tree,  
In this deep forest; since the Sibyl's breath  
Foretold, alas! too true, Misenus' death.'

Scarcely had he said, when, full before his sight,  
Two doves, descending from their airy flight,  
Secure upon the grassy plain alight.  
He knew his mother's birds; and thus he pray'd—  
' Be you my guides, with your auspicious aid,  
And lead my footsteps, till the branch be found,  
Whose glittering shadow gilds the sacred ground.  
And thou, great parent! with celestial care,  
In this distress, be present to my prayer.'  
Thus having said, he stopp'd, with watchful sight  
Observing still the motions of their flight,  
What course they took, what happy signs they  
show.

They fed, and, fluttering, by degrees withdrew  
Still farther from the place; but still in view:  
Hopping and flying thus they led him on  
To the slow lake; whose baleful stench to shun,  
They wing'd their flight aloft, then, stooping low,  
Perch'd on the double tree that bears the golden  
bough.

Through the green leaves the glittering shadows  
glow;

As on the sacred oak, the wintry misletoe,  
Where the proud mother views her precious brood,  
And happier branches, which she never sow'd.  
Such was the glittering; such the ruddy rind,  
And dancing leaves, that wanton'd in the wind.  
He seized the shining bough with griping hold,  
And rent away, with ease, the lingering gold,  
Then to the Sibyl's palace bore the prize.  
Meantime the Trojan troops, with weeping eyes,  
To dead Misenus pay his obsequies.  
First, from the ground, a lofty pile they rear,  
Of pitch trees, oaks, and pines, and unctuous fir:

The fabric's front with cypress twigs they strew,  
And stick the sides with boughs of baleful yew.  
The topmost part his glittering arms adorn;  
Warm waters, then, in brazen caldrons borne,  
Are pour'd to wash his body, joint by joint;  
And fragrant oils the stiffen'd limbs anoint.  
With groans and cries Misenus they deplore:  
Then on a bier, with purple cover'd o'er,  
The breathless body, thus bewail'd, they lay,  
And fire the pile, their faces turn'd away  
(Such reverend rites their fathers used to pay).  
Pure oil and incense on the fire they throw,  
And fat of victims, which his friends bestow.  
These gifts the greedy flames to dust devour:  
Then on the living coals red wine they pour:  
And, last, the reliques by themselves dispose,  
Which in a brazen urn the priests enclose.  
Old Corynæus compass'd thrice the crew,  
And dipp'd an olive-branch in holy dew;  
Which thrice he sprinkled round; and thrice aloud  
Invoked the dead, and then dismiss'd the crowd.

But good Æneas order'd on the shore  
A stately tomb, whose top a trumpet bore,  
A soldier's falchion, and a seaman's oar.  
Thus was his friend interr'd: and deathless fame  
Still to the lofty cape consigns his name.

These rites perform'd, the prince without delay  
Hastes, to the nether world, his destined way.  
Deep was the cave; and, downward as it went  
From the wide mouth, a rocky rough descent;  
And here the' access a gloomy grove defends;  
And here the' innavigable lake extends,  
O'er whose unhappy waters, void of light,  
No bird presumes to steer his airy flight;

Such deadly stench from the depth arise,  
And steaming sulphur, that infects the skies.  
From hence the Grecian bards their legends make,  
And give the name Avernus to the lake,  
Four sable bullocks, in the yoke untaught,  
For sacrifice the pious hero brought.  
The priestess pours the wine betwixt their horns;  
Then cuts the curling hair; that first oblation burns,  
Invoking Hecate hither to repair—  
A powerful name in hell and upper air,  
The sacred priests, with ready knives, bereave  
The beasts of life, and in full bowls receive  
The streaming blood: a lamb to Hell and Night  
(The sable wool without a streak of white)  
Æneas offers; and, by Fate's decree,  
A barren heifer, Proserpine, to thee.  
With holocausts he Pluto's altar fills:  
Seven brawny bulls with his own hand he kills:  
Then, on the broiling entrails, oil he pours;  
Which, ointed thus, the raging flame devours.  
Late the nocturnal sacrifice begun,  
Nor ended till the next returning sun.  
Then earth began to bellow, trees to dance;  
And howling dogs in glimmering light advance,  
Ere Hecate came.—'Far hence be souls profane!  
(The Sibyl cried)—and from the grove abstain!  
Now, Trojan, take the way thy fates afford:  
Assume thy courage, and unsheath thy sword.'  
She said, and pass'd along the gloomy space:  
The prince pursued her steps with equal pace.  
Ye realms, yet unreveal'd to human sight!  
Ye gods, who rule the regions of the night!  
Ye gliding ghosts! permit me to relate  
The mystic wonders of your silent state.



Obscure they went through dreary shades, that  
Along the waste dominions of the dead. [led  
Thus wander travellers in woods by night,  
By the moon's doubtful and malignant light,  
When Jove in dusky clouds involves the skies,  
And the faint crescent shoots by fits before their  
eyes.

Just in the gate, and in the jaws of hell,  
Revengeful Cares and sullen Sorrows dwell,  
And pale Diseases, and repining Age,  
Want, Fear, and Famine's unresisted rage;  
Here Toils, and Death, and Death's half-brother,  
Sleep

(Forms terrible to view), their sentry keep;  
With anxious Pleasures of a guilty mind,  
Deep Frauds before, and open Force behind;  
The Furies' iron beds; and Strife, that shakes  
Her hissing tresses, and unfolds her snakes.  
Full in the midst of this infernal road,  
An elm displays her dusky arms abroad:  
The god of sleep there hides his heavy head;  
And empty dreams on every leaf are spread.  
Of various forms unnumber'd spectres more,  
Centaur's, and double shapes, besiege the door.  
Before the passage, horrid Hydra stands,  
And Briareus with all his hundred hands;  
Gorgons, Geryon with his triple frame;  
And vain Chimæra vomits empty flame.  
The chief unsheath'd his shining steel, prepared,  
Though seized with sudden fear, to force the guard,  
Offering his brandish'd weapon at their face;  
Had not the Sibyl stopp'd his eager pace,  
And told him what those empty phantoms were—  
Forms without bodies, and impassive air.

Hence to deep Acheron they take their way,  
Whose troubled eddies, thick with ooze and clay,  
Are whirl'd aloft, and in Cocytus lost:  
There Charon stands, who rules the dreary coast—  
A sordid god: down from his hoary chin  
A length of beard descends, uncomb'd, unclean:  
His eyes, like hollow furnaces on fire;  
A girdle, foul with grease, binds his obscene attire;  
He spreads his canvass; with his pole he steers;  
The freights of flitting ghosts in his thin bottom  
bears.

He look'd in years; yet, in his years, were seen  
A youthful vigour, and autumnal green.  
An airy crowd came rushing where he stood,  
Which fill'd the margin of the fatal flood—  
Husbands and wives, boys and unmarried maids,  
And mighty heroes' more majestic shades,  
And youths, intomb'd before their father's eyes,  
With hollow groans, and shrieks, and feeble cries.  
Thick as the leaves in autumn strow the woods,  
Or fowls, by winter forced, forsake the floods,  
And wing their hasty flight to happier lands—  
Such, and so thick, the shivering army stands,  
And press for passage with extended hands.

Now these, now those, the surly boatman bore:  
The rest he drove to distance from the shore.  
The hero, who beheld, with wondering eyes,  
The tumult mix'd with shrieks, laments, and cries,  
Ask'd of his guide, what the rude oncourse  
meant?

Why to the shore the thronging people bent?  
What forms of law among the ghosts were used?  
Why some were ferried o'er, and some refused?

' Son of Anchises! offspring of the gods!  
(The Sibyl said) you see the Stygian floods,  
The sacred streams, which heaven's imperial state  
Attests in oaths, and fears to violate.  
The ghosts rejected are the' unhappy crew  
Deprived of sepulchres and funeral due:  
The boatman, Charon: those, the buried host  
He ferries over to the farther coast;  
Nor dares his transport vessel cross the waves  
With such whose bones are not composed in  
    graves.

A hundred years they wander on the shore;  
At length, their penance done, are wafted o'er.'  
The Trojan chief his forward pace repress'd,  
Revolving anxious thoughts within his breast.  
He saw his friends, who, whelm'd beneath the  
    waves,  
Their funeral honours claim'd, and ask'd their  
    quiet graves.

The lost Leucaspis in the crowd he knew,  
And the brave leader of the Lycian crew,  
Whom, on the Tyrrhene seas, the tempest met;  
The sailors master'd, and the ship o'erset.  
Amidst the spirits, Palinurus press'd,  
Yet fresh from life, a new-admitted guest,  
Who, while he steering view'd the stars, and bore  
His course from Afric to the Latian shore,  
Fell headlong down. The Trojan fix'd his view,  
And scarcely through the gloom the sullen sha-  
    dow knew.

Then thus the prince—' What envious power, O  
    friend!  
Brought your loved life to this disastrous end?

For Phœbus, ever true in all he said,  
Has in your fate alone my faith betray'd.  
The god foretold you should not die, before  
You reach'd, secure from seas, the' Italian shore.  
Is this the' unerring power?'—The ghost replied—  
' Nor Phœbus flatter'd, nor his answers lied;  
Nor envious gods have sent me to the deep:  
But, while the stars and course of heaven I keep,  
My wearied eyes were seized with fatal sleep.  
I fell; and, with my weight, the helm constrain'd  
Was drawn along, which yet my gripe retain'd.  
Now by the winds and raging waves I swear,  
Your safety, more than mine, was then my care;  
Lest, of the guide bereft, the rudder lost,  
Your ship should run against the rocky coast.  
Three blustering nights, borne by the southern  
blast,

I floated, and discover'd land at last:  
High on a mounting wave my head I bore,  
Forcing my strength, and gathering to the shore.  
Panting, but past the danger, now I seized  
The craggy cliffs, and my tired members eased.  
While, cumber'd with my dropping clothes, I lay,  
The cruel nation, covetous of prey,  
Stain'd with my blood the' unhospitable coast:  
And now by winds and waves my lifeless limbs  
are toss'd:

Which, O! avert, by yon ethereal light,  
Which I have lost for this eternal night:  
Or, if by dearer ties you may be won,  
By your dead sire, and by your living son,  
Redeem from this reproach my wandering ghost,  
Or with your navy seek the Velin coast,

And in a peaceful grave my corpse compose;  
Or, if a nearer way your mother shows  
(Without whose aid you durst not undertake  
The frightful passage o'er the Stygian lake),  
Lend to this wretch your hand, and waft him o'er  
To the sweet banks of yon forbidden shore.'  
Scarce had he said; the prophetess began—  
'What hopes delude thee, miserable man!  
Think'st thou, thus untomb'd to cross the floods,  
To view the Furies and infernal gods,  
And visit, without leave, the dark abodes?  
Attend the term of long revolving years:  
Fate and the dooming gods are deaf to tears'.  
This comfort of thy dire misfortune take—  
The wrath of Heaven, inflicted for thy sake,  
With vengeance shall pursue the inhuman coast,  
Till they propitiate thy offended ghost,  
And raise a tomb, with vows and solemn prayer;  
And Palinurus' name the place shall bear.'  
This calm'd his cares—sooth'd with his future  
fame,

And pleased to hear his propagated name.

Now nearer to the Stygian lake they draw:  
Whom, from the shore, the surly boatman saw;  
Observed their passage through the shady wood,  
And mark'd their near approaches to the flood:  
Then thus he call'd aloud, inflamed with wrath—  
'Mortal, whate'er, who this forbidden path  
In arms presumest to tread! I charge thee, stand,  
And tell thy name, and business in the land.  
Know, this the realm of night—the Stygian shore:  
My boat conveys no living bodies o'er:

<sup>2</sup> Dr. Carey reads *prayers*.

Nor was I pleased great Theseus once to bear  
(Who forced a passage with his pointed spear),  
Nor strong Alcides—men of mighty fame;  
And from the' immortal gods their lineage came.  
In fetters one the barking porter tied,  
And took him trembling from his sovereign's side:  
Two sought by force to seize his beauteous bride.  
To whom the Sibyl thus—'Compose thy mind:  
Nor frauds are here contrived, nor force design'd.  
Still may the dog the wandering troops constrain  
Of airy ghosts, and vex the guilty train;  
And with her grisly lord his lovely queen remain.  
The Trojan chief, whose lineage is from Jove,  
Much famed for arms, and more for filial love,  
Is sent to seek his sire in your Elysian grove.  
If neither piety, nor Heaven's command,  
Can gain his passage to the Stygian strand,  
This fatal present shall prevail, at least'—  
Then show'd the shining bough, conceal'd within  
her vest.

No more was needful: for the gloomy god  
Stood mute with awe, to see the golden rod;  
Admired the destined offering to his queen—  
A venerable gift, so rarely seen.  
His fury thus appeased, he puts to land:  
The ghosts forsake their seats at his command:  
He clears the deck, receives the mighty freight;  
The leaky vessel groans beneath the weight.  
Slowly she sails, and scarcely stems the tides:  
The pressing water pours within her sides.  
His passengers at length are wafted o'er,  
Exposed in muddy weeds upon the miry shore.  
No sooner landed, in his den they found  
The triple porter of the Stygian sound,

---

Grim Cerberus, who soon began to rear  
His crested snakes, and arm'd his bristling hair.  
The prudent Sibyl had before prepared  
A sop, in honey steep'd, to charm the guard ;  
Which, mix'd with powerful drugs, she cast before  
His greedy grinning jaws, just oped to roar.  
With three enormous mouths he gapes; and  
straight,  
With hunger press'd, devours the pleasing bait.  
Long draughts of sleep his monstrous limbs en-  
slave ;  
He reels, and, falling, fills the spacious cave.  
The keeper charm'd, the chief without delay  
Pass'd on, and took the' irremeable way.  
Before the gates, the cries of babes new-born,  
Whom Fate had from their tender mothers torn,  
Assault his ears : then those, whom form of laws  
Condemn'd to die, when traitors judg'd their cause.  
Nor want they lots, nor judges to review  
The wrongful sentence, and award a new.  
Minos, the strict inquisitor, appears;  
And lives and crimes, with his assessors, hears.  
Round, in his urn, the blended balls he rolls,  
Absolves the just, and dooms the guilty souls.  
The next, in place and punishment, are they  
Who prodigally threw their souls away—  
Fools, who, repining at their wretched state,  
And loathing anxious life, suborn'd their fate.  
With late repentance, now they would retrieve  
The bodies they forsook, and wish to live ;  
Their pains and poverty desire to bear, [air :  
To view the light of heaven, and breathe the vital  
But Fate forbids ; the Stygian floods oppose,  
And with nine circling streams the captive souls  
enclose.

Not far from hence the Mournful Fields appear,  
So call'd from lovers that inhabit there.  
The souls, whom that unhappy flame invades,  
In secret solitude and myrtle shades  
Make endless moans, and, pining with desire,  
Lament too late their unextinguish'd fire.  
Here Procris, Eriphyle here, he found  
Baring her breast, yet bleeding with the wound  
Made by her son. He saw Pasiphaë there,  
With Phædra's ghost, a foul incestuous pair,  
There Laodamia, with Evadne, moves—  
Unhappy both, but loyal in their loves:  
Cæneus, a woman once, and once a man,  
But ending in the sex she first began.  
Not far from these Phœnician Dido stood,  
Fresh from her wound, her bosom bathed in blood;  
Whom when the Trojan hero hardly knew,  
Obscure in shades, and with a doubtful view  
(Doubtful as he who sees, through dusky night,  
Or thinks he sees, the moon's uncertain light),  
With tears he first approach'd the sullen shade;  
And, as his love inspired him, thus he said—  
'Unhappy queen! then is the common breath  
Of rumour true, in your reported death,  
And I, alas! the cause?—By Heaven, I vow,  
And all the powers that rule the realms below,  
Unwilling I forsook your friendly state,  
Commanded by the gods, and forced by Fate—  
Those gods, that Fate, whose unresisted might  
Have sent me to these regions void of light,  
Through the vast empire of eternal night.  
Nor dared I to presume, that, press'd with grief,  
My flight should urge you to this dire relief.  
Stay, stay your steps, and listen to my vows!  
'Tis the last interview that Fate allows!'



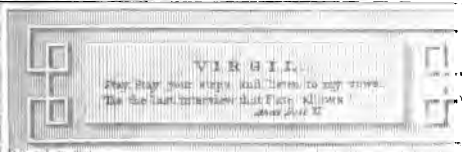


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In vain he thus attempts her mind to move  
With tears, and prayers, and late-repenting love.  
Disdainfully she look'd; then turning round,  
She fix'd her eyes unmoved upon the ground,  
And, what he says and swears, regards no more  
Than the deaf rocks, when the loud billows roar;  
But whirl'd away, to shun his hateful sight,  
Hid in the forest, and the shades of night;  
Then sought Sichæus through the shady grove,  
Who answer'd all her cares, and equal'd all her  
Some pious tears the pitying hero paid, [love.  
And follow'd with his eyes the flitting shade,  
Then took the forward way, by Fate ordain'd,  
And, with his guide, the further fields attain'd,  
Where, sever'd from the rest, the warrior souls  
Tydeus he met, with Meleager's race, [remain'd.  
The pride of armies, and the soldiers' grace;  
And pale Adrastus with his ghastly face.  
Of Trojan chiefs he view'd a numerous train,  
All much lamented, all in battle slain—  
Glaucus and Medon, high above the rest,  
Antenor's sons, and Ceres' sacred priest,  
And proud Idæus, Priam's charioteer, [spear.  
Who shakes his empty reins, and aims his airy  
The gladsome ghosts, in circling troops, attend,  
And with unwearied eyes behold their friend:  
Delight to hover near, and long to know  
What business brought him to the realms below.

But Argive chiefs, and Agamemnon's train,  
When his refulgent arms flash'd through the shady  
plain,  
Fled from his well known face, with wonted fear,  
As when his thundering sword and pointed spear  
Drove headlong to their ships, and glean'd the  
routed rear.

They raised a feeble cry, with trembling notes :  
But the weak voice deceived their gasping throats.  
Here Priam's son, Deiphobus, he found,  
Whose face and limbs were one continued wound.  
Dishonest, with lopp'd arms, the youth appears,  
Spoil'd of his nose and shorten'd of his ears.  
He scarcely knew him, striving to disown  
His blotted form, and blushing to be known ;  
And therefore first began—' O Teucer's race !  
Who durst thy faultless figure thus deface ?  
What heart could wish, what hand inflict, this  
dire disgrace ?

'Twas famed, that, in our last and fatal night,  
Your single prowess long sustain'd the fight,  
Till tired, not forced, a glorious fate you chose,  
And fell upon a heap of slaughter'd foes.  
But, in remembrance of so brave a deed,  
A tomb and funeral honours I decreed ;  
Thrice call'd your manes on the Trojan plains :  
The place your armour and your name retains.  
Your body too I sought, and, had I found,  
Design'd for burial in your native ground.'

The ghost replied—' Your piety has paid  
All needful rites, to rest my wandering shade :  
But cruel Fate, and my more cruel wife,  
To Grecian swords betray'd my sleeping life.  
These are the monuments of Helen's love—  
The shame I bear below, the marks I bore above.  
You know in what deluding joys we pass'd  
The night, that was by Heaven decreed our last.  
For, when the fatal horse, descending down,  
Pregnant with arms, o'erwhelm'd the unhappy  
town,

She feign'd nocturnal orgies ; left my bed,  
And, mix'd with Trojan dames, the dances led ;

Then, waving high her torch, the signal made,  
Which roused the Grecians from their ambuscade.  
With watching overworn, with cares oppress'd,  
Unhappy I had laid me down to rest;  
And heavy sleep my weary limbs possess'd.  
Meantime my worthy wife our arms mislaid,  
And, from beneath my head, my sword convey'd;  
The door unlatch'd, and, with repeated calls,  
Invites her former lord within my walls.  
Thus in her crime her confidence she placed,  
And with new treasons would redeem the past.  
What need I more? Into the room they ran,  
And meanly murder'd a defenceless man.  
Ulysses, basely born, first led the way.—  
Avenging powers! with justice if I pray,  
That fortune be their own another day!  
But answer you; and in your turn relate,  
What brought you, living, to the Stygian state.  
Driven by the winds and errors of the sea,  
Or did you Heaven's superior doom obey?  
Or tell what other chance conducts your way,  
To view, with mortal eyes, our dark retreats,  
Tumults and torments of the' infernal seats.'

While thus in talk the flying hours they pass,  
The sun had finish'd more than half his race:  
And they, perhaps, in words and tears had spent  
The little time of stay which Heaven had lent,  
But thus the Sibyl chides their long delay—  
'Night rushes down, and headlong drives the day;  
'Tis here in different paths the way divides:  
The right to Pluto's golden palace guides:  
The left to that unhappy region tends  
Which to the depth of Tartarus descends—  
The seat of night profound, and punish'd fiends.'

Then thus Deïphobus—‘ O sacred maid !  
Forbear to chide ; and be your will obey’d . .  
Lo ! to the secret shadows I retire,  
To pay my penance till my years expire.  
Proceed, auspicious prince, with glory crown’d,  
And born to better fates than I have found.’  
He said : and, while he said, his steps he turn’d  
To secret shadows, and in silence mourn’d.  
The hero, looking on the left, espied  
A lofty tower and strong on every side  
With treble walls, which Phlegethon surrounds,  
Whose fiery flood the burning empire bounds :  
And, press’d betwixt the rocks the bellowing  
noise resounds.  
Wide is the fronting gate, and, raised on high,  
With adamantine columns, threatens the sky.  
Vain is the force of man, and Heaven’s as vain,  
To crush the pillars which the pile sustain,  
Sublime on these a tower of steel is rear’d ;  
And dire Tisiphone there keeps the ward,  
Girt in her sanguine gown, by night and day, [way.  
Observant of the souls that pass the downward  
From hence are heard the groans of ghosts, the  
Of sounding lashes, and of dragging chains. [pains  
The Trojan stood astonish’d at their cries,  
And ask’d his guide, from whence those yells arise ;  
And what the crimes, and what the tortures were,  
And loud laments that rent the liquid air.  
She thus replied—‘ The chaste and holy race  
Are all forbidden this polluted place.  
But Hecate, when she gave to rule the woods,  
Then led me trembling through these dire abodes,  
And taught the tortures of the’ avenging gods.



These are the realms of unrelenting Fate;  
And awful Rhadamanthus rules the state.  
He hears and judges each committed crime;  
Inquires into the manner, place, and time.  
The conscious wretch must all his acts reveal  
(Loath to confess, unable to conceal),  
From the first moment of his vital breath,  
To his last hour of unrepenting death.  
Straight, o'er the guilty ghost the Fury shakes  
The sounding whip, and brandishes her snakes,  
And the pale sinner, with her sisters, takes.  
Then, of itself, unfolds the' eternal door:  
With dreadful sounds the brazen hinges roar.  
You see, before the gate, what stalking ghost  
Commands the guard, what sentries keep the post.  
More formidable Hydra stands within,  
Whose jaws with iron teeth severely grin.  
The gaping gulf low to the centre lies, [skies.  
And twice as deep as earth is distant from the  
The rivals of the gods, the Titan race,  
Here, singed with lightning, roll within the' unfathom'd space.  
Here lie the' Aloëan twins (I saw them both),  
Enormous bodies, of gigantic growth,  
Who dared in fight the Thunderer to defy,  
Affect his heaven, and force him from the sky.  
Salmoneus, suffering cruel pains, I found,  
For emulating Jove; the rattling sound  
Of mimic thunder, and the glittering blaze  
Of pointed lightnings, and their forked rays.  
Through Elis, and the Grecian towns, he flew:  
The' audacious wretch four fiery coursers drew:  
He waved a torch aloft, and, madly vain,  
Sought godlike worship from a servile train.

She said: and through the gloomy shades they  
pass'd,

And chose the middle path.—Arrived at last,  
The prince, with living water, sprinkled o'er  
His limbs and body; then approach'd the door,  
Possess'd the porch, and on the front above  
He fix'd the fatal bough, required by Pluto's love.  
These holy rites perform'd, they took their way,  
Where long-extended plains of pleasure lay.

The verdant fields with those of heaven may vie,  
With ether vested, and a purple sky—

The blissful seats of happy souls below:  
Stars of their own, and their own suns, they know.  
Their airy limbs in sports they exercise,  
And on the green contend the wrestler's prize.

Some, in heroic verse, divinely sing:  
Others in artful measures lead the ring.

The Thracian bard, surrounded by the rest,  
There stands conspicuous in his flowing vest.  
His flying fingers, and harmonious quill,  
Strike seven distinguish'd notes, and seven at  
once they fill.

Here found they Teucer's old heroic race,  
Born better times and happier years to grace.

Assaracus and Ilus here enjoy  
Perpetual fame, with him who founded Troy.  
The chief beheld their chariots from afar,  
Their shining arms, and coursers train'd to war.  
Their lances fix'd in earth—their steeds around,  
Free from their harness, graze the flowery ground.  
The love of horses which they had, alive,  
And care of chariots, after death survive.

Some cheerful souls were feasting on the plain;  
Some did the song, and some the choir, maintain,

Beneath a laurel shade, where mighty Po  
Mounts up to woods above, and hides his head  
below.

Here patriots live, who, for their country's good,  
In fighting fields, were prodigal of blood :  
Priests of unblemish'd lives here make abode,  
And poets worthy their inspiring god :  
And searching wits, of more mechanic parts,  
Who graced their age with new invented arts ;  
Those who, to worth, their bounty did extend,  
And those who knew that bounty to commend.  
The heads of these with holy fillets bound,  
And all their temples were with garlands crown'd.

To these the Sibyl thus her speech address'd,  
And first to him surrounded by the rest—  
(Towering his height, and ample was his breast)—  
' Say, happy souls! divine Musæus! say,  
Where lives Anchises, and where lies our way  
To find the hero, for whose only sake  
We sought the dark abodes, and cross'd the bitter  
To this the sacred poet thus replied— [lake?]  
' In no fix'd place the happy souls reside,  
In groves we live, and lie on mossy beds,  
By crystal streams, that murmur through the  
meads:

But pass yon easy hill, and thence descend;  
The path conducts you to your journey's end.'  
This said, he led them up the mountain's brow,  
And shows them all the shining fields below.  
They wind the hill, and through the blissful  
meadows go.

But old Anchises, in a flowery vale,  
Review'd his muster'd race, and took the tale—

Those happy spirits which, ordain'd by Fate,  
For future being and new bodies wait—  
With studious thought observed the' illustrious  
throng,

In Nature's order as they pass'd along—  
Their names, their fates, their conduct, and their  
In peaceful senates, and successful war. [care,  
He, when Æneas on the plain appears,  
Meets him with open arms, and falling tears.  
' Welcome (he said), the gods' undoubted race!  
O long expected to my dear embrace!  
Once more 'tis given me to behold your face!  
The love and pious duty which you pay,  
Have pass'd the perils of so hard a way.  
'Tis true, computing times, I now believed  
The happy day approach'd; nor are my hopes  
deceived.

What length of lands, what oceans have you  
pass'd, [cast!  
What storms sustain'd, and on what shores been  
How have I fear'd your fate! but fear'd it most  
When love assail'd you on the Libyan coast.'  
To this, the filial duty thus replies—  
' Your sacred ghost, before my sleeping eyes,  
Appear'd, and often urg'd this painful enterprise.  
After long tossing on the Tyrrhene sea,  
My navy rides at anchor in the bay.  
But reach your hand, oh parent shade! nor shun  
The dear embraces of your longing son!  
He said; and falling tears his face bedew:  
Then thrice around his neck his arms he threw;  
And thrice the flitting shadow slipp'd away  
Like winds, or empty dreams that fly the day.

Now, in a secret vale, the Trojan sees  
A separate grove: through which a gentle breeze  
Plays with a passing breath, and whispers through  
the trees:

And, just before the confines of the wood,  
The gliding Lethe leads her silent flood.  
About the boughs an airy nation flew, [dew  
Thick as the humming bees, that hunt the golden  
In summer's heat; on tops of lilies feed, [seed:  
And creep within their bells, to suck the balmy  
The winged army roams the field around;  
The rivers and the rocks remurmur to the sound.  
Æneas wondering stood, then ask'd the cause,  
Which to the stream the crowding people draws.  
Then thus the sire—' The souls that throng the  
flood [owed:

Are those, to whom, by Fate, are other bodies  
In Lethe's lake they long oblivion taste,  
Of future life secure, forgetful of the past.  
Long has my soul desired this time and place,  
To set before your sight your glorious race,  
That this presaging joy may fire your mind,  
To seek the shores by destiny design'd.'—  
' O father! can it be, that souls sublime

Return to visit our terrestrial clime,  
And that the generous mind, released by death,  
Can covet lazy limbs, and mortal breath?  
Anchises, then in order, thus begun  
To clear those wonders to his godlike son—  
' Know first, that heaven and earth's compacted  
And flowing waters, and the starry flame, [frame  
And both the radiant lights, one common soul  
Inspires and feeds—and animates the whole.  
This active mind, infused through all the space,  
Unites and mingles with the mighty mass.

Hence men and beasts the breath of life obtain,  
And birds of air, and monsters of the main.  
The' etherial vigour is in all the same;  
And every soul is fill'd with equal flame—  
As much as earthy limbs, and gross allay  
Of mortal members subject to decay,  
Blunt not the beams of heaven and edge of day.  
From this coarse mixture of terrestrial parts,  
Desire and fear by turns possess their hearts,  
And grief, and joy: nor can the groveling mind,  
In the dark dungeon of the limbs confined,  
Assert the native skies, or own its heavenly kind:  
Nor death itself can wholly wash their stains;  
But long-contracted filth e'en in the soul remains.  
The relics of inveterate vice they wear;  
And spots of sin obscene in every face appear.  
For this are various penances enjoind;  
And some are hung to bleach upon the wind,  
Some plunged in waters, others purged in fires,  
Till all the dregs are drain'd, and all the rust  
expires.

All have their manes, and those manes bear:  
The few, so cleansed, to these abodes repair,  
And breathe, in ample fields, the soft Elysian air.  
Then are they happy, when by length of time  
The scurf is worn away of each committed crime;  
No speck is left of their habitual stains;  
But the pure ether of the soul remains.  
But, when a thousand rolling years are pass'd  
(So long their punishments and penance last),  
Whole droves of minds are, by the driving god,  
Compell'd to drink the deep Lethæan flood,  
In large forgetful draughts to steep the cares  
Of their past labours and their irksome years;

That, unremembering of its former pain,  
The soul may suffer mortal flesh again.'  
Thus having said, the father-spirit leads [shades,  
The priestess and his son through swarms of  
And takes a rising ground, from thence to see  
The long procession of his progeny.  
' Survey (pursued the sire) this airy throng,  
As, offer'd to the view, they pass along. [join  
These are the' Italian names, which Fate will  
With ours, and graff upon the Trojan line.  
Observe the youth who first appears in sight,  
And holds the nearest station to the light,  
Already seems to snuff the vital air,  
And leans just forward on a shining spear:  
Silvius is he, thy last-begotten race,  
But first in order sent, to fill thy place—  
An Alban name, but mix'd with Dardan blood:  
Born in the covert of a shady wood,  
Him fair Lavinia, thy surviving wife,  
Shall breed in groves, to lead a solitary life.  
In Alba he shall fix his royal seat,  
And, born a king, a race of kings beget;—  
Then Procas, honour of the Trojan name,  
Capys and Numitor, of endless fame.  
A second Silvius after these appears—  
Silvius Æneas, for thy name he bears—  
For arms and justice equally renown'd;  
Who, late restored, in Alba shall be crown'd.  
How great they look; how vigorously they wield  
Their weighty lances, and sustain the shield!  
But they, who crown'd with oaken wreaths appear,  
Shall Gabian walls and strong Fidenæ rear:  
Nomentum, Bola, with Pometia, found;  
And raise Collatian towers on rocky ground.

All these shall then be towns of mighty fame,  
Though now they lie obscure, and lands without  
See Romulus the great, born to restore [a name.  
The crown that once his injured grandsire wore.  
This prince a priestess of our blood shall bear;  
And like his sire in arms he shall appear.  
Two rising crests his royal head adorn :  
Born from a god, himself to godhead born,  
His sire already signs him for the skies,  
And marks his seat amidst the deities.  
Auspicious chief! thy race, in times to come,  
Shall spread the conquests of imperial Rome—  
Rome, whose ascending towers shall heaven in-  
volving earth and ocean in her shade; [vade,  
High as the mother of the gods in place,  
And proud, like her, of an immortal race :  
Then, when in pomp she makes the Phrygian round,  
With golden turrets on her temples crown'd :  
A hundred gods her sweeping train supply,  
Her offspring all; and all command the sky.  
Now fix your sight, and stand intent to see  
Your Roman race, and Julian progeny.  
There mighty Cæsar waits his vital hour, [power.  
Impatient for the world, and grasps his promised  
But next behold the youth of form divine—  
Cæsar himself, exalted in his line—  
Augustus, promised oft, and long foretold,  
Sent to the realm that Saturn ruled of old;  
Born to restore a better age of gold.  
Afric and India shall his power obey;  
He shall extend his propagated sway  
Beyond the solar year, without the starry way,  
Where Atlas turns the rolling heavens around,  
And his broad shoulders with their lights are  
crown'd.



At his foreseen approach, already quake  
The Caspian kingdoms, and Mæotian lake.  
Their seers behold the tempest from afar;  
And threatening oracles denounce the war.  
Nile hears him knocking at his sevenfold gates,  
And seeks his hidden spring, and fears his nephew's  
fates,

Nor Hercules more lands or labours knew,  
Not though the brazen-footed hind he slew,  
Freed Erymanthus from the foaming boar,  
And dipp'd his arrows in Lernæan gore;  
Nor Bacchus, turning from his Indian war,  
By tigers drawn triumphant in his car,  
From Nysa's top descending on the plains,  
With curling vines around his purple reins.  
And doubt we yet through dangers to pursue  
The paths of honour and a crown in view?—  
But what's the man, who from afar appears,  
His head with olive crown'd, his hand a censer  
His hoary beard and holy vestments bring [bears?  
His lost idea back: I know the Roman king.  
He shall to peaceful Rome new laws ordain,  
Call'd from his mean abode, a sceptre to sustain.  
Him Tullus next in dignity succeeds,  
An active prince, and prone to martial deeds,  
He shall his troops for fighting fields prepare,  
Disused to toils, and triumphs of the war.  
By dint of sword his crown he shall increase,  
And scour his armour from the rust of peace.  
Whom Ancus follows, with a fawning air,  
But vain within, and proudly popular.  
Next view the Tarquin kings, the' avenging sword  
Of Brutus justly drawn, and Rome restored.  
He first renews the rods and axe severe,  
And gives the consuls royal robes to wear.

His sons, who seek the tyrant to sustain,  
And long for arbitrary lords again,  
With ignominy scourged in open sight,  
He dooms to death deserved, asserting public  
Unhappy man! to break the pious laws [right,  
Of nature pleading in his children's cause!  
Howe'er the doubtful fact is understood,  
'Tis love of honour, and his country's good :  
The consul, not the father, sheds the blood.  
Behold Torquatus the same track pursue ;  
And, next, the two devoted Decii view—  
The Drusian line, Camillus loaded home  
With standards well redeem'd, and foreign foes  
o'ercome.

The pair you see in equal armour shine,  
Now, friends below, in close embraces join ;  
But, when they leave the shady realms of night,  
And, clothed in bodies, breathe your upper light,  
With mortal hate each other shall pursue :  
What wars, what wounds, what slaughter, shall  
ensue !

From Alpine heights the father first descends ;  
His daughter's husband in the plain attends :  
His daughter's husband arms his eastern friends.  
Embrace again, my sons ! be foes no more ;  
Nor stain your country with her children's gore !  
And thou, the first, lay down thy lawless claim,  
Thou, of my blood, who bear'st the Julian name !  
Another comes, who shall in triumph ride,  
And to the Capitol his chariot guide,  
From conquer'd Corinth, rich with Grecian spoils.  
And yet another, famed for warlike toils,  
On Argos shall impose the Roman laws,  
And on the Greeks revenge the Trojan cause ;

Shall drag in chains their Achillean race;  
Shall vindicate his ancestor's disgrace,  
And Pallas, for her violated place.  
Great Cato there, for gravity renown'd,  
And conquering Cossus goes with laurels crown'd.  
Who can omit the Gracchi? who declare  
The Scipio's worth, those thunderbolts of war,  
The double bane of Carthage? Who can see,  
Without esteem for virtuous poverty,  
Severe Fabricius, or can cease to' admire  
The ploughman consul in his coarse attire?  
Tired as I am, my praise the Fabii claim;  
And thou, great hero, greatest of thy name,  
Ordain'd in war to save the sinking state,  
And, by delays, to put a stop to fate!  
Let others better mould the running mass  
Of metals, and inform the breathing brass,  
And soften into flesh a marble face;  
Plead better at the bar; describe the skies,  
And when the stars descend, and when they rise:  
But, Rome! 'tis thine alone, with awful sway,  
To rule mankind, and make the world obey,  
Disposing peace and war thy own majestic way;  
To tame the proud, the fetter'd slave to free:—  
These are imperial arts, and worthy thee.' [view'd  
He paused—and, while with wondering eyes they  
The passing spirits, thus his speech renew'd—  
' See great Marcellus! how, untired in toils,  
He moves with manly grace, how rich with regal  
spoils!  
He, when his country (threaten'd with alarms)  
Requires his courage and his conquering arms,  
Shall more than once the Punic bands affright;  
Shall kill the Gaulish king in single fight;

Then to the Capitol in triumph move;  
And the third spoils shall grace Feretrian Jove.  
Æneas here beheld, of form divine,  
A godlike youth in glittering armour shine,  
With great Marcellus, keeping equal pace:  
But gloomy were his eyes, dejected was his face.  
He saw, and, wondering, ask'd his airy guide,  
What, and of whence was he, who press'd the  
hero's side?

His son, or one of his illustrious name?  
How like the former, and almost the same!  
Observe the crowds that compass him around:  
All gaze, and all admire, and raise a shouting sound;  
But hovering mists around his brows are spread;  
And night, with sable shades, involves his head.  
' Seek not to know (the ghost replied with tears)  
The sorrows of thy sons in future years;  
This youth (the blissful vision of a day)  
Shall just be shown on earth, and snatch'd away.  
The gods too high had raised the Roman state,  
Were but their gifts as permanent as great.  
What groans of men shall fill the Martian Field!  
How fierce a blaze his flaming pile shall yield!  
What funeral pomp shall floating Tyber see,  
When, rising from his bed, he views the sad so-  
lemnity!

No youth shall equal hopes of glory give,  
No youth afford so great a cause to grieve.  
The Trojan honour and the Roman boast,  
Admired when living, and adored when lost!  
Mirror of ancient faith, in early youth!  
Undaunted worth, inviolable truth!  
No foe, unpunish'd, in the fighting field  
Shall dare thee, foot to foot, with sword and shield,

Much less in arms oppose thy matchless force,  
When thy sharp spurs shall urge thy foaming horse.  
Ah! couldst thou break through Fate's severe de-  
A new Marcellus shall arise in thee! [cree,  
Full canisters of fragrant lilies bring,  
Mix'd with the purple roses of the spring:  
Let me with funeral flowers his body strow:  
This gift which parents to their children owe,  
This unavailing gift, at least, I may bestow!'  
Thus having said, he led the hero round  
The confines of the bless'd Elysian ground;  
Which when Anchises to his son had shown,  
And fired his mind to mount the promised throne,  
He tells the future wars, ordain'd by Fate;  
The strength and customs of the Latian state;  
The prince, and people: and forearms his care  
With rules, to push his fortune, or to bear.

Two gates the silent house of Sleep adorn;  
Of polish'd ivory this, that of transparent horn:  
True visions through transparent horn arise:  
Through polish'd ivory pass deluding lies.  
Of various things discoursing as he pass'd,  
Anchises hither bends his steps at last.  
Then, through the gate of ivory he dismiss'd  
His valiant offspring, and divining guest.  
Straight to the ships Æneas took his way,  
Embark'd his men, and skimm'd along the sea,  
Still coasting, till he gain'd Caieta's bay.  
At length on oozy ground his galleys moor:  
Their heads are turn'd to sea, their sterns to shore.

## BOOK VII.

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The Argument.

King Latinus entertains Æneas, and promises him his only daughter Lavinia, the heiress of his crown. Turnus, being in love with her, favoured by her mother, and stirred up by Juno and Alecto, breaks the treaty which was made, and engages in his quarrel Mezentius, Camilla, Messapus, and many other of the neighbouring princes; whose forces and the names of their commanders are particularly related.

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AND thou, O matron of immortal fame!  
Here dying, to the shore hast left thy name:  
Caieta still the place is call'd from thee,  
The nurse of great Æneas' infancy.  
Here rest thy bones in rich Hesperia's plains:  
Thy name ('tis all a ghost can have) remains.

Now, when the prince her funeral rites had paid,  
He plough'd the Tyrrhene seas with sails display'd.

From land a gentle breeze arose by night;  
Serenely shone the stars; the moon was bright;  
And the sea trembled with her silver light.  
Now near the shelves of Circè's shores they run  
(Circè the rich, the daughter of the sun),

A dangerous coast!—The goddess wastes her days

In joyous songs; the rocks resound her lays:  
In spinning, or the loom, she spends the night;  
And cedar brands supply her father's light.  
From hence were heard, rebellowing to the main,  
The roars of lions that refuse the chain,  
The grunts of bristled boars, and groans of bears,  
And herds of howling wolves that stun the sailors' ears.

These from their caverns, at the close of night,  
Fill the sad isle with horror and affright.  
Darkling they mourn their fate, whom Circè's power

(That watch'd the moon and planetary hour),  
With words and wicked herbs, from humankind  
Had alter'd, and in brutal shapes confined.  
Which monsters, lest the Trojan pious host  
Should bear, or touch upon the' enchanted coast,  
Propitious Neptune steer'd their course by night,  
With rising gales, that sped their happy flight.  
Supplied with these they skim the sounding shore,  
And hear the swelling surges vainly roar,  
Now, when the rosy morn began to rise,  
And waved her saffron streamer through the skies,  
When Thetis blush'd in purple, not her own,  
And from her face the breathing winds were blown,  
A sudden silence sat upon the sea,  
And sweeping oars with struggling urge their way.

The Trojan, from the main, beheld a wood,  
Which thick with shades, and a brown horror,  
stood:

Betwixt the trees the Tyber took his course,  
With whirlpools dimpled: and with downward force

That drove the sand along, he took his way,  
And roll'd his yellow billows to the sea.  
About him, and above, and round the wood,  
The birds, that haunt the borders of his flood,  
That bathed within, or bask'd upon his side,  
To tuneful songs their narrow throats applied.  
The captain gives command: the joyful train  
Glide through the gloomy shade, and leave the  
main.

Now, Erato! thy poet's mind inspire,  
And fill his soul with thy celestial fire.  
Relate what Latium was; her ancient kings:  
Declare the past and present state of things,  
When first the Trojan fleet Ausonia sought,  
And how the rivals loved, and how they fought.  
These are my theme, and how the war began,  
And how concluded by the godlike man:  
For I shall sing of battles, blood, and rage,  
Which princes and their people did engage;  
And haughty souls, that, moved with mutual hate,  
In fighting fields pursued and found their fate,  
That roused the Tyrrhene realm with loud alarms,  
And peaceful Italy involved in arms.  
A larger scene of action is display'd;  
And, rising hence, a greater work is weigh'd.

Latinus, old and mild, had long possess'd  
The Latian sceptre, and his people bless'd:  
His father Faunus: a Laurentian dame  
His mother; fair Marica was her name.  
But Faunus came from Picus: Picus drew  
His birth from Saturn, if records be true.  
Thus king Latinus, in the third degree,  
Had Saturn author of his family.  
But this old peaceful prince, as Heaven decreed,  
Was bless'd with no male issue to succeed:



His sons in blooming youth were snatch'd by fate :  
One only daughter heir'd the royal state.  
Fired with her love, and with ambition led,  
The neighbouring princes court her nuptial bed.  
Among the crowd, but far above the rest,  
Young Turnus to the beauteous maid address'd.  
Turnus, for high descent and graceful mien,  
Was first, and favour'd by the Latian queen :  
With him she strove to join Lavinia's hand :  
But dire portents the purposed match withstand.

Deep in the palace, of long growth, there stood  
A laurel's trunk, a venerable wood ;  
Where rites divine were paid ; whose holy hair  
Was kept and cut with superstitious care.  
This plant Latinus, when his town he wall'd,  
Then found, and from the tree Laurentum call'd :  
And last, in honour of his new abode,  
He vow'd the laurel to the laurel's god.  
It happen'd once, (a boding prodigy!)  
A swarm of bees, that cut the liquid sky  
(Unknown from whence they took their airy flight)  
Upon the topmost branch in clouds alight ;  
There, with their-clasping feet, together clung,  
And a long cluster from the laurel hung.  
An ancient augur prophesied from hence—  
' Behold on Latian shores a foreign prince!  
From the same parts of heaven his navy stands,  
To the same parts on earth : his army lands ;  
The town he conquers, and the tower commands.'  
Yet more, when fair Lavinia fed the fire  
Before the gods, and stood beside her sire,  
(Strange to relate!) the flames, involved in smoke  
Of incense, from the sacred altar broke,

Caught her dishevel'd hair, and rich attire:  
Her crown and jewels crackled in the fire:  
From thence the fuming trail began to spread,  
And lambent glories danced about her head.  
This new portent the seer with wonder views,  
Then, pausing, thus his prophecy renews—  
' The nymph, who scatters flaming fires around,  
Shall shine with honour, shall herself be crown'd;  
But, caused by her irrevocable fate,  
Warshall the country waste, and change the state.'  
Latinus, frighted with this dire oment,  
For counsel to his father Faunus went,  
And sought the shades renown'd for prophecy,  
Which near Albunea's sulphureous fountain lie.  
To those the Latian and the Sabine land  
Fly, when distress'd; and thence relief demand.  
The priest on skins of offerings takes his ease,  
And nightly visions in his slumber sees:  
A swarm of thin aerial shapes appears,  
And, fluttering round his temples, deafs his ears.  
These he consults, the future fates to know,  
From powers above, and from the fiends below.  
Here, for the god's advice, Latinus flies,  
Offering a hundred sheep for sacrifice:  
Their woolly fleeces, as the rites required,  
He laid beneath him, and to rest retired.  
No sooner were his eyes in slumber bound,  
When, from above, a more than mortal sound  
Invades his ears; and thus the vision spoke—  
' Seek not, my seed, in Latian bands to yoke  
Our fair Lavinia, nor the gods provoke.  
A foreign son upon the shore descends,  
Whose martial fame from pole to pole extends.

His race, in arms and arts of peace renown'd,  
Not Latium shall contain, nor Europe bound:  
'Tis theirs whate'er the sun surveys around.'  
These answers, in the silent night received,  
The king himself divulged, the land believed:  
The fame through all the neighbouring nations  
flew,

When now the Trojan navy was in view.

Beneath a shady tree the hero spread  
His table on the turf, with cakes of bread;  
And, with his chiefs, on forest fruits he fed.  
They sat; and (not without the god's command)  
Their homely fare dispatch'd, the hungry band  
Invade their trenchers next, and soon devour,  
To mend the scanty meal, their cakes of flour.  
Ascanius this observed, and smiling, said,  
' See! we devour the plates on which we fed.'  
The speech had omen, that the Trojan race  
Should find repose, and this the time and place.  
Æneas took the word, and thus replies—  
(Confessing fate with wonder in his eyes):  
- ' All hail, O earth! all hail, my household gods!  
Behold the destined place of your abodes!  
For thus Anchises prophesied of old,  
And this our fatal place of rest foretold—  
" When, on a foreign shore, instead of meat,  
By famine forced, your trenchers you shall eat,  
Then ease your weary Trojans will attend,  
And the long labours of your voyage end.  
Remember on that happy coast to build;  
And with a trench enclose the fruitful field."  
This was that famine, this the fatal place,  
Which ends the wandering of our exiled race.

Then, on to-morrow's dawn your care employ  
To search the land, and where the cities lie,  
And what the men; but give this day to joy.  
Now pour to Jove; and, after Jove is bless'd,  
Call great Anchises to the genial feast:  
Crown high the goblets with a cheerful draught:  
Enjoy the present hour; adjourn the future  
thought.'

Thus having said, the hero bound his brows  
With leafy branches, then perform'd his vows;  
Adoring first the genius of the place,  
Then Earth, the mother of the heavenly race,  
The nymphs, and native godheads yet unknown,  
And Night, and all the stars that gild her sable  
And ancient Cybel, and Idæan Jove, [throne,  
And last his sire below, and mother-queen above.

Then heaven's high monarch thunder'd thrice  
aloud;

And thrice he shook aloft a golden cloud.  
Soon through the joyful camp a rumour flew,  
The time was come their city to renew.  
Then every brow with cheerful green is crown'd;  
The feasts are doubled, and the bowls go round.

When next the rosy morn disclosed the day,  
The scouts to several parts divide their way,  
To learn the natives' names, their towns explore,  
The coasts, and treadings of the crooked shore:  
Here Tyber flows, and here Numicus stands;  
Here warlike Latins hold the happy lands.

The pious chief, who sought by peaceful ways  
To found his empire, and his town to raise,  
A hundred youths from all his train selects,  
And to the Latian court their course directs

(The spacious palace where their prince resides),  
And all their heads with wreaths of olive hides,  
They go commission'd to require a peace,  
And carry presents to procure access.  
Thus while they speed their pace, the prince designs

The new-elected seat, and draws the lines.  
The Trojans round the place a rampire cast,  
And palisades about the trenches placed.

Meantime the train, proceeding on their way,  
From far the town and lofty towers survey ;  
At length approach the walls. Without the gate,  
They see the boys and Latian youth debate  
The martial prizes on the dusty plain :  
Some drive the cars, and some the coursers rein ;  
Some bend the stubborn bow for victory ;  
And some with darts their active sinews try.  
A posting messenger, dispatch'd from hence,  
Of this fair troop advised their aged prince,  
That foreign men, of mighty stature, came ;  
Uncouth their habit, and unknown their name.  
The king ordains their entrance, and ascends  
His regal seat, surrounded by his friends.  
The palace built by Picus, vast and proud,  
Supported by a hundred pillars, stood,  
And round encompass'd with a rising wood.  
The pile o'erlook'd the town, and drew the sight,  
Surprised at once with reverence and delight.  
There kings received the marks of sovereign  
power :

In state the monarchs march'd ; the lictors bore  
Their awful axes and the rods before.  
Here the tribunal stood, the house of prayer ;  
And here the sacred senators repair ;

All at large tables, in long order set,  
A ram their offering, and a ram their meat.  
Above the portal, carved in cedar wood,  
Placed in their ranks, their godlike grandsires  
stood—

Old Saturn, with his crooked scythe, on high :  
And Italus, that led the colony ;  
And ancient Janus, with his double face  
And bunch of keys, the porter of the place.  
There stood Sabinus, planter of the vines ;  
On a short pruninghook his head reclines,  
And studiously surveys his generous wines ;  
Then warlike kings who for their country fought,  
And honourable wounds from battle brought.  
Around the posts, hung helmets, darts, and spears,  
And captive chariots, axes, shields, and bars,  
And broken beaks of ships, the trophies of their  
wars.

Above the rest, as chief of all the band,  
Was Picus placed ; a buckler in his hand ;  
His other waved a long divining wand.  
Girt in his Gabine gown the hero sat,  
Yet could not with his art avoid his fate :  
For Circè long had loved the youth in vain,  
Till love, refused, converted to disdain :  
Then, mixing powerful herbs, with magic art,  
She changed his form, who could not change his  
heart ;

Constrain'd him in a bird, and made him fly,  
With party-coloured plumes, a chattering pie.  
In this high temple, on a chair of state,  
The seat of audience, old Latinus sat ;  
Then gave admission to the Trojan train ;  
And thus, with pleasing accents, he began—

‘ Tell me, ye Trojans—for that name you own ;  
Nor is your course upon our coasts unknown—  
Say what you seek, and whither were you bound ?  
Were you by stress of weather cast aground ?  
(Such dangers of the sea are often seen,  
And oft befall to miserable men);  
Or come your shipping in our ports to lay,  
Spent and disabled in so long a way ?  
Say what you want : the Latians you shall find  
Not forced to goodness, but by will inclined ;  
For, since the time of Saturn’s holy reign,  
His hospitable customs we retain.  
I call to mind (but time the tale has worn),  
The’ Aurunci told, that Dardanus, though born  
On Latian plains, yet sought the Phrygian shore,  
And Samothracia, Samos call’d before.  
From Tuscan Corythum he claim’d his birth ;  
But after, when exempt from mortal earth,  
From thence ascended to his kindred skies,  
A god, and, as a god, augments their sacrifice.’  
He said.—Ilioneus made this reply—  
‘ O king, of Faunus’ royal family !  
Nor wintry winds to Latium forced our way,  
Nor did the stars our wandering course betray.  
Willing we sought your shores ; and, hither bound,  
The port, so long desired, at length we found ;  
From our sweet homes and ancient realms expell’d ;  
Great as the greatest that the sun beheld.  
The god began our line, who rules above ;  
And, as our race, our king descends from Jove ;  
And hither are we come, by his command,  
To crave admission in your happy land,

How dire a tempest, from Mycenæ pour'd,  
Our plains, our temples, and our town, devour'd;  
What was the waste of war, what fierce alarms  
Shook Asia's crown with European arms;  
E'en such have heard, if any such there be,  
Whose earth is bounded by the frozen sea;  
And such as, born beneath the burning sky  
And sultry sun, betwixt the tropics lie.  
From that dire deluge, through the watery waste  
(Such length of years, such various perils pass'd),  
At last escaped, to Latium we repair,  
To beg what you without your want may spare—  
The common water, and the common air:  
Sheds which ourselves will build, and mean  
    abodes,  
Fit to receive and serve our banish'd gods.  
Nor our admission shall your realm disgrace,  
Nor length of time our gratitude efface—  
Besides what endless honour you shall gain,  
To save and shelter Troy's unhappy train.  
Now, by my sovereign, and his fate, I swear—  
Renown'd for faith in peace, for force in war—  
Oft our alliance other lands desired,  
And, what we seek of you, of us required.  
Despise not then, that in our hands we bear  
These holy boughs, and sue with words of prayer.  
Fate and the gods, by their supreme command,  
Have doom'd our ships to seek the Latian land.  
To these abodes our fleet Apollo sends;  
Here Dardanus was born, and hither tends;  
Where Tuscan Tyber rolls with rapid force,  
And where Numicus opes his holy source.  
Besides, our prince presents, with his request,  
Some small remains of what his sire possess'd.



This golden charger, snatch'd from burning Troy,  
Anchises did in sacrifice employ :  
This royal robe and this tiara wore  
Old Priam, and this golden sceptre bore,  
In full assemblies, and in solemn games :  
These purple vests were weaved by Dardan  
dames.'

Thus while he spoke, Latinus roll'd around  
His eyes, and fix'd a while upon the ground.  
Intent he seem'd, and anxious in his breast ;  
Not by the sceptre moved, or kingly vest,  
But pondering future things of wondrous weight—  
Succession, empire, and his daughter's fate.  
On these he mused within his thoughtful mind ;  
And then revolved what Faunus had divined.  
This was the foreign prince, by Fate decreed  
To share his sceptre, and Lavinia's bed :  
This was the race that sure portents foreshew  
To sway the world, and land and sea subdue.  
At length he raised his cheerful head, and spoke :  
'The powers (said he), the powers we both invoke,  
To you, and yours, and mine, propitious be,  
And firm our purpose with their augury !  
Have what you ask : your presents I receive :  
Land, where and when you please, with ample  
leave :

Partake and use my kingdom as your own :  
All shall be yours, while I command the crown.  
And, if my wish'd alliance please your king,  
Tell him he should not send the peace, but bring :  
Then let him not a friend's embraces fear :  
The peace is made when I behold him here.  
Besides this answer, tell my royal guest,  
I add to his commands my own request :

Only one daughter heirs my crown and state,  
Whom not our oracles, nor Heaven, nor Fate,  
Nor frequent prodigies permit to join  
With any native of the' Ausonian line.  
A foreign son-in-law shall come from far  
(Such is our doom), a chief renown'd in war,  
Whose race shall bear aloft the Latian name,  
And through the conquer'd world diffuse our fame.  
Himself to be the man the Fates require,  
I firmly judge, and what I judge, desire.'  
He said, and then on each bestow'd a steed.  
Three hundred horses, in high stables fed,  
Stood ready, shining all, and smoothly dress'd :  
Of these he chose the fairest and the best,  
To mount the Trojan troop. At his command,  
The steeds caparison'd with purple stand,  
With golden trappings, glorious to behold,  
And champ betwixt their teeth the foaming gold.  
Then to his absent guest the king decreed  
A pair of coursers born of heavenly breed,  
Who from their nostrils breathed ethereal fire ;  
Whom Circè stole from her celestial sire,  
By substituting mares produced on earth,  
Whose wombs conceived a more than mortal birth.  
These draw the chariot which Latinus sends ;  
And the rich present to the prince commends.  
Sublime on stately steeds the Trojans borne,  
To their expecting lord with peace return.

But jealous Juno, from Pachynus' height,  
As she from Argos took her airy flight,  
Beheld, with envious eyes, this hateful sight.  
She saw the Trojan and his joyful train  
Descend upon the shore, desert the main,

Design a town, and, with unhoped success,  
The' ambassadors return with promised peace.  
Then, pierced with pain, she shook her haughty  
head,

Sigh'd from her inward soul; and thus she said—  
' O hated offspring of my Phrygian foes!  
O fates of Troy, which Juno's fates oppose!  
Could they not fall unpitied on the plain,  
But, slain, revive, and taken, scape again?  
When execrable Troy in ashes lay,  
Through fires and swords and seas they forced  
their way.

Then vanquish'd Juno must in vain contend,  
Her rage disarm'd, her empire at an end!  
Breathless and tired, is all my fury spent?  
Or does my glutt'd spleen at length relent?  
As if 'twere little from their town to chase,  
I through the seas pursued their exiled race;  
Engaged the heavens, opposed the stormy main:  
But billows roar'd, and tempests raged, in vain.  
What have my Scyllas and my Syrtes done,  
When these they overpass, and those they shun?  
On Tyber's shores they land, secure of fate,  
Triumphant o'er the storms of Juno's hate!  
Mars could in mutual blood the Centaurs bathe;  
And Jove himself gave way to Cynthia's wrath,  
Who sent the tusky boar to Calydon—  
(What great offence had either people done?)  
But I, the consort of the Thunderer,  
Have waged a long and unsuccessful war,  
With various arts and arms in vain have toil'd,  
And by a mortal man at length am foil'd!  
If native power prevail not, shall I doubt  
To seek for needful succour from without?

If Jove and Heaven my just desires deny,  
Hell shall the power of Heaven and Jove supply.  
Grant that the Fates have firm'd, by their decree,  
The Trojan race to reign in Italy:  
At least I can defer the nuptial day,  
And, with protracted wars the peace delay;  
With blood the dear alliance shall be bought,  
And both the people near destruction brought.  
So shall the son-in-law and father join,  
With ruin, war, and waste of either line.  
O fatal maid! thy marriage is endow'd  
With Phrygian, Latian, and Rutulian blood!  
Bellona leads thee to thy lover's hand:  
Another queen brings forth another brand,  
To burn with foreign fires another land!  
A second Paris, differing but in name,  
Shall fire his country with a second flame.'

Thus having said, she sinks beneath the ground  
With furious haste, and shoots the Stygian sound,  
To rouse Alecto from the' infernal seat  
Of her dire sisters, and their dark retreat.  
This Fury, fit for her intent, she chose;  
One who delights in wars and human woes.  
E'en Pluto hates his own mishapen race;  
Her sister Furies fly her hideous face;  
So frightful are the forms the monster takes,  
So fierce the hissings of her speckled snakes.  
Her Juno finds, and thus inflames her spite—  
'O virgin daughter of eternal Night,  
Give me this once thy labour, to sustain  
My right, and execute my just disdain.  
Let not the Trojans, with a feign'd pretence  
Of proffer'd peace, delude the Latian prince.  
Expel from Italy that odious name,  
And let not Juno suffer in her fame.

'Tis thine to ruin realms, o'erturn a state,  
Betwixt the dearest friends to raise debate,  
And kindle kindred blood to mutual hate.  
Thy hand o'er towns the funeral torch displays,  
And forms a thousand ills ten thousand ways.  
Now shake, from out thy fruitful breast, the seeds  
Of envy, discord, and of cruel deeds :  
Confound the peace establish'd, and prepare  
Their souls to hatred, and their hands to war.'  
Smear'd as she was with black Gorgonean blood,  
The Fury sprang above the Stygian flood :  
And on her wicker wings, sublime through night,  
She to the Latian palace took her flight ;  
There sought the queen's apartment, stood before  
The peaceful threshold, and besieged the door.  
Restless Amata lay, her swelling breast  
Fired with disdain for Turnus dispossess'd,  
And the new nuptials of the Trojan guest.  
From her black bloody locks the Fury shakes  
Her darling plague, the favourite of her snakes :  
With her full force she threw the poisonous dart,  
And fix'd it deep within Amata's heart,  
That, thus envenom'd, she might kindle rage,  
And sacrifice to strife her house and husband's  
Unseen, unfelt, the fiery serpent skims [age.  
Betwixt her linen and her naked limbs,  
His baneful breath inspiring as he glides.  
Now like a chain around her neck he rides,  
Now like a fillet to her head repairs,  
And with his circling volumes folds her hairs.  
At first the silent venom slid with ease,  
And seized her cooler senses by degrees ;  
Then, ere the' infected mass was fired too far,  
In plaintive accents she began the war,

And thus bespoke her husband—' Shall (she said)  
A wandering prince enjoy Lavinia's bed?  
If nature plead not in a parent's heart,  
Pity my tears, and pity her desert.  
I know, my dearest lord, the time will come,  
You would, in vain, reverse your cruel doom:  
The faithless pirate soon will set to sea,  
And bear the royal virgin far away!  
A guest like him, a Trojan guest, before  
In show of friendship sought the Spartan shore,  
And ravish'd Helen from her husband bore.  
Think on a king's inviolable word;  
And think on Turnus, her once plighted lord.  
To this false foreigner you give your throne,  
And wrong a friend, a kinsman, and a son.  
Resume your ancient care; and, if the god  
Your sire, and you, resolve on foreign blood,  
Know all are foreign, in a larger sense,  
Not born your subjects, or derived from hence.  
Then, if the line of Turnus you retrace,  
He springs from Inachus of Argive race.'  
But, when she saw her reasons idly spent,  
And could not move him from his fix'd intent,  
She flew to rage; for now the snake possess'd  
Her vital parts, and poison'd all her breast.  
She raves, she runs with a distracted pace,  
And fills, with horrid howls, the public place.  
And, as young striplings whip the top for sport,  
On the smooth pavement of an empty court;  
The wooden engine flies and whirls about,  
Admired, with clamours, of the beardless rout;  
They lash aloud; each other they provoke,  
And lend their little souls at every stroke;

Thus fares the queen; and thus her fury blows  
Amidst the crowd, and kindles as she goes.  
Not yet content, she strains her malice more,  
And adds new ills to those contrived before:  
She flies the town, and, mixing with the throng  
Of madding matrons, bears the bride along,  
Wandering through woods and wilds, and devi-  
ous ways,

And with these arts the Trojan match delays.  
She feign'd the rites of Bacchus; cried aloud,  
And to the buxom god the virgin vow'd.  
'Evoë! O Bacchus!' thus began the song;  
And 'Evoë!' answer'd all the female throng.  
'O virgin worthy thee alone!' she cried;  
'O worthy thee alone!' the crew replied.  
'For thee she feeds her hair, she leads thy dance,  
And with thy winding ivy wreaths her lance.'  
Like fury seized the rest: the progress known,  
All seek the mountains, and forsake the town:  
All clad in skins of beasts, the javelin bear,  
Give to the wanton winds their flowing hair;  
And shrieks and shoutings rend the suffering air.  
The queen herself, inspired with rage divine,  
Shook high above her head a flaming pine,  
Then roll'd her haggard eyes around the throng,  
And sung in Turnus' name the nuptial song:  
'Iö! ye Latian dames, if any here  
Hold your unhappy queen, Amata, dear;  
If there be here (she said), who dare maintain  
My right, nor think the name of mother vain;  
Unbind your fillets, loose your flowing hair,  
And orgies and nocturnal rites prepare.'  
Amata's breast the Fury thus invades,  
And fires with rage, amid the silvan shades.

Then, when she found her venom spread so far,  
The royal house embroil'd in civil war,  
Raised on her dusky wings, she cleaves the skies,  
And seeks the palace where young Turnus lies.  
His town, as fame reports, was built of old  
By Danaë, pregnant with almighty gold,  
Who fled her father's rage, and, with a train  
Of following Argives, through the stormy main,  
Driven by the southern blasts, was fated here to  
reign.

'Twas Ardua once: now Ardea's name it bears;  
Once a fair city, now consumed with years.  
Here, in his lofty palace, Turnus lay,  
Betwixt the confines of the night and day,  
Secure in sleep.—The Fury laid aside  
Her looks and limbs, and with new methods tried  
The foulness of the' infernal form to hide.  
Propp'd on a staff, she takes a trembling mien:  
Her face is furrow'd, and her front obscene;  
Deep-dinted wrinkles on her cheek she draws;  
Sunk are her eyes, and toothless are her jaws;  
Her hoary hair with holy fillets bound,  
Her temples with an olive wreath are crown'd.  
Old Chalybe, who kept the sacred fane  
Of Juno, now she seem'd, and thus began,  
Appearing in a dream, to rouse the careless man—  
' Shall Turnus then such endless toil sustain  
In fighting fields, and conquer towns in vain?  
Win, for a Trojan head to wear the prize,  
Usurp thy crown, enjoy thy victories?  
The bride and sceptre, which thy blood has bought,  
The king transfers; and foreign heirs are sought!  
Go now, deluded man, and seek again  
New toils, new dangers, on the dusty plain!



Repel the Tuscan foes; their city seize;  
Protect the Latians in luxurious ease!  
This dream all powerful Juno sends: I bear  
Her mighty mandates; and her words you hear.  
Haste! arm your Ardeans; issue to the plain;  
With faith to friend, assault the Trojan train:  
Their thoughtless chiefs, their painted ships that lie  
In Tyber's mouth, with fire and sword destroy.  
The Latin king, unless he shall submit,  
Own his old promise, and his new forget—  
Let him, in arms, the power of Turnus prove,  
And learn to fear whom he disdains to love.  
For such is Heaven's command.'—The youthful  
prince

With scorn replied, and made this bold defence—  
' You tell me, mother, what I knew before,  
The Phrygian fleet is landed on the shore.  
I neither fear nor will provoke the war:  
My fate is Juno's most peculiar care.  
But time has made you dote, and vainly tell  
Of arms imagined in your lonely cell.  
Go! be the temple and the gods your care:  
Permit to men the thought of peace and war.'

These haughty words Alecto's rage provoke:  
And frightened Turnus trembled as she spoke.  
Her eyes grow stiffen'd, and with sulphur burn;  
Her hideous looks and hellish form return:  
Her curling snakes with hissings fill the place,  
And open all the furies of her face:  
Then, darting fire from her malignant eyes,  
She cast him backward as he strove to rise,  
And, lingering, sought to frame some new replies.  
High on her head she rears two twisted snakes:  
Her chains she rattles, and her whip she shakes;  
And, churning bloody foam, thus loudly speaks—

' Behold whom time has made to dote, and tell  
Of arms imagined in her lonely cell!  
Behold the Fates' infernal minister!  
War, death, destruction, in my hand I bear.'

Thus having said, her smouldering torch, impress'd

With her full force, she plunged into his breast.  
Aghast he waked; and, starting from his bed,  
Cold sweat, in clammy drops, his limbs o'erspread.  
' Arms! arms! (he cries) my sword and shield  
prepare!'

He breathes defiance, blood, and mortal war.  
So, when with crackling flames a caldron fries,  
The bubbling waters from the bottom rise:  
Above the brims they force their fiery way;  
Black vapours climb aloft, and cloud the day.

The peace polluted thus, a chosen band  
He first commissions to the Latian land,  
In threatening embassy; then raised the rest,  
To meet in arms the' intruding Trojan guest,  
To force the foes from the Lavinian shore,  
And Italy's endanger'd peace restore.  
Himself alone an equal match he boasts,  
To fight the Phrygian and Ausonian hosts.  
The gods invoked, the Rutuli prepare  
Their arms, and warm each other to the war.  
His beauty these, and those his blooming age,  
The rest his house and his own fame engage.

While Turnus urges thus his enterprise,  
The Stygian fury to the Trojans flies;  
New frauds invents, and takes a steepy stand,  
Which overlooks the vale with wide command;  
Where fair Ascanius and his youthful train,  
With horns and hounds a hunting-match ordain,  
And pitch their toils around the shady plain.

The fury fires the pack; they snuff, they vent,  
And feed their hungry nostrils with the scent.  
'Twas of a well-grown stag, whose antlers rise  
High o'er his front, his beams invade the skies.  
From this light cause, the' infernal maid prepares  
The country churls to mischief, hate, and wars.

The stately beast the two Tyrrhidæ bred,  
Snatch'd from his dam, and the tame youngling fed.  
Their father Tyrrheus did his fodder bring,  
Tyrrheus, chief ranger to the Latian king:  
Their sister Silvia cherish'd with her care  
The little wanton, and did wreaths prepare  
To hang his budding horns, with ribands tied  
His tender neck, and comb'd his silken hide,  
And bathed his body. Patient of command  
In time he grew, and, growing used to hand,  
He waited at his master's board for food;  
Then sought his savage kindred in the wood,  
Where grazing all the day, at night he came  
To his known lodgings, and his country dame.  
This household beast, that used the woodland  
grounds,

Was view'd at first by the young hero's hounds,  
As down the stream he swam, to seek retreat  
In the cool waters, and to quench his heat.  
Ascanius, young and eager of his game,  
Soon bent his bow, uncertain in his aim:  
But the dire fiend the fatal arrow guides,  
Which pierced his bowels through his panting  
sides.

The bleeding creature issues from the floods,  
Possess'd with fear, and seeks his known abodes,  
His old familiar hearth, and household gods.  
He falls; he fills the house with heavy groans,  
Implores their pity, and his pain bemoans.

Young Silvia beats her breast, and cries aloud  
For succour from the clownish neighbourhood:  
The churls assemble; for the fiend, who lay  
In the close woody covert, urged their way.  
One with a brand yet burning from the flame,  
Arm'd with a knotty club another came:  
Whate'er they catch or find, without their care,  
Their fury makes an instrument of war.  
Tyrrheus, the fosterfather of the beast,  
Then clench'd a hatchet in his horny fist,  
But held his hand from the descending stroke,  
And left his wedge within the cloven oak,  
To whet their courage, and their rage provoke.  
And now the goddess, exercised in ill,  
Who watch'd an hour to work her impious will,  
Ascends the roof, and to her crooked horn,  
Such as was then by Latian shepherds borne,  
Adds all her breath. The rocks and woods around,  
And mountains, tremble at the' infernal sound.  
The sacred lake of Trivia from afar,  
The Veline fountains, and sulphureous Nar,  
Shake at the baleful blast, the signal of the war.  
Young mothers wildly stare, with fear possess'd,  
And strain their helpless infants to their breast.  
The clowns, a boisterous, rude, ungovern'd crew,  
With furious haste to the loud summons flew.  
The powers of Troy, then issuing on the plain,  
With fresh recruits their youthful chief sustain:  
Not theirs a raw and unexperienced train,  
But a firm body of embattled men.  
At first, while fortune favour'd neither side,  
The fight with clubs and burning brands was tried:  
But now, both parties reinforced, the fields  
Are bright with flaming swords and brazen shields.

A shining harvest either host displays,  
And shoots against the sun with equal rays.

Thus, when a black-brow'd gust begins to rise,  
White foam at first on the curl'd ocean fries;  
Then roars the main, the billows mount the skies;  
Till, by the fury of the storm full blown,  
The muddy bottom o'er the clouds is thrown.

First Almon falls, old Tyrrheus' eldest care,  
Pierced with an arrow from the distant war:  
Fix'd in his throat the flying weapon stood,  
And stopp'd his breath, and drank his vital blood.  
Huge heaps of slain around the body rise:  
Among the rest, the rich Galesus lies;  
A good old man, while peace he preach'd in vain,  
Amidst the madness of the' unruly train:  
Five herds, five bleating flocks his pastures fill'd;  
His lands a hundred yoke of oxen till'd.  
Thus, while in equal scales their fortune stood,  
The Fury bathed them in each other's blood;  
Then, having fix'd the fight, exulting flies,  
And bears fulfill'd her promise to the skies.  
To Juno thus she speaks—' Behold! 'tis done,  
The blood already drawn, the war begun;  
The discord is complete; nor can they cease  
The dire debate, nor you command the peace.  
Now, since the Latian and the Trojan brood  
Have tasted vengeance, and the sweets of blood;  
Speak, and my power shall add this office more:  
The neighbouring nations of the' Ausonian shore  
Shall hear the dreadful rumour, from afar,  
Of arm'd invasion, and embrace the war.'  
Then Juno thus—' The grateful work is done,  
The seeds of discord sow'd, the war begun:

Frauds, fears, and fury, have possess'd the state,  
And fix'd the causes of a lasting hate.  
A bloody Hymen shall the' alliance join  
Betwixt the Trojan and Ausonian line:  
But thou with speed to night and hell repair;  
For not the gods, nor angry Jove, will bear  
Thy lawless wandering walks in upper air.  
Leave what remains to me.' Saturnia said:  
The sullen fiend her sounding wings display'd,  
Unwilling left the light, and sought the nether  
shade.

In midst of Italy, well known to fame,  
There lies a lake (Amsanctus is the name):  
Below the lofty mounts on either side  
Thick forests the forbidden entrance hide.  
Full in the centre of the sacred wood  
An arm arises of the Stygian flood,  
Which, breaking from beneath with bellowing  
sound,  
Whirls the black waves and rattling stones around.  
Here Pluto pants for breath from out his cell,  
And opens wide the grinning jaws of hell.  
To this infernal lake the Fury flies;  
Here hides her hated head, and frees the labour-  
ing skies.

Saturnian Juno now, with double care,  
Attends the fatal process of the war.  
The clowns, return'd from battle, bear the slain,  
Implore the gods, and to their king complain.  
The corpse of Almon, and the rest, are shown:  
Shrieks, clamours, murmurs, fill the frightened town.  
Ambitious Turnus in the press appears,  
And, aggravating crimes, augments their fears;

Proclaims his private injuries aloud,  
A solemn promise made, and disavow'd;  
A foreign son is sought, and a mix'd mongrel brood.  
Then they, whose mothers, frantic with their fear,  
In woods and wilds the flags of Bacchus bear,  
And lead his dances with dishevel'd hair,  
Increase the clamour, and the war demand  
(Such was Amata's interest in the land),  
Against the public sanctions of the peace,  
Against all omens of their ill success.  
With fates averse, the rout in arms resort,  
To force their monarch, and insult the court.  
But, like a rock unmoved, a rock that braves  
The raging tempest and the rising waves—  
Propp'd on himself he stands: his solid sides  
Wash off the seaweeds, and the sounding tides—  
So stood the pious prince unmoved, and long  
Sustain'd the madness of the noisy throng.  
But, when he found that Juno's power prevail'd,  
And all the methods of cool counsel fail'd,  
He calls the gods to witness their offence,  
Disclaims the war, asserts his innocence.  
' Hurried by fate (he cries), and borne before  
A furious wind, we leave the faithful shore!  
O more than madmen! you yourselves shall bear  
The guilt of blood and sacrilegious war:  
Thou, Turnus, shalt atone it by thy fate,  
And pray to Heaven for peace, but pray too late.  
For me, my stormy voyage at an end,  
I to the port of death securely tend.  
The funeral pomp which to your kings you pay,  
Is all I want, and all you take away.'  
He said no more, but, in his walls confined,  
Shut out the woes which he too well divin'd;

Nor with the rising storm would vainly strive,  
But left the helm, and let the vessel drive.

A solemn custom was observed of old,  
Which Latium held, and now the Romans hold,  
Their standard when in fighting fields they rear  
Against the fierce Hyrcanians, or declare  
The Scythian, Indian, or Arabian war—  
Or from the boasting Parthians would regain  
Their eagles, lost in Carræ's bloody plain.  
Two gates of steel (the name of Mars they bear,  
And still are worship'd with religious fear)  
Before his temple stand: the dire abode,  
And the fear'd issues of the furious god,  
And fenced with brazen bolts; without the gates,  
The wary guardian Janus doubly waits.  
Then, when the sacred senate votes the wars,  
The Roman consul their decree declares,  
And in his robes the sounding gates unbars.  
The youth in military shouts arise,  
And the loud trumpets break the yielding skies.  
These rites, of old by sovereign princes used,  
Were the king's office: but the king refused,  
Deaf to their cries, nor would the gates unbar  
Of sacred peace, or loose the' imprison'd war;  
But hid his head, and, safe from loud alarms,  
Abhorr'd the wicked ministry of arms. [high;  
Then heaven's imperious queen shot down from  
At her approach the brazen hinges fly;  
The gates are forced, and every falling bar;  
And, like a tempest, issues out the war.  
The peaceful cities of the' Ausonian shore,  
Lull'd in their ease, and undisturb'd before,  
Are all on fire; and some, with studious care,  
Their restive steeds in sandy plains prepare;



Some their soft limbs in painful marches try,  
And war is all their wish, and arms the general cry.  
Part scour their rusty shields with seam; and part  
New grind the blunted axe, and point the dart;  
With joy they view the waving ensigns fly,  
And hear the trumpet's clangor pierce the sky.  
Five cities forge their arms—the'Atinian powers,  
Antemnæ, Tibur with her lofty towers,  
Ardea the proud, the Crustumerian town:  
All these of old were places of renown.  
Some hammer helmets for the fighting field;  
Some twine young sallows to support the shield;  
The corselet some, and some the cuishes mould,  
With silver plated, and with ductile gold.  
The rustic honours of the scythe and share  
Give place to swords and plumes, the pride of war.  
Old falchions are new temper'd in the fires:  
The sounding trumpet every soul inspires.  
The word is given; with eager speed they lace  
The shining headpiece, and the shield embrace.  
The neighing steeds are to the chariots tied;  
The trusty weapon sits on every side.

And, now the mighty labour is begun,  
Ye Muses, open all your Helicon.  
Sing you the chiefs that sway'd the' Ausonian land,  
Their arms, and armies under their command;  
What warriors in our ancient clime were bred;  
What soldiers follow'd, and what heroes led.  
For well you know, and can record alone,  
What fame to future times conveys but darkly  
down.

Mezentius first appear'd upon the plain:  
Scorn sat upon his brows, and sour disdain,

Defying earth and heaven. Etruria lost,  
He brings to Turnus' aid his baffled host.  
The charming Lausus, full of youthful fire,  
Rode in the rank, and next his sullen sire;  
To Turnus only second in the grace  
Of manly mien, and features of the face.  
A skilful horseman, and a huntsman bred,  
With fates averse a thousand men he led;  
His sire unworthy of so brave a son;  
Himself well worthy of a happier throne.

Next Aventinus drives his chariot round  
The Latian plains, with palms and laurels crown'd.  
Proud of his steeds, he smokes along the field;  
His father's hydra fills his ample shield;  
A hundred serpents hiss about the brims;  
The son of Hercules he justly seems,  
By his broad shoulders and gigantic limbs—  
Of heavenly part, and part of earthly blood,  
A mortal woman mixing with a god.  
For strong Alcides, after he had slain  
The triple Geryon, drove from conquer'd Spain  
His captive herds; and, thence in triumph led,  
On Tusean Tyber's flowery banks they fed,  
Then, on mount Aventine, the son of Jove  
The priestess Rhea found, and forced to love.

For arms, his men long piles and javelins bore;  
And poles with pointed steel their foes in battle  
Like Hercules himself, his son appears [gore.  
In savage pomp: a lion's hide he wears;  
About his shoulders hangs the shaggy skin;  
The teeth and gaping jaws severely grin.  
Thus, like the god his father, homely dress'd,  
He strides into the hall, a horrid guest.

Then two twin-brothers from fair Tiber came  
(Which from their brother Tiburs took the name),  
Fierce Coras and Catillus, void of fear:  
Arm'd Argive horse they lead, and in the front  
appear, [height  
Like cloud-born Centaurs, from the mountain's  
With rapid course descending to the fight;  
They rush along, the rattling woods give way;  
The branches bend before their sweepy sway.

Nor was Præneste's founder wanting there,  
Whom fame reports the son of Mulciber:  
Found in the fire, and foster'd in the plains,  
A shepherd and a king at once he reigns,  
And leads to Turnus' aid his country swains.  
His own Præneste sends a chosen band,  
With those who plough Saturnia's Gabine land;  
Besides the succour which cold Anien yields,  
The rocks of Hernicus, and dewy fields,  
Anagnia fat, and father Amasene—

A numerous rout, but all of naked men: [wield,  
Nor arms they wear, nor swords and bucklers  
Nor drive the chariot through the dusty field,  
But whirl from leathern slings huge balls of lead;  
And spoils of yellow wolves adorn their head:  
The left foot naked, when they march to fight;  
But in a bull's raw hide they sheath the right.

Messapus next (great Neptune was his sire),  
Secure of steel, and fated from the fire,  
In pomp appears, and with his ardour warms  
A heartless train, unexercised in arms:  
The just Faliscans he to battle brings,  
And those who live where lake Ciminus springs;  
And where Feronia's grove and temple stands,  
Who till Fescennian or Flavinian lands:

All these in order march, and marching sing  
The warlike actions of their seaborne king;  
Like a long team of snowy swans on high,  
Which clap their wings, and cleave the liquid sky,  
When, homeward from their watery pastures  
borne,

They sing, and Asia's lakes their notes return. .  
Not one who heard their music from afar,  
Would think these troops an army train'd to war,  
But flocks of fowl, that, when the tempests roar,  
With their hoarse gabbling seek the silent shore.

Then Clausus came, who led a numerous band  
Of troops embodied from the Sabine land,  
And, in himself alone, an army brought.  
'Twas he the noble Claudian race begot,  
The Claudian race ordain'd, in times to come,  
To share the greatness of Imperial Rome.  
He led the Cures forth of old renown,  
Mutuscans from their olive-bearing town,  
And all the' Eretian powers; besides a band  
That follow'd from Velinum's dewy land;  
And Amiternian troops, of mighty fame,  
And mountaineers, that from Severus came,  
And from the craggy cliffs of Tetrica,  
And those where yellow Tyber takes his way,  
And where Himella's wanton waters play.  
Casperia sends her arms, with those that lie  
By Fabaris, and fruitful Foruli:  
The warlike aids of Horta next appear,  
And the cold Nursians come to close the rear,  
Mix'd with the natives born of Latine blood,  
Whom Allia washes with her fatal flood.  
Not thicker billows beat the Libyan main,  
When pale Orion sets in wintry rain,

Nor thicker harvests on rich Hermus rise,  
Or Lycian fields, when Phœbus burns the skies,  
Than stand these troops: their bucklers ring  
around:

Their trampling turns the turf, and shakes the  
solid ground.

High in his chariot then Halesus came,  
A foe by birth to Troy's unhappy name:  
From Agamemnon born—to Turnus' aid,  
A thousand men the youthful hero led,  
Who till the Massic soil, for wine renown'd,  
And fierce Auruncans from their hilly ground,  
And those who live by Sidicinian shores,  
And where with shoaly fords Vulturnus roars,  
Cales' and Osca's old inhabitants,  
And rough Saticulans, inured to wants,  
Light demi-lances from afar they throw,  
Fasten'd with leathern thongs, to gall the foe.  
Short crooked swords in closer fights they wear,  
And on their warding arm light bucklers bear.

Nor, Cæbalus, shalt thou be left unsung,  
From nymph Sebethis and old Telon sprung.  
Who then in Teleboan Capri reign'd;  
But that short isle the' ambitious youth disdain'd,  
And o'er Campania stretch'd his ample sway,  
Where swelling Sarnus seeks the Tyrrhene sea—  
O'er Batulum, and where Abella sees,  
From her high towers, the harvest of her trees.  
And these (as was the Teuton use of old)  
Wield brazen swords, and brazen bucklers hold;  
Sling weighty stones when from afar they fight;  
Their casques are cork, a covering thick and light.

Next these in rank, the warlike Ufens went,  
And led the mountain troops that Nursia sent.:

The rude *Æquiculae* his rule obey'd; [trade.  
Hunting their sport, and plundering was their  
In arms they plough'd, to battle still prepared :  
Their soil was barren, and their hearts were hard.

Umbro the priest the proud Marrubians led,  
By king Archippus sent to Turnus' aid ;  
And peaceful olives crown'd his hoary head.  
His wand and holy words, the viper's rage,  
And venom'd wounds of serpents, could assuage.  
He, when he pleased with powerful juice to steep  
Their temples, shut their eyes in pleasing sleep.  
But vain were Marsian herbs, and magic art,  
To cure the wound given by the Dardan dart.  
Yet his untimely fate the' Angitian woods  
In sighs remurmur'd to the Fucine floods.  
The son of famed Hippolytus was there,  
Famed as his sire, and as his mother fair ;  
Whom in Egerian groves Aricia bore,  
And nursed his youth along the marshy shore,  
Where great Diana's peaceful altars flame,  
In fruitful fields ; and Virbius was his name.  
Hippolytus, as old records have said,  
Was by his stepdame sought to share her bed :  
But, when no female arts his mind could move,  
She turn'd to furious hate her impious love.  
Torn by wild horses on the sandy shore,  
Another's crimes the' unhappy hunter bore ;  
Glutting his father's eyes with guiltless gore.  
But chaste Diana, who his death deplored,  
With *Æsculapian* herbs his life restored :  
When Jove, who saw from high, with just disdain,  
The dead inspired with vital breath again,  
Struck to the centre, with his flaming dart,  
The' unhappy founder of the godlike art.

But Trivia kept in secret shades alone,  
Her care, Hippolytus, to fate unknown;  
And call'd him Virbius in the' Egerian grove,  
Where then he lived obscure, but safe from Jove.  
For this, from Trivia's temple and her wood,  
Are coursers driven, who shed their master's  
blood,

Affrighted by the monsters of the flood.  
His son, the second Virbius, yet retain'd  
His father's art; and warrior steeds he rein'd.

Amid the troops, and like the leading god,  
High o'er the rest in arms, the graceful Turnus  
A triple pile of plumes his crest adorn'd, [rode:  
On which with belching flames Chimæra burn'd:  
The more the kindled combat rises higher,  
The more with fury burns the blazing fire.  
Fair Iö graced his shield; but Iö now  
With horns exalted stands, and seems to low—  
A noble charge! Her keeper by her side,  
To watch her walks, his hundred eyes applied;  
And on the brims her sire, the watery god,  
Roll'd from his silver urn his crystal flood.  
A cloud of foot succeeds, and fills the fields  
With swords, and pointed spears, and clattering  
Of Argive, and of old Sacanian bands, [shields;  
And those who plough the rich Rutulian lands;  
Auruncean youth, and those Sacrana yields,  
And the proud Labicans, with painted shields;  
And those who near Numician streams reside,  
And those whom Tyber's holy forests hide;  
Or Gircè's hills from the main land divide;  
Where Ufens glides along the lowly lands,  
Or the black water of Pomptina stands.

Last from the Volscians fair Camilla came,  
And led her warlike troops, a warrior dame :  
Unbred to spinning, in the loom unskill'd,  
She chose the nobler Pallas of the field.  
Mix'd with the first, the fierce virago fought,  
Sustain'd the toils of arms, the danger sought,  
Outstripp'd the winds in speed upon the plain,  
Flew o'er the field, nor hurt the bearded grain :  
She swept the seas, and as she skimm'd along,  
Her flying feet unbathed on billows hung.  
Men, boys, and women, stupid with surprise,  
Where'er she passes, fix their wondering eyes :  
Longing they look, and gaping at the sight,  
Devour her o'er and o'er with vast delight ;  
Her purple habit sits with such a grace  
On her smooth shoulders, and so suits her face.  
Her head with ringlets of her hair is crown'd ;  
And in a golden caul the curls are bound.  
She shakes her myrtle javelin ; and, behind,  
Her Lycian quiver dances in the wind.



## BOOK VIII.

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*The Argument.*

The war being now begun, both the generals make all possible preparations. Turnus sends to Diomedes. Æneas goes in person to beg succours from Evander and the Tuscans. Evander receives him kindly, furnishes him with men, and sends his son Pallas with him. Vulcan, at the request of Venus, makes arms for her son Æneas, and draws on his shield the most memorable actions of his posterity.

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WHEN Turnus had assembled all his powers,  
His standard planted on Laurentum's towers,  
When now the sprightly trumpet, from afar,  
Had given the signal of approaching war,  
Had roused the neighing steeds to scour the fields,  
While the fierce riders clatter'd on their shields,  
Trembling with rage the Latian youth prepare  
To join the' allies, and headlong rush to war.  
Fierce Ufens, and Messapus, led the crowd,  
With bold Mezentius, who blasphemed aloud.  
These through the country took their wasteful  
The fields to forage, and to gather force. [course,  
Then Venulus to Diomedes they send,  
To beg his aid Ausonia to defend,  
Declare the common danger, and inform  
The Grecian leader of the growing storm :  
' Æneas, landed on the Latian coast,  
With banish'd gods, and with a baffled host,  
Yet now aspired to conquest of the state,  
And claim'd a title from the gods and fate :

What numerous nations in his quarrel came,  
And how they spread his formidable name.  
What he design'd, what mischiefs might arise,  
If fortune favour'd his first enterprise,  
Was left for him to weigh, whose equal fears,  
And common interest was involved in theirs.'

While Turnus and the' allies thus urge the war,  
The Trojan, floating in a flood of care,  
Beholds the tempest which his foes prepare.  
This way and that he turns his anxious mind;  
Thinks and rejects the counsels he design'd;  
Explores himself in vain, in every part,  
And gives no rest to his distracted heart;  
So, when the sun by day, or moon by night,  
Strike on the polish'd brass their trembling light,  
The glittering species here and there divide,  
And cast their dubious beams from side to side.  
Now on the walls, now on the pavement play,  
And to the ceiling flash the glaring day.

'Twas night: and weary nature lull'd asleep  
The birds of air, and fishes of the deep,  
And beasts, and mortal men. The Trojan chief  
Was laid on Tyber's banks, oppress'd with grief,  
And found in silent slumber late relief.  
Then, through the shadows of the poplar wood,  
Arose the father of the Roman flood;  
An azure robe was o'er his body spread,  
A wreath of shady reeds adorn'd his head:  
Thus, manifest to sight, the god appear'd,  
And with these pleasing words his sorrow  
cheer'd—

'Undoubted offspring of etherial race,  
O long expected in this promised place! [gods,  
Who through the foes hast borne thy banish'd  
Restored them to their hearths, and old abodes—

This is thy happy home, the clime where Fate  
Ordains thee to restore the Trojan state.  
Fear not! The war shall end in lasting peace,  
And all the rage of haughty Juno cease.  
And that this nightly vision may not seem  
The' effect of fancy, or an idle dream,  
A sow beneath an oak shall lie along,  
All white herself, and white her thirty young.  
When thirty rolling years have run their race,  
Thy son Ascanius, on this empty space,  
Shall build a royal town, of lasting fame,  
Which from this omen shall receive the name.  
Time shall approve the truth.—For what remains,  
And how with sure success to crown thy pains,  
With patience next attend. A banish'd band,  
Driven with Evander from the' Arcadian land,  
Have planted here, and placed on high their walls:  
Their town the founder Pallanteum calls,  
Derived from Pallas, his great grandsire's name:  
But the fierce Latians old possession claim,  
With war infesting the new colony.  
These make thy friends, and on their aid rely.  
To thy free passage I submit my streams.  
Wake, son of Venus, from thy pleasing dreams:  
And, when the setting stars are lost in day,  
To Juno's power thy just devotion pay;  
With sacrifice the wrathful queen appease:  
Her pride at length shall fall, her fury cease.  
When thou return'st victorious from the war,  
Perform thy vows to me with grateful care.  
The god am I, whose yellow water flows  
Around these fields, and fattens as it goes:  
Tyber my name—among the rolling floods,  
Renown'd on earth, esteem'd among the gods.

This is my certain seat. In times to come,  
My waves shall wash the walls of mighty Rome.'  
He said: and plunged below. While yet he spoke,  
His dream Æneas and his sleep forsook.  
He rose, and, looking up, beheld the skies  
With purple blushing, and the day arise.  
Then water in his hollow palm he took [spoke—  
From Tyber's flood, and thus the powers be-  
' Laurentian nymphs, by whom the streams are fed,  
And father Tyber in thy sacred bed,  
Receive Æneas, and from danger keep.  
Whatever fount, whatever holy deep,  
Conceals thy watery stores—where'er they rise,  
And, bubbling from below, salute the skies—  
Thou, king of horned floods, whose plenteous urn  
Diffuses fatness to the fruitful corn,  
For this thy kind compassion of our woes,  
Shalt share my morning song, and evening vows.  
But, oh! be present to thy people's aid,  
And firm the gracious promise thou hast made.'  
Thus having said, two galleys, from his stores,  
With care he chooses, mans, and fits with oars.  
Now on the shore the fatal swine is found—  
Wondrous to tell!—She lay along the ground:  
Her well fed offspring at her udders hung;  
She white herself, and white her thirty young.  
Æneas takes the mother and her brood;  
And all on Juno's altar are bestow'd.  
The following night, and the succeeding day,  
Propitious Tyber smooth'd his watery way:  
He roll'd his river back, and poised he stood,  
A gentle swelling, and a peaceful flood; [shore,  
The Trojans mount their ships; they put from  
Borne on the waves, and scarcely dip an oar.

Shouts from the land give omen to their course;  
And the pitch'd vessels glide with easy force.  
The woods and waters wonder at the gleam  
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Of nymphs and Fauns, and savage men who took  
Their birth from trunks of trees and stubborn oak.  
Nor laws they knew, nor manners, nor the care  
Of labouring oxen, nor the shining share,  
Nor arts of gain, nor what they gain'd to spare.  
Their exercise the chase: the running flood  
Supplied their thirst; the trees supplied their food.  
Then Saturn came, who fled the power of Jove,  
Robb'd of his realms, and banish'd from above:  
The men, dispersed on hills, to towns he brought,  
And laws ordain'd, and civil customs taught,  
And Latium call'd the land where safe he lay  
From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway.  
With his mild empire peace and plenty came;  
And hence the golden times derived their name.  
A more degenerate and discolour'd age  
Succeeded this, with avarice and rage.  
The' Ausonians then, and bold Sicanians, came;  
And Saturn's empire often changed the name.  
Then kings—gigantic Tybris, and the rest—  
With arbitrary sway the land oppress'd:  
For Tyber's flood was Albula before,  
Till, from the tyrant's fate, his name it bore.  
I last arrived, driven from my native home,  
By Fortune's power, and Fate's resistless doom.  
Long toss'd on seas, I sought this happy land,  
Warn'd by my mother nymph, and call'd by Heaven's command.'

Thus, walking on, he spoke, and show'd the gate,  
Since call'd Carmental by the Roman state;  
Where stood an altar, sacred to the name  
Of old Carmenta, the prophetic dame,  
Who to her son foretold the' Ænean race,  
Sublime in fame, and Rome's imperial place;—

Then shows the forests, which, in aftertimes,  
Fierce Romulus, for perpetrated crimes,  
A sacred refuge made;—with this, the shrine  
Where Pan below the rock had rites divine;—  
Then tells of Argus' death, his murder'd guest,  
Whose grave and tomb his innocence attest.  
Thence to the steep Tarpeian rock he leads—  
Now roof'd with gold, then thatch'd with homely  
A reverent fear (such superstition reigns [reeds.  
Among the rude) e'en then possess'd the swains.  
Some god, they knew—what god, they could not  
Did there amidst the sacred horror dwell. [tell—  
The' Arcadians thought him Jove: and said they  
The mighty thunderer with majestic awe, [saw  
Who shook his shield, and dealt his bolts around,  
And scatter'd tempests on the teeming ground.  
Then saw two heaps of ruins (once they stood  
Two stately towns, on either side the flood);  
Saturnia's and Janiculum's remains:  
And either place the founder's name retains.  
Discoursing thus together, they resort  
Where poor Evander kept his country court.  
They view'd the ground of Rome's litigious hall—  
(Once oxen low'd, where now the lawyers bawl):  
Then, stooping, through the narrow gate they  
press'd,  
When thus the king bespoke his Trojan guest—  
' Mean as it is, this palace and this door  
Received Alcides, then a conqueror.  
Dare to be poor: accept our homely food,  
Which feasted him: and emulate a god.'  
Then underneath a lowly roof he led  
The weary prince, and laid him on a bed;  
The stuffing leaves, with hides of bears o'erspread.

Now Night had shed her silver dew around,  
And with her sable wings embraced the ground,  
When love's fair goddess, anxious for her son  
(New tumults rising, and new wars begun),  
Couch'd with her husband in his golden bed,  
With these alluring words invokes his aid—  
And that her pleasing speech his mind may move,  
Inspires each accent with the charms of love—  
' While cruel fate conspired with Grecian powers  
To level with the ground the Trojan towers,  
I ask'd not aid the' unhappy to restore,  
Nor did the succour of thy skill implore;  
Nor urged the labours of my lord in vain,  
A sinking empire longer to sustain;  
Though much I owed to Priam's house, and more  
The danger of Æneas did deplore.  
But now, by Jove's command, and Fate's decree,  
His race is doom'd to reign in Italy,  
With humble suit I beg thy needful art,  
O still propitious power, that rulest my heart!  
A mother kneels a suppliant for her son:  
By Thetis and Aurora thou wert won  
To forge impenetrable shields, and grace  
With fated arms a less illustrious race.  
Behold, what haughty nations are combined  
Against the relics of the Phrygian kind,  
With fire and sword my people to destroy,  
And conquer Venus twice, in conquering Troy.'  
She said; and straight her arms of showy hue,  
About her unresolving husband threw.  
Her soft embraces soon infuse desire:  
His bones and marrow sudden warmth inspire;  
And all the godhead feels the wonted fire.  
Not half so swift the rattling thunder flies,  
Or forked lightnings flash along the skies.



The goddess, proud of her successful wiles,  
And conscious of her form, in secret smiles.  
Then thus the power obnoxious to her charms,  
Panting, and half dissolving in her arms—  
' Why seek you reasons for a cause so just,  
Or your own beauties or my love distrust?  
Long since, had you required my helpful hand,  
The' artificer and art you might command,  
To labour arms for Troy: nor Jove, nor Fate,  
Confined their empire to so short a date.  
And, if you now desire new wars to wage,  
My skill I promise, and my pains engage.  
Whatever melting metals can conspire,  
Or breathing bellows, or the forming fire,  
Is freely yours: your anxious fears remove,  
And think no task is difficult to love.'  
Trembling he spoke; and, eager of her charms,  
He snatch'd the willing goddess to his arms:  
Till in her lap infused, he lay possess'd  
Of full desire, and sunk to pleasing rest.  
Now when the Night her middle race had rode,  
And his first slumber had refresh'd the god—  
The time when early housewives leave the bed:  
When living embers on the hearth are spread,  
Supply the lamp, and call the maids to rise;  
With yawning mouths and with half-open'd eyes,  
They ply the distaff by the winking light,  
And to their daily labour add the night:  
Thus frugally they earn their children's bread,  
And uncorrupted keep their nuptial bed—  
Not less concern'd, nor at a later hour,  
Rose from his downy couch the forging power.  
Sacred to Vulcan's name an isle there lay,  
Betwixt Sicilia's coasts and Lipara,

Raised high on smoking rocks ; and, deep below,  
In hollow caves the fires of Ætna glow.  
The Cyclops here their heavy hammers deal :  
Loud strokes, and hissings of tormented steel,  
Are heard around : the boiling waters roar ;  
And smoky flames through fuming tunnels soar.  
Hither the father of the fire, by night,  
Through the brown air precipitates his flight.  
On their eternal anvils here he found  
The brethren beating, and the blows go round :  
A load of pointless thunder now there lies  
Before their hands, to ripen for the skies :  
These darts, for angry Jove, they daily cast—  
Consumed on mortals with prodigious waste.  
Three rays of writhen rain, of fire three more,  
Of winged southern winds and cloudy store  
As many parts, the dreadful mixture frame ;  
And fears are added, and avenging flame.  
Inferior ministers, for Mars, repair  
His broken axletrees, and blunted war,  
And send him forth again with furbish'd arms,  
To wake the lazy war, with trumpets' loud alarms.  
The rest refresh the scaly snakes that fold  
The shield of Pallas, and renew their gold.  
Full on the crest the Gorgon's head they place,  
With eyes that roll in death, and with distorted  
face.

‘ My sons ! (said Vulcan) set your tasks aside :  
Your strength and master-skill must now be tried.  
Arms for a hero forge—arms that require  
Your force, your speed, and all your forming fire.’  
He said. They set their former work aside,  
And their new toils with eager haste divide.  
A flood of molten silver, brass, and gold,  
And deadly steel, in the large furnace roll'd :

Of this, their artful hands a shield prepare,  
Alone sufficient to sustain the war.  
Seven orbs within a spacious round they close.  
One stirs the fire, and one the bellows blows.  
The hissing steel is in the smithy drown'd ;  
The grot with beaten anvils groans around.  
By turns, their arms advance in equal time !  
By turns, their hands descend, and hammers chime.  
They turn the glowing mass with crooked tongs :  
The fiery work proceeds with rustic songs.  
While, at the Lemnian god's command, they urge  
Their labours thus, and ply the' Æolian forge,  
The cheerful morn salutes Evander's eyes,  
And songs of chirping birds invite to rise.  
He leaves his lowly bed : his buskins meet  
Above his ankles ; sandals sheath his feet :  
He sets his trusty sword upon his side,  
And o'er his shoulder throws a panther's hide.  
Two menial dogs before their master press'd.  
Thus clad, and guarded thus, he seeks his kingly  
guest.

Mindful of promised aid, he mends his pace,  
But meets Æneas in the middle space.  
Young Pallas did his father's steps attend ;  
And true Achates waited on his friend.  
They join their hands : a secret seat they choose ;  
The' Arcadian first their former talk renews :  
' Undaunted prince ! I never can believe  
The Trojan empire lost, while you survive.  
Command the' assistance of a faithful friend :  
But feeble are the succours I can send.  
Our narrow kingdom here the Tyber bounds :  
The other side the Latian state surrounds,  
Insults our walls, and wastes our fruitful grounds.

But mighty nations I prepare to join  
Their arms with yours, and aid your just design.  
You come, as by your better genius sent;  
And Fortune seems to favour your intent.  
Not far from hence there stands a hilly town,  
Of ancient building, and of high renown,  
Torn from the Tuscans by the Lydian race,  
Who gave the name of Cære to the place,  
Once Agyllina call'd. It flourish'd long,  
In pride of wealth and warlike people strong,  
Till cursed Mezentius, in a fatal hour,  
Assumed the crown, with arbitrary power.  
What words can paint those execrable times,  
The subjects' sufferings, and the tyrant's crimes!  
That blood, those murders, O ye gods! replace  
On his own head, and on his impious race!  
The living and the dead, at his command,  
Were coupled face to face, and hand to hand,  
Till, choked with stench, in loathed embraces tied,  
The lingering wretches pined away and died.  
Thus plunged in ills, and meditating more—  
The people's patience, tried, no longer bore  
The raging monster; but with arms beset  
His house, and vengeance and destruction threat.  
They fire his palace: while the flame ascends,  
They force his guards, and execute his friends.  
He cleaves the crowd, and, favour'd by the night,  
To Turnus' friendly court directs his flight.  
By just revenge the Tuscans set on fire,  
With arms, their king to punishment require:  
Their numerous troops, now muster'd on the  
strand,  
My counsel shall submit to your command.  
Their navy swarms upon the coasts: they cry  
To hoist their anchors; but the gods deny.

An ancient augur, skill'd in future fate,  
With these foreboding words restrains their hate—  
“Ye brave in arms, ye Lydian blood, the flower  
Of Tuscan youth, and choice of all their power,  
Whom just revenge against Mezentius arms,  
To seek your tyrant's death by lawful arms!  
Know this: no native of our land may lead  
This powerful people: seek a foreign head.”

‘Awed with these words, in camp they still abide,  
And wait with longing looks their promised guide.  
Tarchon, the Tuscan chief, to me has sent  
Their crown, and every regal ornament:  
The people join their own with his desire;  
And all my conduct, as their king, require.  
But the chill blood that creeps within my veins,  
And age, and listless limbs unfit for pains,  
And a soul conscious of its own decay,  
Have forced me to refuse imperial sway.  
My Pallas were more fit to mount the throne,  
And should, but he's a Sabine mother's son,  
And half a native: but in you combine  
A manly vigour and a foreign line.  
Where Fate and smiling Fortune show the way,  
Pursue the ready path to sovereign sway.  
The staff of my declining days, my son,  
Shall make your good or ill success his own;  
In fighting fields, from you shall learn to dare,  
And serve the hard apprenticeship of war;  
Your matchless courage and your conduct view;  
And early shall begin to' admire and copy you.  
Besides, two hundred horse he shall command—  
Though few, a warlike and well chosen band.  
These in my name are listed; and my son  
As many more has added in his own.’

Scarce had he said; Achates and his guest,  
With downcast eyes, their silent grief express'd;  
Who, short of succours, and in deep despair,  
Shook at the dismal prospect of the war.

But his bright mother, from a breaking cloud,  
To cheer her issue, thunder'd thrice aloud:

Thrice forky lightning flash'd along the sky;  
And Tyrrhene trumpets thrice were heard on high.

Then, gazing up, repeated peals they hear;  
And, in a heaven serene, refulgent arms appear:

Reddening the skies, and glittering all around,  
The temper'd metals clash, and yield a silver sound.

The rest stood trembling: struck with awe divine,  
Æneas only, conscious to the sign,

Presaged the' event, and joyful view'd, above,  
The' accomplish'd promise of the queen of love.

Then, to the' Arcadian king—' This prodigy  
(Dismiss your fear) belongs alone to me.

Heaven calls me to the war: the' expected sign  
Is given of promised aid, and arms divine.

My goddess-mother, whose indulgent care  
Foresaw the dangers of the growing war,

This omen gave, when bright Vulcanian arms,  
Fated from force of steel by Stygian charms,

Suspended, shone on high: she then foreshow'd  
Approaching fights, and fields to float in blood.

Turnus shall dearly pay for faith forsworn:

And corpse, and swords, and shields, on Tyber  
borne,

Shall choke his flood: now sound the loud alarms:  
And, Latian troops, prepare your perjured arms.'

He said, and, rising from his homely throne,  
The solemn rites of Hercules begun,

And on his altars waked the sleeping fires;

Then cheerful to his household gods retires;

There offers chosen sheep. The' Arcadian king  
And Trojan youth the same oblations bring.  
Next, of his men and ships he makes review;  
Draws out the best and ablest of the crew.  
Down with the falling stream the refuse run,  
To raise with joyful news his drooping son.  
Steeds are prepared to mount the Trojan band,  
Who wait their leader to the Tyrrhene land.  
A sprightly courser, fairer than the rest,  
The king himself presents his royal guest.  
A lion's hide his back and limbs infold,  
Precious with studded work, and paws of gold.  
Fame through the little city spreads aloud  
The' intended march: amid the fearful crowd,  
The matrons beat their breasts, dissolve in tears,  
And double their devotion in their fears.  
The war at hand appears with more affright,  
And rises every moment to the sight.  
Then old Evander, with a close embrace,  
Strain'd his departing friend; and tears o'erflow  
his face.

' Would Heaven (said he) my strength and youth  
recall,

Such as I was beneath Præneste's wall—  
Then when I made the foremost foes retire,  
And set whole heaps of conquer'd shields on fire;  
When Herilus in single fight I slew,  
Whom with three lives Feronia did endue;  
And thrice I sent him to the Stygian shore,  
Till the last ebbing soul return'd no more—  
Such, if I stood renew'd, not these alarms,  
Nor death, should rend me from my Pallas' arms:  
Nor proud Mezentius thus, unpunish'd, boast  
His rapes and murders on the Tuscan coast.

Ye gods! and mighty Jove! in pity bring  
Relief, and hear a father and a king!  
If Fate and you reserve these eyes, to see  
My son return with peace and victory;  
If the loved boy shall bless his father's sight;  
If we shall meet again with more delight;  
Then draw my life in length; let me sustain,  
In hopes of his embrace, the worst of pain.  
But, if your hard decrees—which, O! I dread—  
Have doom'd to death his undeserving head;  
This, O! this very moment let me die,  
While hopes and fears in equal balance lie;  
While, yet possess'd of all his youthful charms,  
I strain him close within these aged arms—  
Before that fatal news my soul shall wound!  
He said, and swooning sunk upon the ground.  
His servants bore him off, and softly laid  
His languish'd limbs upon his homely bed.

The horsemen march; the gates are open'd wide;  
Æneas at their head, Achates by his side.  
Next these the Trojan leaders rode along:  
Last, follows in the rear the' Arcadian throng.  
Young Pallas shone conspicuous o'er the rest;  
Gilded his arms, embroider'd was his vest.  
So, from the seas exerts his radiant head  
The star, by whom the lights of heaven are led;  
Shakes from his rosy locks the pearly dew,  
Dispels the darkness, and the day renews.  
The trembling wives the walls and turrets crowd,  
And follow, with their eyes, the dusty cloud,  
Which winds disperse by fits, and show from far  
The blaze of arms, and shields, and shining war.  
The troops, drawn up in beautiful array,  
O'er heathy plains pursue the ready way.





*Behind the axis performed in every part  
My progress made and Time's labor's art.  
Aeneas 10. 1*

*Painted by H. Thompson R.A.*

*Engraved by A. Good R.A.*

*London, Published by W. Smith, Stationers 17 May 1840*





Behold, she said, perform in every part  
My promise made and Vulcan's labor'd art.  
*Aeneid Bk. 8.*

*Painted by H. Thompson R.A.*

*Engraved by A. Smith. A.R.A.*

*London, Published by W. Suttaby, Stationers C. May, 1780.*



**Repeated peals of shouts are heard around :  
The neighing coursers answer to the sound,  
And shake with horny hoofs the solid ground.**

A greenwood shade, long for religion known,  
Stands by the streams that wash the Tuscan town,  
Encompass'd round with gloomy hills above,  
Which add a holy horror to the grove.

The first inhabitants, of Grecian blood,  
That sacred forest to Sylvanus vow'd,  
The guardian of their flocks and fields—and pay  
Their due devotions on his annual day.

Not far from hence, along the river's side,  
In tents secure, the Tuscan troops abide,  
By Tarchon led. Now, from a rising ground,  
Æneas cast his wondering eyes around,  
And all the Tyrrhene army had in sight,  
Stretch'd on the spacious plain from left to right.  
Thither his warlike train the Trojan led,  
Refresh'd his men, and wearied horses fed.

Meantime the mother-goddess, crown'd with  
charms, [arms.

Breaks through the clouds, and brings the fated  
Within a winding vale she finds her son,  
On the cool river's banks, retired alone.

She shows her heavenly form without disguise,  
And gives herself to his desiring eyes :

‘ Behold (she said) perform’d, in every part,  
My promise made, and Vulcan’s labour’d art.

Now seek, secure, the Latian enemy,  
And haughty Turnus to the field defy.'

She said : and, having first her son embraced,  
The radiant arms beneath an oak she placed.  
Proud of the gift, he roll'd his greedy sight  
Around the work, and gazed with vast delight

He lifts, he turns, he poises, and admires  
The crested helm, that vomits radiant fires :  
His hands the fatal sword and corselet hold,  
One keen with temper'd steel, one stiff with gold ;  
Both ample, flaming both, and beamy bright.  
So shines a cloud, when edged with adverse light.  
He shakes the pointed spear, and longs to try  
The plated cuishes on his manly thigh ;  
But most admires the shield's mysterious mould,  
And Roman triumphs rising on the gold :  
For there, emboss'd, the heavenly smith had  
wrought

(Not in the rolls of future fate untaught)  
The wars in order, and the race divine  
Of warriors issuing from the Julian line.  
The cave of Mars was dress'd with mossy greens :  
There, by the wolf, were laid the martial twins.  
Intrepid on her swelling dugs they hung :  
The fosterdam loll'd out her fawning tongue :  
They suck'd secure, while, bending back her head,  
She lick'd their tender limbs, and form'd them  
as they fed. [games

Not far from thence new Rome appears, with  
Projected for the rape of Sabine dames.  
The pit resounds with shrieks : a war succeeds,  
Forbreach of public faith, and unexampled deeds.  
Here for revenge the Sabine troops contend :  
The Romans there with arms the prey defend.  
Wearied with tedious war, at length they cease ;  
And both the kings and kingdoms plight the peace.  
The friendly chiefs before Jove's altar stand,  
Both arm'd, with each a charger in his hand ;  
A fatted sow for sacrifice is led,  
With imprecations on the perjured head.

Near this, the traitor Metius, stretch'd between  
Four fiery steeds, is dragg'd along the green,  
By Tullus' doom : the brambles drink his blood ;  
And his torn limbs are left, the vultures food.  
There Porsenna to Rome proud Tarquin brings,  
And would by force restore the banish'd kings.  
One tyrant for his fellow tyrant fights :  
The Roman youth assert their native rights.  
Before the town the Tuscan army lies,  
To win by famine, or by fraud surprise.  
Their king, half threatening, half disdaining, stood,  
While Cocles broke the bridge, and stemm'd  
the flood.

The captive maids there tempt the raging tide,  
Scaped from their chains, with Clœlia for their  
guide.

High on a rock heroic Manlius stood,  
To guard the temple, and the temple's god.  
Then Rome was poor ; and there you might behold  
The palace, thatch'd with straw, now roof'd with  
The silver goose before the shining gate [gold.  
There flew, and, by her cackle saved the state.  
She told the Gauls' approach : the' approaching  
Gauls,

Obscure in night, ascend and seize the walls.  
The gold dissembled well their yellow hair ;  
And golden chains on their white necks they wear.  
Gold are their vests : long Alpine spears they wield ;  
And their left arm sustains a length of shield.  
Hard by, the leaping Salian priests advance :  
And naked through the streets the mad Luperci  
dance

In caps of wool : the targets dropp'd from heaven.  
Here modest matrons, in soft litters driven,

To pay their vows in solemn pomp appear :  
And odorous gums in their chaste hands they bear.  
Far hence removed, the Stygian seats are seen :  
Pains of the damn'd ; and punish'd Catiline,  
Hung on a rock—the traitor ; and around  
The Furies hissing from the nether ground.  
Apart from these the happy souls he draws,  
And Cato's holy ghost dispensing laws.  
Betwixt the quarters flows a golden sea :  
But foaming surges there in silver play.  
The dancing dolphins with their tails divide  
The glittering waves, and cut the precious tide.  
Amid the main two mighty fleets engage—  
Their brazen beaks opposed with equal rage.  
Actium surveys the well disputed prize :  
Leucate's watery plain with foamy billows fries.  
Young Cæsar, on the stern, in armour bright,  
Here leads the Romans and their gods to fight :  
His beamy temples shoot their flames afar ;  
And o'er his head is hung the Julian star.  
Agrippa seconds him with prosperous gales ;  
And, with propitious gods, his foes assails.  
A naval crown, that binds his manly brows,  
The happy fortune of the fight foreshows.

Ranged on the line opposed, Antonius brings  
Barbarian aids, and troops of eastern kings.  
The' Arabians near, and Bactrians from afar,  
Of tongues discordant, and a mingled war :  
And, rich in gaudy robes, amidst the strife,  
His ill fate follows him—the' Egyptian wife.  
Moving they fight : with oars and forky prows,  
The froth is gather'd, and the water glows.  
It seems as if the Cyclades again  
Were rooted up, and justled in the main ;



Or floating mountains floating mountains meet;  
Such is the fierce encounter of the fleet.  
Fireballs are thrown, and pointed javelins fly:  
The fields of Neptune take a purple dye.  
The queen herself, amidst the loud alarms,  
With cymbals toss'd, her fainting soldiers warms—  
Fool as she was! who had not yet divined  
Her cruel fate; nor saw the snakes behind.  
Her country gods, the monsters of the sky,  
Great Neptune, Pallas, and love's queen, defy.  
The dog Anubis barks, but barks in vain,  
Nor longer dares oppose the' etherial train.  
Mars in the middle of the shining shield  
Is grav'd, and strides along the liquid field.  
The Diræ souse from heaven with swift descent:  
And Discord, dyed in blood, with garments rent,  
Divides the prease: her steps Bellona treads,  
And shakes her iron rod above their heads.  
This seen, Apollo, from his Actian height,  
Pours down his arrows; at whose winged flight  
The trembling Indians and Egyptians yield,  
And soft Sabæans quit the watery field.  
The fatal mistress hoists her silken sails,  
And, shrinking from the fight, invokes the gales.  
Aghast she looks, and heaves her breast for  
breath,  
Panting, and pale with fear of future death.  
The god had figured her, as driven along  
By winds and waves, and scudding through the  
Just opposite, sad Nilus opens wide [throng.  
His arms and ample bosom to the tide,  
And spreads his mantle o'er the winding coast,  
In which he wraps his queen, and hides the  
flying host.

The victor to the gods his thanks express'd,  
And Rome triumphant with his presence bless'd.  
Three hundred temples in the town he placed;  
With spoils and altars every temple graced.  
Three shining nights, and three succeeding days,  
The fields resound with shouts, the streets with  
praise,

The domes with songs, the theatres with plays.  
All altars flame: before each altar lies,  
Drench'd in his gore, the destined sacrifice.  
Great Cæsar sits sublime upon his throne,  
Before Apollo's porch of Parian stone;  
Accepts the presents vow'd for victory,  
And hangs the monumental crowns on high.  
Vast crowds of vanquish'd nations march along,  
Various in arms, in habit, and in tongue.  
Here, Mulciber assigns the proper place  
For Carians, and the' ungirt Numidian race;  
Then ranks the Thracians in the second row,  
With Scythians, expert in dart and bow.  
And here the tamed Euphrates humbly glides;  
And here the Rhine submits her swelling tides,  
And proud Araxes, whom no bridge could bind.  
The Dahes' unconquer'd offspring march behind;  
And Morini, the last of humankind.

These figures, on the shield divinely wrought,  
By Vulcan labour'd, and by Venus brought,  
With joy and wonder fill the hero's thought.  
Unknown the names, he yet admires the grace,  
And bears aloft the fame and fortune of his race.

## BOOK IX.

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The Argument.

Turnus takes advantage of Æneas's absence, fires some of his ships (which are transformed into sea-nymphs), and assaults his camp. The Trojans, reduced to the last extremities, send Nisus and Euryalus to recall Æneas; which furnishes the poet with that admirable episode of their friendship, generosity, and the conclusion of their adventures.

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WHILE these affairs in distant places pass'd,  
The various Iris Juno sends with haste,  
To find bold Turnus, who, with anxious thought,  
The secret shade of his great grandsire sought.  
Retired alone she found the daring man,  
And oped her rosy lips, and thus began—  
'What none of all the gods could grant thy vows—  
That, Turnus, this auspicious day bestows!  
Æneas, gone to seek the' Arcadian prince,  
Has left the Trojan camp without defence:  
And, short of succours there, employs his pains  
In parts remote to raise the Tuscan swains.  
Now snatch an hour that favours thy designs;  
Unite thy forces, and attack their lines.'  
This said, on equal wings she poised her weight,  
And form'd a radiant rainbow in her flight.

The Daunian hero lifts his hands and eyes,  
And thus invokes the goddess as she flies—

‘ Iris, the grace of heaven, what power divine  
Has sent thee down, through dusky clouds to shine?  
See they divide: immortal day appears,  
And glittering planets dancing in their spheres!  
With joy, these happy omens I obey,  
And follow to the war the god that leads the way.’  
Thus having said, as by the brook he stood,  
He scoop’d the water from the crystal flood;  
Then with his hands the drops to heaven he throws,  
And loads the powers above with offer’d vows.

Now march the bold confederates through the  
plain,

Well horsed, well clad—a rich and shining train.  
Messapus leads the van; and, in the rear,  
The sons of Tyrrheus in bright arms appear.  
In the main battle, with his flaming crest,  
The mighty Turnus towers above the rest.  
Silent they move, majestically slow:  
Like ebbing Nile, or Ganges in his flow.  
The Trojans view the dusty cloud from far,  
And the dark menace of the distant war.  
Caïcus from the rampire saw it rise,  
Blackening the fields, and thickening through  
the skies.

Then to his fellows thus aloud he calls—

‘ What rolling clouds, my friends, approach the  
walls! [spears,  
Arm! arm! and man the works! prepare your  
And pointed darts! the Latian host appears.’

Thus warn’d, they shut their gates; with  
shouts ascend

The bulwarks, and, secure, their foes attend:  
For their wise general, with foreseeing care,  
Had charged them not to tempt the doubtful war:

Nor, though provoked, in open fields advance,  
But close within their lines attend their chance.  
Unwilling, yet they keep the strict command,  
And sourly wait in arms the hostile band.  
The fiery Turnus flew before the rest:  
A piebald steed of Thracian strain he press'd;  
His helm of massy gold; and crimson was his  
crest.

With twenty horse to second his designs,  
An unexpected foe, he faced the lines.  
'Is there (he said), in arms who bravely dare  
His leader's honour and his danger share?'  
Then spurring on, his brandish'd dart he threw,  
In sign of war;—applauding shouts ensue.

Amazed to find a dastard race that run  
Behind the rampires, and the battle shun,  
He rides around the camp, with rolling eyes,  
And stops at every post, and every passage tries.  
So roams the nightly wolf about the fold;  
Wet with descending showers, and stiff with cold;  
He howls for hunger, and he grins for pain  
(His gnashing teeth are exercised in vain);  
And, impotent of anger, finds no way  
In his distended paws to grasp the prey.  
The mothers listen; but the bleating lambs  
Securely swig the dug, beneath the dams.  
Thus ranges eager Turnus o'er the plain,  
Sharp with desire, and furious with disdain;  
Surveys each passage with a piercing sight,  
To force his foes in equal field to fight.  
Thus while he gazes round, at length he spies,  
Where, fenced with strong redoubts, their navy lies  
Close underneath the walls: the washing tide  
Secures from all approach this weaker side.

He takes the wish'd occasion, fills his hand  
With ready fires, and shakes a flaming brand.  
Urged by his presence, every soul is warm'd,  
And every hand with kindled fire is arm'd.  
From the fired pines the scattering sparkles fly:  
Fat vapours, mix'd with flames, involve the sky.  
What power, O Muses, could avert the flame,  
Which threaten'd, in the fleet, the Trojan name?  
Tell: for the fact, through length of time obscure,  
Is hard to faith; yet shall the fame endure.

'Tis said, that, when the chief prepared his flight,  
And fell'd his timber from mount Ida's height,  
The grandam-goddess then approach'd her son,  
And with a mother's majesty begun—  
' Grant me (she said) the sole request I bring,  
Since conquer'd heaven has own'd you for its king,  
On Ida's brows, for ages past there stood,  
With firs and maples fill'd, a shady wood:  
And on the summit rose a sacred grove,  
Where I was worship'd with religious love.  
These woods, that holy grove, my long delight,  
I gave the Trojan prince, to speed his flight.  
Now fill'd with fear, on their behalf I come;  
Let neither winds o'erset, nor waves intomb  
The floating forests of the sacred pine:  
But let it be their safety to be mine.'  
Then thus replied her awful son, who rolls  
The radiant stars, and heaven with earth controls—  
' How dare you, mother, endless date demand,  
For vessels moulded by a mortal hand?  
What then is fate? Shall bold Æneas ride,  
Of safety certain, on the' uncertain tide?  
Yet, what I can, I grant: when, wafted o'er,  
The chief is landed on the Latian shore,

Whatever ships escape the raging storms,  
At my command shall change their fading forms  
To nymphs divine, and plough the watery way,  
Like Doto, and the daughters of the sea.'

To seal his sacred vow, by Styx he swore,  
The lake of liquid pitch, the dreary shore,  
And Phlegethon's innavigable flood,  
And the black regions of his brother-god.  
He said; and shook the skies with his imperial nod.

And now at length the number'd hours were  
Prefix'd by Fate's irrevocable doom, [come,  
When the great mother of the gods was free  
To save her ships, and finish Jove's decree.  
First, from the quarter of the morn, there sprung  
A light that singed the heavens, and shot along;  
Then from a cloud, fringed round with golden fires,  
Were timbrels heard, and Berecynthian choirs;  
And, last, a voice, with more than mortal sounds,  
Both hosts, in arms opposed, with equal horror  
wounds—

' O Trojan race! your needless aid forbear;  
And know my ships are my peculiar care.  
With greater ease the bold Rutulian may,  
With hissing brands, attempt to burn the sea,  
Than singe my sacred pines. But you, my charge,  
Loosed from your crooked anchors, launch at  
large,  
Exalted each a nymph; forsake the sand,  
And swim the seas, at Cybele's command.'  
No sooner had the goddess ceased to speak,  
When, lo! the' obedient ships their halsers break;  
And, strange to tell, like dolphins, in the main  
They plunge their prows, and dive, and spring  
again:

As many beauteous maids the billows sweep,  
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.  
The foes, surprised with wonder, stood aghast:  
Messapus curb'd his fiery courser's haste;  
Old Tyber roar'd, and, raising up his head,  
Call'd back his waters to their oozy bed.  
Turnus alone, undaunted, bore the shock,  
And with these words his trembling troops bespoke—

' These monsters for the Trojan's fate are meant,  
And are by Jove for black presages sent.  
He takes the cowards' last relief away;  
For fly they cannot, and, constrain'd to stay,  
Must yield unfought, a base inglorious prey.  
The liquid half of all the globe is lost:  
Heaven shuts the seas; and we secure the coast.  
There is no more than that small spot of ground,  
Which myriads of our martial men surround.  
Their fates I fear not, or vain oracles:  
'Twas given to Venus, they should cross the seas,  
And land secure upon the Latian plains:  
Their promised hour is pass'd, and mine remains.  
'Tis in the fate of Turnus to destroy,  
With sword and fire, the faithless race of Troy.  
Shall such affronts as these, alone, inflame  
The Grecian brothers, and the Grecian name?  
My cause and theirs is one; a fatal strife,  
And final ruin, for a ravish'd wife.  
Was 't not enough, that, punish'd for the crime,  
They fell—but will they fall a second time?  
One would have thought they paid enough before,  
To curse the costly sex, and durst offend no more.  
Can they securely trust their feeble wall,  
A slight partition, a thin interval,



Betwixt their fate and them; when Troy, though  
built

By hands divine, yet perish'd by their guilt?

Lend me, for once, my friends, your valiant hands,

To force from out their lines these dastard bands.

Less than a thousand ships will end this war:

Nor Vulcan needs his fated arms prepare.

Let all the Tuscans, all the Arcadians join!

Nor these, nor those, shall frustrate my design.

Let them not fear the treasons of the night,

The robb'd Paladium, the pretended flight:

Our onset shall be made in open light.

No wooden engine shall their town betray:

Fires they shall have around, but fires by day.

No Grecian babes before their camp appear,

Whom Hector's arms detain'd to the tenth tardy  
year.

Now, since the sun is rolling to the west,

Give we the silent night to needful rest:

Refresh your bodies, and your arms prepare:

The morn shall end the small remains of war.'

The post of honour to Messapus falls,

To keep the nightly guard; to watch the walls;

To pitch the fires at distances around,

And close the Trojans in their scanty ground.

Twice seven Rutulian captains ready stand;

And twice seven hundred horse these chiefs com-  
mand;

All clad in shining arms the works invest;

Each, with a radiant helm, and waving crest.

Stretch'd at their length, they press the grassy  
ground:

They laugh—they sing—the jolly bowls go  
round—

With lights and cheerful fires renew the day,  
And pass the wakeful night in feasts and play.

The Trojans, from above, their foes beheld,  
And with arm'd legions all the rampires fill'd.  
Seized with affright, their gates they first explore;  
Join works to works with bridges, tower to tower:  
Thus all things needful for defence abound:  
Mnestheus and brave Serestus walk the round,  
Commission'd by their absent prince to share  
The common danger, and divide the care.  
The soldiers draw their lots, and, as they fall,  
By turns relieve each other on the wall.

Nigh where the foes their utmost guards advance,

To watch the gate was warlike Nisus' chance.  
His father Hyrtacus, of noble blood:  
His mother was a huntress of the wood,  
And sent him to the wars. Well could he bear  
His lance in fight, and dart the flying spear,  
But better skill'd unerring shafts to send.  
Beside him stood Euryalus, his friend—  
Euryalus, than whom the Trojan host  
No fairer face, or sweeter air, could boast.  
Scarce had the down to shade his cheeks begun.  
One was their care, and their delight was one.  
One common hazard in the war they shared;  
And now were both by choice upon the guard.

Then Nisus thus—' Or do the gods inspire  
This warmth, or make we gods of our desire?  
A generous ardour boils within my breast,  
Eager of action, enemy to rest:  
This urges me to fight, and fires my mind  
To leave a memorable name behind.

Thou seest the foe secure; how faintly shine  
Their scatter'd fires: the most, in sleep supine  
Along the ground, an easy conquest lie:  
The wakeful few the fuming flaggon ply:  
All hush'd around. Now hear what I revolve—  
A thought unripe—and scarcely yet resolve.  
Our absent prince both camp and council mourn;  
By message both would hasten his return:  
If they confer what I demand, on thee,  
(For fame is recompense enough for me),  
Methinks, beneath yon hill, I have espied  
A way that safely will my passage guide.'  
Euryalus stood listening while he spoke;  
With love of praise, and noble envy struck;  
Then to his ardent friend exposed his mind—  
'All this alone, and leaving me behind!  
Am I unworthy, Nisus, to be join'd?  
Think'st thou I can my share of glory yield,  
Or send thee unassisted to the field?  
Not so my father taught my childhood arms—  
Born in a siege, and bred among alarms.  
Nor is my youth unworthy of my friend,  
Nor of the heaven-born hero I attend.  
The thing call'd life with ease I can disclaim,  
And think it oversold to purchase fame.'

Then Nisus thus—'Alas! thy tender years  
Would minister new matter to my fears.  
So may the gods, who view this friendly strife,  
Restore me to thy loved embrace with life;  
Condemn'd to pay my vows (as sure I trust),  
This thy request is cruel and unjust.  
But if some chance—as many chances are,  
And doubtful hazards, in the deeds of war—

If one should reach my head, there let it fall,  
And spare thy life: I would not perish all.  
Thy bloomy youth deserves a longer date:  
Live thou to mourn thy love's unhappy fate,  
To bear my mangled body from the foe,  
Or buy it back, and funeral rites bestow.  
Or if hard fortune shall those dues deny,  
Thou canst at least an empty tomb supply.  
O! let not me the widow's tears renew;  
Nor let a mother's curse my name pursue—  
Thy pious parent, who, for love of thee,  
Forsook the coasts of friendly Sicily,  
Her age committing to the seas and wind,  
When every weary matron stay'd behind.'  
To this, Euryalus—' You plead in vain,  
And but protract the cause you cannot gain.  
No more delays! but haste!'—With that, he  
wakes

The nodding watch: each to his office takes.  
The guard relieved, the generous couple went  
To find the council at the royal tent.  
All creatures else forgot their daily care,  
And sleep, the common gift of nature, share;  
Except the Trojan peers, who wakeful sat  
In nightly council for the' endanger'd state.  
They vote a message to their absent chief,  
Show their distress, and beg a swift relief.  
Amid the camp a silent seat they chose,  
Remote from clamour, and secure from foes;  
On their left arms their ample shields they bear,  
Their right reclined upon the bending spear.  
Now Nisus and his friend approach the guard,  
And beg admission, eager to be heard—  
The' affair important, not to be deferr'd.

Ascanius bids them be conducted in,  
Ordering the more experienced to begin.  
Then Nisus thus—‘Ye fathers, lend your ears;  
Nor judge our bold attempt beyond our years.  
The foe, securely drench’d in sleep and wine,  
Neglect their watch; the fires but thinly shine;  
And, where the smoke in cloudy vapours flies,  
Covering the plain, and curling to the skies,  
Betwixt two paths, which at the gate divide,  
Close by the sea, a passage we have spied  
Which will our way to great Æneas guide.  
Expect each hour to see him safe again,  
Loaded with spoils of foes in battle slain.  
Snatch we the lucky minute while we may:  
Nor can we be mistaken in the way;  
For, hunting in the vales, we both have seen  
The rising turrets, and the stream between;  
And know the winding course, with every ford.’  
He ceased! and old Alethes took the word—  
‘Our country gods, in whom our trust we place,  
Will yet from ruin save the Trojan race,  
While we behold such dauntless worth appear  
In dawning youth, and souls so void of fear.’  
Then into tears of joy the father broke:  
Each in his longing arms by turns he took;  
Panted and paused; and thus again he spoke—  
‘Ye brave young men, what equal gifts can we,  
In recompense of such desert, decree?  
The greatest, sure, and best you can receive,  
The gods and your own conscious worth will give.  
The rest our grateful general will bestow,  
And young Ascanius, till his manhood, owe.’  
‘And I, whose welfare in my father lies  
(Ascanius adds), by the great deities,

By my dear country, by my household gods,  
By hoary Vesta's rites and dark abodes,  
Adjure you both—(on you my fortune stands:  
That and my faith I plight into your hands)—  
Make me but happy in his safe return,  
Whose wanted presence I can only mourn;  
Your common gift shall two large goblets be  
Of silver, wrought with curious imagery,  
And high emboss'd, which, when old Priam  
reign'd,

My conquering sire at sack'd Arisba gain'd;  
And, more, two tripods cast in antique mould,  
With two great talents of the finest gold:  
Beside a costly bowl, engraved with art,  
Which Dido gave, when first she gave her heart.  
But, if in conquer'd Italy we reign,  
When spoils by lot the victor shall obtain—  
Thou saw'st the courser by proud Turnus press'd,  
That, Nisus! and his arms, and nodding crest,  
And shield, from chance exempt, shall be thy  
share;

Twelve labouring slaves, twelve handmaids young  
and fair,

All clad in rich attire, and train'd with care;  
And, last, a Latian field with fruitful plains,  
And a large portion of the king's domains.  
But thou, whose years are more to mine allied,  
No fate my vow'd affection shall divide  
From thee, heroic youth! Be wholly mine:  
Take full possession: all my soul is thine.  
One faith, one fame, one fate, shall both attend:  
My life's companion, and my bosom friend—  
My peace shall be committed to thy care;  
And, to thy conduct, my concerns in war.'

Then thus the young Euryalus replied—  
‘ Whatever fortune, good or bad, betide,  
The same shall be my age, as now my youth:  
No time shall find me wanting to my truth.  
This only from your goodness let me gain  
(And, this ungranted, all rewards are vain):—  
Of Priam’s royal race my mother came—  
And sure the best that ever bore the name—  
Whom neither Troy nor Sicily could hold  
From me departing, but, o’erspent and old,  
My fate she follow’d. Ignorant of this  
(Whatever) danger, neither parting kiss  
Nor pious blessing taken, her I leave,  
And in this only act of all my life deceive.  
By this right hand, and conscious night, I swear,  
My soul so sad a farewell could not bear.  
Be you her comfort; fill my vacant place—  
(Permit me to presume so great a grace);  
Support her age, forsaken and distress’d.  
That hope alone will fortify my breast  
Against the worst of fortunes, and of fears.’  
He said. The moved assistants melt in tears.  
Then thus Ascanius, wonderstruck to see  
That image of his filial piety—  
‘ So great beginnings, in so green an age,  
Exact the faith which I again engage.  
Thy mother all the dues shall justly claim  
Creüsa had, and only want the name.  
Whate’er event thy bold attempt shall have,  
’Tis merit to have borne a son so brave.  
Now by my head, a sacred oath, I swear  
(My father used it), what, returning here  
Crown’d with success, I for thyself prepare,  
That, if thou fail, shall thy loved mother share.’

He said, and weeping while he spoke the word,  
From his broad belt he drew a shining sword,  
Magnificent with gold. Lycaon made,  
And in an ivory scabbard sheathed the blade.  
This was his gift. Great Mnestheus gave his friend  
A lion's hide, his body to defend:  
And good Alethes furnish'd him, beside,  
With his own trusty helm, of temper tried.

Thus arm'd they went. The noble Trojans  
wait

Their issuing forth, and follow to the gate  
With prayers and vows. Above the rest appears  
Ascanius, manly far beyond his years,  
And messages committed to their care,  
Which all in winds were lost, and flitting air.

The trenches first they pass'd; then took their  
way

Where their proud foes in pitch'd pavilions lay;  
To many fatal, ere themselves were slain.  
They found the careless host dispersed upon the  
plain,

Who, gorged, and drunk with wine, supinely snore.  
Unharness'd chariots stand along the shore:  
Amidst the wheels and reins, the goblet by,  
A medley of debauch and war they lie.  
Observing Nisus show'd his friend the sight;  
' Behold a conquest gain'd without a fight.  
Occasion offers; and I stand prepared:  
There lies our way: be thou upon the guard,  
And look around, while I securely go,  
And hew a passage through the sleeping foe.'  
Softly he spoke; then, striding, took his way,  
With his drawn sword, where haughty Ramnes  
lay;



His head raised high on tapestry beneath,  
And heaving from his breast, he drew his breath—  
A king and prophet, by king Turnus loved :  
But fate by prescience cannot be removed.  
Him and his sleeping slaves he slew ; then spies  
Where Remus, with his rich retinue, lies.  
His armour-bearer first, and next he kills  
His charioteer, intrench'd betwixt the wheels  
And his loved horses ; last invades their lord :  
Full on his neck he drives the fatal sword ;  
The gasping head flies off ; a purple flood  
Flows from the trunk, that welters in the blood,  
Which, by the spurning heels dispersed around,  
The bed besprinkles, and bedews the ground.  
Lamus the bold, and Lamyrus the strong,  
He slew, and then Serranus fair and young.  
From dice and wine the youth retired to rest,  
And puff'd the fummy god from out his breast :  
E'en then he dream'd of drink and lucky play—  
More lucky, had it lasted till the day.

The famish'd lion thus, with hunger bold,  
O'erleaps the fences of the nightly fold,  
And tears the peaceful flocks : with silent awe  
Trembling they lie, and pant beneath his paw.

Nor with less rage Euryalus employs  
The wrathful sword, or fewer foes destroys :  
But on the' ignoble crowd his fury flew :  
He Fadus, Hebesus, and Rhætus slew.  
Oppress'd with heavy sleep the former fall,  
But Rhætus wakeful, and observing all :  
Behind a spacious jar he slink'd for fear :  
The fatal iron found and reach'd him there ;  
For, as he rose, it pierced his naked side,  
And, reeking, thence return'd in crimson dyed.

The wound pours out a stream of wine and blood :  
The purple soul comes floating in the flood.

Now, where Messapus quarter'd, they arrive;  
The fires were fainting there, and just alive :  
The warrior horses, tied in order, fed.

Nisus observed the discipline, and said—

‘ Our eager thirst of blood may both betray ;  
And see the scatter'd streaks of dawning day,  
Foe to nocturnal thefts. No more, my friend :  
Here let our glutt'd execution end.

A lane through slaughter'd bodies we have made.’

The bold Euryalus, though loath, obey'd.

Of arms, and arras, and of plate, they find

A precious load; but these they leave behind.

Yet, fond of gaudy spoils, the boy would stay

To make the rich caparison his prey,

Which on the steed of conquer'd Ramnes lay.

Nor did his eyes less longingly behold

The girdle-belt with nails of burnish'd gold.

This present Cædicus the rich bestow'd

On Remulus, when friendship first they vow'd,

And, absent, join'd in hospitable ties :

He, dying, to his heir bequeath'd the prize ;

Till, by the conquering Ardean troops oppress'd,

He fell; and they the glorious gift possess'd.

These glittering spoils (now made the victor's gain)

He to his body suits, but suits in vain.

Messapus' helm he finds among the rest,

And laces on, and wears the waving crest.

Proud of their conquest, prouder of their prey,

They leave the camp, and take the ready way.

But far they had not pass'd, before they spied  
Three hundred horse, with Volscens for their guide.

The queen a legion to king Turnus sent:  
But the swift horse the slower foot prevent,  
And now, advancing, sought the leader's tent.  
They saw the pair; for, through the doubtful shade,  
His shining helm Euryalus betray'd,  
On which the moon with full reflection play'd.  
' 'Tis not for nought (cried Volscens from the  
crowd)

These men go there;' then raised his voice aloud—  
'Stand! stand! why thus in arms? and whither  
bent?

From whence, to whom, and on what errand sent?"  
Silent they scud away, and haste their flight  
To neighbouring woods, and trust themselves to  
night.

The speedy horse all passages belay,  
And spur their smoking steeds to cross their way;  
And watch each entrance of the winding wood.  
Black was the forest; thick with beech it stood,  
Horrid with fern, and intricate with thorn:  
Few paths of human feet, or tracks of beasts,  
were worn.

The darkness of the shades, his heavy prey,  
And fear, misled the younger from his way.  
But Nisus hit the turns with happier haste,  
And, thoughtless of his friend, the forest pass'd,  
And Alban plains (from Alba's name so call'd)  
Where king Latinus then his oxen stall'd;  
Till, turning at the length he stood his ground,  
And miss'd his friend, and cast his eyes around.  
' Ah wretch! (he cried) where have I left behind  
The' unhappy youth? where shall I hope to find?  
Or what way take?' Again he ventures back,  
And treads the mazes of his former track.

He winds the wood, and listening hears the noise  
Of trampling coursers, and the rider's voice.  
The sound approach'd; and suddenly he view'd  
The foes enclosing, and his friend pursued,  
Forelay'd and taken, while he strove in vain  
The shelter of the friendly shades to gain.  
What should he next attempt? what arms employ,  
What fruitless force, to free the captive boy?  
Or desperate should he rush, and lose his life,  
With odds oppress'd in such unequal strife?  
Resolved at length his pointed spear he shook;  
And, casting on the moon a mournful look,  
' Guardian of groves, and goddess of the night!  
Fair queen (he said) direct my dart aright.  
If e'er my pious father, for my sake,  
Did grateful offerings on thy altars make,  
Or I increased them with my silvan toils,  
And hung thy holy roofs with savage spoils,  
Give me to scatter these.' Then from his ear  
He poised, and aim'd, and launch'd the trembling  
spear.

The deadly weapon, hissing from the grove,  
Impetuous on the back of Sulmo drove;  
Pierced his thin armour, drank his vital blood,  
And in his body left the broken wood.  
He staggers round: his eyeballs roll in death;  
And with short sobs he gasps away his breath.  
All stand amazed;—a second javelin flies  
With equal strength, and quivers through the  
skies.

This through thy temples, Tagus, forced the way,  
And in the brain-pan warmly buried lay.  
Fierce Volscens foams with rage, and, gazing  
round,  
Descried not him who gave the fatal wound,

Nor knew to fix revenge : ' But thou (he cries  
Shalt pay for both,' and at the prisoner flies  
With his drawn sword. Then, struck with deep  
despair,

That cruel sight the lover could not bear;  
But from his covert rush'd in open view,  
And sent his voice before him as he flew :  
' Me! me! (he cried) turn all your swords alone  
On me—the fact confess'd, the fault my own.  
He neither could nor durst, the guiltless youth—  
Ye moon and stars bear witness to the truth!  
His only crime (if friendship can offend)  
Is too much love to his unhappy friend.'

Too late he speaks:—the sword, which fury  
guides,  
Driven with full force, had pierced his tender sides.  
Down fell the beauteous youth: the yawning  
wound

Gush'd out a purple stream, and stain'd the ground.  
His snowy neck reclines upon his breast,  
Like a fair flower by the keen share oppress'd—  
Like a white poppy sinking on the plain,  
Whose heavy head is overcharged with rain.  
Despair, and rage, and vengeance justly vow'd,  
Drove Nisus headlong on the hostile crowd.  
Volscens he seeks; on him alone he bends;  
Borne back and bored by his surrounding friends,  
Onward he press'd, and kept him still in sight,  
Then whirl'd aloft his sword with all his might:  
The' unerring steel descended while he spoke,  
Pierced his wide mouth and through his weazon  
broke.

Dying, he slew; and staggering on the plain,  
With swimming eyes he sought his lover slain;

Then quiet on his bleeding bosom fell,  
Content, in death, to be revenged so well.

O happy friends! for, if my verse can give  
Immortal life, your fame shall ever live,  
Fix'd as the Capitol's foundation lies,  
And spread, where'er the Roman eagle flies!

The conquering party first divide the prey,  
Then their slain leader to the camp convey.  
With wonder, as they went, the troops were fill'd,  
To see such numbers whom so few had kill'd.  
Serranus, Rhamnes, and the rest, they found:  
Vast crowds the dying and the dead surround;  
And the yet reeking blood o'erflows the ground.  
All knew the helmet which Messapus lost,  
But mourn'd a purchase at so dear a cost.  
Now rose the ruddy morn from Tithon's bed,  
And with the dawn of day the skies o'erspread;  
Nor long the sun his daily course withheld,  
But added colours to the world reveal'd;  
When early Turnus, wakening with the light,  
All clad in armour, calls his troops to fight.  
His martial men with fierce harangues he fired,  
And his own ardour in their souls inspired.  
This done—to give new terror to his foes,  
The head of Nisus and his friend he shows,  
Raised high on pointed spears—a ghastly sight!  
Loud peals of shouts ensue, and barbarous delight.

Meantime the Trojans run where danger calls:  
They line their trenches, and they man their walls.  
In front extended to the left they stood:  
Safe was the right, surrounded by the flood.  
But, casting from their towers a frightful view,  
They saw the faces, which too well they knew,

Though then disguised in death, and smear'd all  
o'er

With filth obscene, and dropping putrid gore.  
Soon hasty fame through the sad city bears  
The mournful message to the mother's ears.  
An icy cold benumbs her limbs: she shakes:  
Her cheeks the blood, her hand the web forsakes.  
She runs the rampires round amidst the war,  
Nor fears the flying darts: she rends her hair,  
And fills with loud laments the liquid air.  
'Thus, then, my loved Euryalus appears!  
Thus looks the prop of my declining years!  
Was't on this face my famish'd eyes I fed?  
Ah! how unlike the living is the dead!  
And couldst thou leave me, cruel, thus alone!  
Not one kind kiss from a departing son!  
No look, no last adieu, before he went,  
In an ill boding hour to slaughter sent!  
Cold on the ground, and pressing foreign clay,  
To Latian dogs and fowls he lies a prey!  
Nor was I near to close his dying eyes,  
To wash his wounds, or weep his obsequies,  
To call about his corpse his crying friends,  
Or spread the mantle (made for other ends)  
On his dear body, which I wove with care,  
Nor did my daily pains, or nightly labour spare.  
Whereshall I find his corpse? what earth sustains  
His trunk dismember'd, and his cold remains?  
For this, alas! I left my needful ease,  
Exposed my life to winds, and winter seas!  
If any pity touch Rutulian hearts,  
Here empty all your quivers, all your darts:  
Or, if they fail, thou, Jove, conclude my woe,  
And send me thunderstruck to shades below!

Her shrieks and clamours pierce the Trojans' ears,

Unman their courage, and augment their fears :  
Nor young Ascanius could the sight sustain,  
Nor old Ilioneus his tears restrain ;  
But Actor and Idæus jointly sent,  
To bear the madding mother to her tent.  
And now the trumpets terribly, from far,  
With rattling clangor, rouse the sleepy war.  
The soldiers' shouts succeed the brazen sounds ;  
And heaven, from pole to pole, the noise rebounds.  
The Volscians bear their shields upon their head,  
And, rushing forward, form a moving shed.  
These fill the ditch ; those pull the bulwarks down :  
Some raise the ladders ; others scale the town.  
But, where void spaces on the walls appear,  
Or thin defence, they pour their forces there.  
With poles and missive weapons, from afar,  
The Trojans keep aloof the rising war.  
Taught, by their ten years' siege, defensive fight,  
They roll down ribs of rocks, an unresisted weight,  
To break the penthouse with the ponderous blow,  
Which yet the patient Volscians undergo—  
But could not bear the' unequal combat long ;  
For, where the Trojans find the thickest throng,  
The ruin falls : their shatter'd shields give way,  
And their crush'd heads become an easy prey.  
They shrink for fear, abated of their rage,  
Nor longer dare in a blind fight engage—  
Contented now to gall them from below  
With darts and slings, and with the distant bow.  
Elsewhere Mezentius, terrible to view,  
A blazing pine within the trenches threw.



But brave Messapus, Neptune's warlike son,  
Broke down the palisades, the trenches won.  
And loud for ladders calls to scale the town.

Calliope, begin! Ye sacred Nine,  
Inspire your poet in his high design,  
To sing what slaughter manly Turnus made,  
What souls he sent below the Stygian shade,  
What fame the soldiers with the captain share,  
And the vast circuit of the fatal war:  
For you, in singing martial facts, excel;  
You best remember, and alone can tell.

There stood a tower, amazing to the sight,  
Built up of beams, and of stupendous height:  
Art, and the nature of the place, conspired  
To furnish all the strength that war required.  
To level this, the bold Italians join:  
The wary Trojans obviate their design;  
With weighty stones o'erwhelm their troops below,  
Shoot through the loopholes, and sharp javelins  
throw.

Turnus, the chief, toss'd from his thundering hand,  
Against the wooden walls, a flaming brand:  
It stuck, the fiery plague: the winds were high;  
The planks were season'd, and the timber dry.  
Contagion caught the posts; it spread along,  
Scorch'd, and to distance drove, the scatter'd  
throng.

The Trojans fled; the fire pursued amain,  
Still gathering fast upon the trembling train:  
Till, crowding to the corners of the wall,  
Down the defence and the defenders fall.  
The mighty flaw makes heaven itself resound:  
The dead and dying Trojans strew the ground,  
The tower, that follow'd on the fallen crew,  
Whelm'd o'er their heads, and buried whom it slew:

Some stuck upon the darts themselves had sent;  
All the same equal ruin underwent.

Young Lycus and Helenor only scape;  
Saved—how, they know not—from the steepy  
Helenor, elder of the two; by birth, [leap.  
On one side royal, one a son of earth,  
Whom, to the Lydian king, Licymnia bare,  
And sent her boasted bastard to the war—  
(A privilege which none but freemen share).  
Slight were his arms, a sword and silver shield:  
No marks of honour charged its empty field.  
Light as he fell, so light the youth arose,  
And, rising, found himself amidst his foes;  
Nor flight was left, nor hopes to force his way,  
Embolden'd by despair, he stood at bay;  
And, like a stag, whom all the troop surrounds  
Of eager huntsmen and invading hounds—  
Resolved on death, he dissipates his fears,  
And bounds aloft against the pointed spears:  
So dares the youth, secure of death; and throws  
His dying body on his thickest foes.

But Lycus, swifter of his feet by far,  
Runs, doubles, winds, and turns, amidst the war;  
Springs to the walls, and leaves his foes behind;  
And snatches at the beam he first can find;  
Looks up, and leaps aloft at all the stretch,  
In hopes the helping hand of some kind friend to  
But Turnus follow'd hard his hunted prey [reach.  
(His spear had almost reach'd him in the way,  
Short of his reins, and scarce a span behind):  
' Fool! (said the chief) though fleetier than the  
wind,

Couldst thou presume to scape when I pursue!  
He said, and downward by the feet he drew

The trembling dastard : at the tug he falls :  
Vastruins come along, rent from the smoking walls.  
Thus on some silver swan, or timorous hare,  
Jove's bird comes sousing down from upper air;  
Her crooked talons truss the fearful prey :  
Then out of sight she soars, and wings her way.  
So seizes the grim wolf the tender lamb,  
In vain lamented by the bleating dam.  
Then rushing onward with a barbarous cry,  
The troops of Turnus to the combat fly.  
The ditch with faggots fill'd, the daring foe  
Toss'd firebrands to the steepy turrets throw.

Ilioneus, as bold Lucetius came  
To force the gate, and feed the kindling flame,  
Roll'd down the fragment of a rock so right,  
It crush'd him double underneath the weight.  
Two more young Liger and Asylas slew  
(To bend the bow young Liger better knew;  
Asylas best the pointed javelin threw).  
Brave Cæneus laid Ortygius on the plain;  
The victor Cæneus was by Turnus slain.  
By the same hand, Clonius and Itys fall,  
Sagar, and Idas standing on the wall.  
From Capys' arms his fate Privernus found:  
Hurt by Themilla first—but slight the wound—  
His shield thrown by, to mitigate the smart,  
He clapp'd his hand upon the wounded part;  
The second shaft came swift and unespied,  
And pierced his hand, and nail'd it to his side,  
Transfix'd his breathing lungs, and beating heart :  
The soul came issuing out, and hiss'd against the  
The son of Arcens shone amid the rest, [dart.  
In glittering armour and a purple vest  
(Fair was his face, his eyes inspiring love)—  
Bred by his father in the Martian grove,



Where the fat altars of Palicus flame,  
And sent in arms to purchase early fame.  
Him when he spied from far, the Tuscan king  
Laid by the lance, and took him to the sling,  
Thrice whirl'd the thong around his head, and  
The heated lead half melted as it flew: [threw:  
It pierced his hollow temples and his brain;  
The youth came tumbling down, and spurn'd the  
plain.

Then young Ascanius, who, before this day,  
Was wont in woods to shoot the savage prey,  
First bent in martial strife the twanging bow,  
And exercised against a human foe—  
With this bereft Numanus of his life,  
Who Turnus' younger sister took to wife.  
Proud of his realm, and of his royal bride,  
Vaunting before his troops, and lengthen'd with  
a stride,  
In these insulting terms the Trojans he defied—  
'Twice conquer'd cowards! now your shame is  
shown—

Coop'd up a second time within your town!  
Who dare not issue forth in open field,  
But hold your walls before you for a shield.  
Thus threat you war? thus our alliance force?  
What gods, what madness, hither steer'd your  
course?

You shall not find the sons of Atreus here,  
Nor need the frauds of sly Ulysses fear.  
Strong from the cradle, of a sturdy brood,  
We bear our new-born infants to the flood;  
There bathed amid the stream, our boys we hold,  
With winter harden'd, and inured to cold.  
They wake before the day to range the wood,  
Kill ere they eat, nor taste unconquer'd food.

No sports, but what belong to war, they know—  
To break the stubborn colt, to bend the bow.  
Our youth, of labour patient, earn their bread;  
Hardly they work, with frugal diet fed.  
From ploughs and harrows sent to seek renown,  
They fight in fields, and storm the shaken town.  
No part of life from toils of war is free,  
No change in age, or difference in degree.  
We plough and till in arms: our oxen feel,  
Instead of goads, the spur and pointed steel:  
The' inverted lance makes furrows in the plain;  
E'en time, that changes all, yet changes us in  
vain—

The body, not the mind—nor can control  
The' immortal vigour, or abate the soul.  
Our helms defend the young, disguise the gray;  
We live by plunder, and delight in prey.  
Your vests embroider'd with rich purple shine;  
In sloth you glory, and in dances join. [pride,  
Your vests have sweeping sleeves: with female  
Your turbans underneath your chins are tied.  
Go, Phrygians, to your Dindymus again!  
Go, less than women, in the shapes of men!  
Go! mix'd with eunuchs in the Mother's rites  
(Where with unequal sound the flute invites),  
Sing, dance, and howl, by turns, in Ida's shade:  
Resign the war to men, who know the martial  
trade.'

This foul reproach Ascanius could not hear  
With patience, or a vow'd revenge forbear.  
At the full stretch of both his hands, he drew,  
And almost join'd, the horns of the tough yew.  
But, first, before the throne of Jove he stood,  
And thus with lifted hands invoked the god—

‘ My first attempt, great Jupiter, succeed!  
An annual offering in thy grove shall bleed,  
A snow-white steer, before thy altar led,  
Who, like his mother, bears aloft his head,  
Butts with his threatening brows, and bellowing  
stands,

And dares the fight, and spurns the yellow sands.’

Jove bow’d the heavens, and lent a gracious ear,  
And thunder’d on the left, amidst the clear.  
Sounded at once the bow; and swiftly flies  
The feather’d death, and hisses through the skies.  
The steel through both his temples forced the way:  
Extended on the ground Numanus lay.

‘ Go now, vain boaster! and true valour scorn!  
The Phrygians, twice subdued, yet make this  
third return.’

Ascanius said no more. The Trojans shake  
The heavens with shouting, and new vigour take.  
Apollo then bestrode a golden cloud,  
To view the feats of arms, and fighting crowd;  
And thus the beardless victor he bespoke aloud—  
‘ Advance, illustrious youth! increase in fame,  
And wide from east to west extend thy name—  
Offspring of gods thyself: and Rome shall owe  
To thee a race of demigods below.

This is the way to heaven: the powers divine  
From this beginning date the Julian line.

To thee, to them, and their victorious heirs,  
The conquer’d war is due; and the vast world  
is theirs.

Troy is too narrow for thy name.’ He said,  
And plunging downward shot his radiant head:  
Dispell’d the breathing air, that broke his flight:  
Shorn of his beams, a man to mortal sight,

Old Butes' form he took, Anchises' squire,  
Now left, to rule Ascanius, by his sire :  
His wrinkled visage, and his hoary hairs,  
His mien, his habit, and his arms, he wears,  
And thus salutes the boy, too forward for his  
years—

' Suffice it thee, thy father's worthy son,  
The warlike prize thou hast already won.  
The god of archers gives thy youth a part  
Of his own praise, nor envies equal art.  
Now tempt the war no more.' He said, and flew  
Obscure in air, and vanish'd from their view.  
The Trojans, by his arms, their patron know,  
And hear the twanging of his heavenly bow.  
Then duteous force they use, and Phœbus' name,  
To keep from fight the youth too fond of fame.  
Undaunted, they themselves no danger shun :  
From wall to wall, the shouts and clamours run :  
They bend their bows ; they whirl their slings  
around :

Heaps of spent arrows fall, and strew the ground ;  
And helmets, and shields, and rattling arms resound.  
The combat thickens, like the storm that flies  
From westward, when the showery Kids arise ;  
Or pattering hail comes pouring on the main,  
When Jupiter descends in harden'd rain,  
Or bellowing clouds burst with a stormy sound,  
And with an armed winter strew the ground.

Pandarus and Bitias, thunderbolts of war,  
Whom Hiera to bold Alcanor bare  
On Ida's top—two youths of height and size  
Like firs that on their mother mountain rise—  
Presuming on their force, the gates unbar,  
And of their own accord invite the war.

With fates averse, against their king's command,  
Arm'd on the right and on the left they stand,  
And flank the passage : shining steel they wear,  
And waving crests above their heads appear.  
Thus two tall oaks that Padus' banks adorn,  
Lift up to heaven their leafy heads unshorn,  
And, ever press'd with nature's heavy load,  
Dance to the whistling winds, and at each other  
In flows a tide of Latians, when they see [nod.  
The gate set open, and the passage free :  
Bold Quercens, with rash Tmarus, rushing on,  
Equiculus, who in bright armour shone,  
And Hæmon, first : but soon repulsed they fly,  
Or in the well defended pass they die.  
These with success are fired, and those with rage ;  
And each on equal terms at length engage.  
Drawn from their lines, and issuing on the plain,  
The Trojans hand to hand the fight maintain.

Fierce Turnus in another quarter fought,  
When suddenly the' unhop'd-for news was  
brought,  
The foes had left the fastness of their place,  
Prevail'd in fight, and had his men in chase.  
He quits the' attack, and, to prevent their fate,  
Runs, where the giant brothers guard the gate.  
The first he met, Antiphates the brave  
(But base begotten on a Theban slave—  
Sarpedon's son), he slew : the deadly dart  
Found passage through his breast, and pierced  
his heart.

Fix'd in the wound the' Italian cornel stood,  
Warm'd in his lungs, and in his vital blood.  
Aphidnus next, and Erymanthus dies,  
And Meropes, and the gigantic size  
Of Bitias, threatening with his ardent eyes.



Not by the feeble dart he fell oppress'd  
(A dart were lost within that roomy breast),  
But from a knotted lance, large, heavy, strong,  
Which roar'd like thunder as it whirl'd along :  
Not two bull hides the' impetuous force withhold,  
Nor coat of double mail, with scales of gold.  
Down sunk the monster bulk, and press'd the  
ground, [sound).

(His arms and clattering shield on the vast body  
Not with less ruin than the Baian mole,  
Raised on the seas, the surges to control—  
At once comes tumbling down the rocky wall ;  
Prone to the deep, the stones disjointed fall  
Of the vast pile ; the scatter'd ocean flies ;  
Black sands, discolour'd froth, and mingled  
mud, arise :

The frighted billows roll, and seek the shores :  
Then trembles Prochyta, then Ischia roars :  
Typhœus, thrown beneath by Jove's command,  
Astonish'd at the flaw that shakes the land,  
Soon shifts his weary side, and, scarce awake,  
With wonder feels the weight press lighter on  
his back.

The warrior god the Latian troops inspired,  
New strung their sinews, and their courage fired,  
But chills the Trojan hearts with cold affright :  
Then black despair precipitates their flight.

When Pandarus beheld his brother kill'd,  
The town with fear and wild confusion fill'd,  
He turns the hinges of the heavy gate  
With both his hands, and adds his shoulders to  
the weight ;

Some happier friends within the walls enclosed ;  
The rest shut out, to certain death exposed ;

Fool as he was, and frantic in his care,  
To' admit young Turnus, and include the war!  
He thrust amid the crowd, securely bold,  
Like a fierce tiger pent amid the fold.  
Too late his blazing buckler they descry,  
And sparkling fires that shot from either eye,  
His mighty members, and his ample breast,  
His rattling armour, and his crimson crest.  
Far from that hated face the Trojans fly,  
All but the fool who sought his destiny.  
Mad Pandarus steps forth, with vengeance vow'd  
For Bitias' death, and threatens thus aloud—  
'These are not Ardea's walls, nor this the town  
Amata proffers with Lavinia's crown :  
'Tis hostile earth you tread. Of hope bereft,  
No means of safe return by flight are left.'  
To whom, with countenance calm, and soul sedate,  
Thus Turnus—'Then begin; and try thy fate:  
My message to the ghost of Priam bear;  
Tell him a new Achilles sent thee there.'

A lance of tough ground-ash the Trojan threw,  
Rough in the rind, and knotted as it grew :  
With his full force he whirl'd it first around :  
But the soft yielding air received the wound :  
Imperial Juno turn'd the course before,  
And fix'd the wandering weapon in the door.

'But hope not thou (said Turnus), when I strike,  
To shun thy fate : our force is not alike,  
Nor thy steel temper'd by the Lemnian god.'  
Then rising, on his utmost stretch he stood,  
And aim'd from high : the full descending blow  
Cleaves the broad front and beardless cheeks in  
two.

Down sinks the giant with a thundering sound :  
His ponderous limbs oppress the trembling ground :  
Blood, brains, and foam, gush from the gaping  
wound.

Scalp, face, and shoulders, the keen steel divides ;  
And the shared visage hangs on equal sides.  
The Trojans fly from their approaching fate :  
And, had the victor then secured the gate,  
And to his troops without unclosed the bars,  
One lucky day had ended all his wars.

But boiling youth, and blind desire of blood,  
Push on his fury to pursue the crowd.

Hamstring'd behind, unhappy Gyges died :  
Then Phalaris is added to his side.

The pointed javelins from the dead he drew,  
And their friends' arms against their fellows threw.  
Strong Halys stands in vain ; weak Phegeus flies :  
Saturnia, still at hand, new force and fire supplies.  
Then Halius, Prytanis, Alcander fall—

Engaged against the foes who scaled the wall :  
But, whom they fear'd without, they found within.  
At last, though late, by Lynceus he was seen.  
He calls new succours, and assaults the prince :  
But weak his force, and vain is their defence.

Turn'd to the right, his sword the hero drew,  
And at one blow the bold aggressor slew.  
He joints the neck : and, with a stroke so strong,  
The helm flies off, and bears the head along.

Next him, the huntsman Amycus he kill'd,  
In darts envenom'd, and in poison skill'd.

Then Clytius fell beneath his fatal spear,  
And Creteus, whom the Muses held so dear :  
He fought with courage, and he sung the fight :  
Arms were his business, verses his delight.

The Trojan chiefs behold, with rage and grief,  
Their slaughter'd friends, and hasten their relief.  
Bold Mnestheus rallies first the broken train,  
Whom brave Serestus and his troop sustain.  
To save the living and revenge the dead,  
Against one warrior's arms all Troy were led.  
'O, void of sense and courage! (Mnestheus cried),  
Where can you hope your coward heads to hide?  
Ah! where beyond these rampires can you run?  
One man, and in your camp enclosed, you shun!  
Shall then a single sword such slaughter boast,  
And pass unpunish'd from a numerous host?  
Forsaking honour and renouncing fame,  
Your gods, your country, and your king, you  
shame!

This just reproach their virtue does excite :  
They stand, they join, they thicken to the fight.  
Now Turnus doubts, and yet disdains to yield,  
But with slow paces measures back the field,  
And inches to the walls, where Tyber's tide,  
Washing the camp, defends the weaker side.  
The more he loses, they advance the more,  
And tread in every step he trod before.  
They shout; they bear him back; and whom by  
might

They cannot conquer, they oppress with weight.  
As, compass'd with a wood of spears around,  
The lordly lion still maintains his ground;  
Grins horrible, retires, and turns again;  
Threats his distended paws, and shakes his mane:  
He loses while in vain he presses on,  
Nor will his courage let him dare to run :  
So Turnus fares, and, unresolved of flight,  
Moves tardy back, and just recedes from fight.

Yet twice, enraged, the combat he renews,  
Twice breaks, and twice his broken foes pursues.  
But now they swarm, and, with fresh troops  
supplied,

Come rolling on, and rush from every side:  
Nor Juno, who sustain'd his arms before,  
Dares with new strength suffice the' exhausted  
store;

For Jove, with sour commands, sent Iris down,  
To force the' invader from the frighted town.

With labour spent, no longer can he wield  
The heavy falchion, or sustain the shield,  
O'erwhelm'd with darts, which from afar they  
fling:

The weapons round his hollow temples ring:  
His golden helm gives way, with stony blows  
Batter'd, and flat, and beaten to his brows.  
His crest is rash'd away; his ample shield  
Is falsified, and round with javelins fill'd.

The foe, now faint, the Trojans overwhelm;  
And Mnestheus lays hard load upon his helm.  
Sick sweat succeeds; he drops at every pore;  
With driving dust his cheeks are pasted o'er;  
Shorter and shorter every gasp he takes:  
And vain efforts and hurtless blows he makes.  
Arm'd as he was, at length he leap'd from high,  
Plunged in the flood, and made the waters fly.  
The yellow god the welcome burden bore,  
And wiped the sweat, and wash'd away the gore;  
Then gently wafts him to the farther coast,  
And sends him safe to cheer his anxious host.

## BOOK X.

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The Argument.

Jupiter, calling a council of the gods, forbids them to engage in either party. At Æneas's return there is a bloody battle: Turnus killing Pallas; Æneas, Lausus and Mezentius. Mezentius is described as an atheist; Lausus as a pious and virtuous youth. The different actions and death of these two are the subject of a noble episode.

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THE gates of heaven unfold : Jove summons all  
The gods to council in the common hall.  
Sublimely seated, he surveys from far  
The fields, the camp, the fortune of the war,  
And all the' inferior world. From first to last,  
The sovereign senate in degrees are placed.

Then thus the' almighty sire began—'Ye gods,  
Natives or denizens of bless'd abodes! [mind,  
From whence these murmurs, and this change of  
This backward fate from what was first design'd?  
Why this protracted war, when my commands  
Pronounced a peace, and gave the Latian lands?  
What fear or hope on either part divides [sides?  
Our heavens, and arms our powers on different  
A lawful time of war at length will come  
(Nor need your haste anticipate the doom),  
When Carthage shall contend the world with  
Rome;

Shall force the rigid rocks and Alpine chains,  
And, like a flood, come pouring on the plains.  
Then is your time for faction and debate,  
For partial favour and permitted hate.  
Let now your immature dissension cease;  
Sit quiet, and compose your souls to peace.'

Thus Jupiter in few unfolds the charge:  
But lovely Venus thus replies at large—  
'O power immense! eternal energy!  
(For to what else protection can we fly?)  
Seest thou the proud Rutulians, how they dare  
In fields, unpunish'd, and insult my care?  
How lofty Turnus vaunts amidst his train,  
In shining arms triumphant on the plain?  
E'en in their lines and trenches they contend:  
And scarce their walls the Trojan troops defend:  
The town is fill'd with slaughter, and o'erflows,  
With a red deluge, their increasing moats.  
Æneas, ignorant, and far from thence,  
Has left a camp exposed, without defence.  
This endless outrage shall they still sustain?  
Shall Troy renew'd be forced and fired again?  
A second siege my banish'd issue fears:  
And a new Diomede in arms appears.  
One more audacious mortal will be found:  
And I, thy daughter, wait another wound.  
Yet, if, with fates averse, without thy leave,  
The Latian lands my progeny receive,  
Bear they the pains of violated law,  
And thy protection from their aid withdraw.  
But, if the gods their sure success foretell—  
If those of heaven consent with those of hell,  
To promise Italy; who dare debate  
The power of Jove, or fix another fate?

What should I tell of tempests on the main,  
Of Æolus usurping Neptune's reign?  
Of Iris sent, with Bacchanalian heat  
To' inspire the matrons, and destroy the fleet?  
Now Juno to the Stygian sky descends,  
Solicits hell for aid, and arms the fiends.  
That new example wanted yet above—  
An act that well became the wife of Jove!  
Alecto, raised by her, with rage inflames  
The peaceful bosoms of the Latian dames.  
Imperial sway no more exalts my mind  
(Such hopes I had indeed, while Heaven was kind):  
Now let my happier foes possess my place,  
Whom Jove prefers before the Trojan race:  
And conquer they, whom you with conquest grace.  
Since you can spare, from all your wide command,  
No spot of earth, no hospitable land,  
Which may my wandering fugitives receive  
(Since haughty Juno will not give you leave);  
Then father (if I still may use that name),  
By ruin'd Troy, yet smoking from the flame,  
I beg you, let Ascanius, by my care,  
Be freed from danger, and dismiss'd the war:  
Inglorious let him live, without a crown:  
The father may be cast on coasts unknown,  
Struggling with fate; but let me save the son.  
Mine is Cythera, mine the Cyprian towers:  
In those recesses, and those sacred bowers,  
Obscurely let him rest; his right resign  
To promised empire, and his Julian line.  
Then Carthage may the' Ausonian towers destroy,  
Nor fear the race of a rejected boy.  
What profits it my son to scape the fire,  
Arm'd with his gods, and loaded with his sire;



To pass the perils of the seas and wind ;  
Evade the Greeks, and leave the war behind ;  
To reach the' Italian shores ; if, after all,  
Our second Pergamus is doom'd to fall ?  
Much better had he curb'd his high desires,  
And hover'd o'er his ill extinguish'd fires.  
To Simois' banks the fugitives restore, [before.'  
And give them back to war, and all the woes  
Deep indignation swell'd Saturnia's heart :  
' And must I own (she said) my secret smart—  
What with more decency were in silence kept,  
And, but for this unjust reproach, had slept ?  
Did god or man your favourite son advise,  
With war unhoped the Latians to surprise ?  
By fate, you boast, and by the gods' decree,  
He left his native land for Italy ;  
Confess the truth ; by mad Cassandra, more  
Than Heaven, inspired, he sought a foreign shore.  
Did I persuade to trust his second Troy  
To the raw conduct of a beardless boy,  
With walls unfinish'd, which himself forsakes,  
And through the waves a wandering voyage takes ?  
When have I urged him meanly to demand  
The Tuscan aid, and arm a quiet land ?  
Did I or Iris give this mad advice ?  
Or made the fool himself the fatal choice ?  
You think it hard, the Latians should destroy  
With swords your Trojans, and with fires your  
Hard and unjust indeed, for men to draw [Troy !  
Their native air, nor take a foreign law !  
That Turnus is permitted still to live,  
To whom his birth a god and goddess give !  
But yet 'tis just and lawful for your line  
To drive their fields, and force with fraud to join :

Realms, not your own, among your clans divide,  
And from the bridegroom tear the promised bride;  
Petition, while you public arms prepare;  
Pretend a peace, and yet provoke a war!  
'Twas given to you, your darling son to shroud,  
To draw the dastard from the fighting crowd,  
And, for a man, obtend an empty cloud.  
From flaming fleets you turn'd the fire away,  
And changed the ships to daughters of the sea.  
But 'tis my crime—the queen of heaven offends,  
If she presume to save her suffering friends!  
Your son, not knowing what his foes decree,  
You say, is absent: absent let him be.  
Yours is Cythera, yours the Cyprian towers,  
The soft recesses and the sacred bowers.  
Why do you then these needless arms prepare,  
And thus provoke a people prone to war?  
Did I with fire the Trojan town deface,  
Or hinder from return your exiled race?  
Was I the cause of mischief, or the man  
Whose lawless lust the fatal war began?  
Think on whose faith the 'adulterous youth relied;  
Who promised, who procured, the Spartan bride?  
When all the 'united states of Greece combined  
To purge the world of the perfidious kind,  
Then was your time to fear the Trojan fate:—  
Your quarrels and complaints are now too late.'

Thus Juno. Murmurs rise with mix'd applause,  
Just as they favour or dislike the cause.  
So winds, when yet unfledged in woods they lie,  
In whispers first their tender voices try,  
Then issue on the main with bellowing rage,  
And storms to trembling mariners presage.

Then thus to both replied the' imperial god,  
Who shakes heaven's axles with his awful nod.  
(When he begins, the silent senate stand  
With reverence, listening to the dread command:  
The clouds dispel, the winds their breath restrain;  
And the hush'd waves lie flatted on the main).  
' Celestials! your attentive ears incline!  
Since (said the god) the Trojans must not join  
In wish'd alliance with the Latian line—  
Since endless jarrings and immortal hate  
Tend but to discompose our happy state—  
The war henceforward be resign'd to fate:  
Each to his proper fortune stand or fall:  
Equal and unconcern'd I look on all.  
Rutulians, Trojans, are the same to me;  
And both shall draw the lots their fates decree.  
Let these assault, if Fortune be their friend;  
And, if she favours those, let those defend:—  
The Fates will find their way.' The thunderers said;  
And shook the sacred honours of his head,  
Attesting Styx, the' inviolable flood,  
And the black regions of his brother god.  
Trembled the poles of heaven: and earth confess'd  
the nod.

This end the sessions had: the senate rise,  
And to his palace wait their sovereign through  
the skies.

Meantime, intent upon their siege, the foes  
Within their walls the Trojan host enclose;  
They wound, they kill, they watch at every gate;  
Renew the fires, and urge their happy fate.

The' Æneans wish in vain their wanted chief,  
Hopeless of flight, more hopeless of relief.  
Thin on the towers they stand; and e'en those few,  
A feeble, fainting, and dejected crew.

Yet in the face of danger some there stood :  
The two bold brothers of Sarpedon's blood,  
Asius, and Acmon: both the' Assaraci; [die.  
Young Hæmon, and, though young, resolved to  
With these were Clarus and Thymœtes join'd;  
Tybris and Castor, both of Lycian kind.  
From Acmon's hands a rolling stone there came,  
So large, it half deserved a mountain's name!  
Strong-sinew'd was the youth, and big of bone:  
His brother Mnestheus could not more have done,  
Or the great father of the' intrepid son.  
Some firebrands throw, some flights of arrows send;  
And some with darts, and some with stones, defend.  
Amid the press appears the beauteous boy,  
The care of Venus, and the hope of Troy.  
His lovely face unarm'd, his head was bare;  
In ringlets o'er his shoulders hung his hair.  
His forehead circled with a diadem;  
Distinguish'd from the crowd, he shines a gem,  
Enchased in gold, or polish'd ivory set,  
Amidst the meaner foil of sable jet.

Nor Ismarus was wanting to the war,  
Directing pointed arrows from afar,  
And death with poison arm'd—in Lydia born,  
Where plenteous harvests the fat fields adorn;  
Where proud Pactolus floats the fruitful lands,  
And leaves a rich manure of golden sands.  
There Capys, author of the Capuan name;  
And there was Mnestheus too, increased in fame,  
Since Turnus from the camp he cast with shame.

Thus mortal war was waged on either side.  
Meantime the hero cuts the nightly tide:  
For, anxious, from Evander when he went,  
He sought the Tyrrhene camp, and Tarchon's tent;

Exposed the cause of coming to the chief:  
His name and country told, and ask'd relief;  
Proposed the terms; his own small strength declared!

What vengeance proud Mezentius had prepared;  
What Turnus, bold and violent, design'd;  
Then show'd the slippery state of humankind,  
And fickle fortune; warn'd him to beware,  
And to his welcome counsel added prayer.  
Tarchon, without delay, the treaty signs,  
And to the Trojan troops the Tuscan joins.

They soon sets sail; and now the Fates withstand;  
Their forces trusted with a foreign hand.

Æneas leads; upon his stern appear  
Two lions carved, which rising Ida bear—  
Ida, to wandering Trojans ever dear.  
Under their grateful shade Æneas sat,  
Revolving war's events, and various fate.  
His left young Pallas kept, fix'd to his side,  
And oft of winds inquired, and of the tide:  
Oft of the stars, and of their watery way;  
And what he suffer'd both by land and sea.

Now, sacred sisters, open all your spring!  
The Tuscan leaders, and their army, sing,  
Which follow'd great Æneas to the war:  
Their arms, their numbers, and their names, declare.

A thousand youths brave Massicus obey,  
Borne in the Tiger through the foaming sea;  
From Clusium brought, and Cofa, by his care:  
For arms, light quivers, bows and shafts, they bear.  
Fierce Abas next: his men bright armour wore:  
His stern Apollo's golden statue bore:  
Six hundred Populonia sent along,  
All skill'd in martial exercise, and strong.

Three hundred more for battle Ilva joins,  
An isle renown'd for steel, and unexhausted mines.  
Asylas on his prow the third appears,  
Who heaven interprets, and the wandering stars;  
From offer'd entrails, prodigies expounds,  
And peals of thunder, with presaging sounds.  
A thousand spears in warlike order stand,  
Sent by the Pisans under his command.  
Fair Astur follows in the watery field,  
Proud of his managed horse, and painted shield.  
Gravisca, noisome from the neighbouring fen,  
And his own Cære, sent three hundred men,  
With those which Minio's fields, and Pyrgi gave;  
All bred in arms, unanimous and brave.

Thou, Muse, the name of Cinyras renew,  
And brave Cupavo follow'd but by few;  
Whose helm confess'd the lineage of the man,  
And bore, with wings display'd, a silver swan.  
Love was the fault of his famed ancestry,  
Whose forms and fortunes in his ensigns fly.  
For Cyncus loved unhappy Phaëton,  
And sung his loss in poplar groves alone,  
Beneath his sister shades, to sooth his grief,  
Heaven heard his song, and hasten'd his relief,  
And changed to snowy plumes his hoary hair,  
And wing'd his flight, to chant aloft in air.  
His son Cupavo brush'd the briny flood:  
Upon his stern a brawny Centaur stood,  
Who heaved a rock, and, threatening still to throw,  
With lifted hands alarm'd the seas below:  
They seem'd to fear the formidable sight,  
And roll'd their billows on, to speed his flight.

Ocnus was next, who led his native train  
Of hardy warriors through the watery plain—

The son of Manto, by the Tuscan stream,  
From whence the Mantuan town derives the  
name—

An ancient city, but of mix'd descent :  
Three several tribes compose the government ;  
Four towns are under each : but all obey  
The Mantuan laws, and own the Tuscan sway.

Hate to Mezentius arm'd five hundred more ;  
Whom Mincius from his sire Benacus bore—  
Mincius with wreaths of reeds his forehead cover'd  
o'er.

These grave Auletes leads : a hundred sweep  
With stretching oars at once the glassy deep :  
Him and his martial train the Triton bears ;  
High on his poop the seagreen god appears :  
Frowning he seems his crooked shell to sound :  
And at the blast the billows dance around.  
A hairy man above the waist he shows ;  
A porpoise-tail beneath his belly grows ;  
And ends a fish : his breast the waves divides ;  
And froth and foam augment the murmuring tides.

Full thirty ships transport the chosen train,  
For Troy's relief, and scour the briny main.

Now was the world forsaken by the sun,  
And Phœbe half her nightly race had run.  
The careful chief, who never closed his eyes,  
Himself the rudder holds, the sails supplies.  
A choir of Nereids meet him on the flood,  
Once his own galleys, hewn from Ida's wood ;  
But now, as many nymphs, the sea they sweep,  
As rode before tall vessels on the deep.  
They know him from afar ; and in a ring  
Enclose the ship that bore the Trojan king.

Cymodoce, whose voice excell'd the rest,  
Above the waves advanced her snowy breast;  
Her right hand stops the stern: her left divides  
The curling ocean, and corrects the tides.  
She spoke for all the choir, and thus began  
With pleasing words to warn the' unknowing  
man—

'Sleeps our loved lord? O goddess-born! awake!  
Spread every sail, pursue your watery track,  
And haste your course. Your navy once were we,  
From Ida's height descending to the sea;  
Till Turnus, as at anchor fix'd we stood,  
Presumed to violate our holy wood.  
Then, loosed from shore, we fled his fires profane  
(Unwillingly we broke our master's chain),  
And since have sought you through the Tuscan  
main.

The mighty Mother changed our forms to these,  
And gave us life immortal in the seas.  
But young Ascanius, in his camp distress'd,  
By your insulting foes is hardly press'd.  
The' Arcadian horsemen, and Etrurian host,  
Advance in order on the Latian coast:  
To cut their way the Daunian chief designs,  
Before their troops can reach the Trojan lines.  
Thou, when the rosy morn restores the light,  
First arm thy soldiers for the' ensuing fight;  
Thyself the fated sword of Vulcan wield,  
And bear aloft the' impenetrable shield.  
To-morrow's sun, unless my skill be vain,  
Shall see huge heaps of foes in battle slain.  
Parting she spoke; and with immortal force  
Push'd on the vessel in her watery course;



For well she knew the way. Impell'd behind,  
The ship flew forward, and outstripp'd the wind.  
The rest make up. Unknowing of the cause,  
The chief admires their speed, and happy omens  
draws.

Then thus he pray'd, and fix'd on heaven his  
'Hear thou, great Mother of the deities, [eyes—  
With turrets crown'd! (on Ida's holy hill,  
Fierce tigers, rein'd and curb'd, obey thy will).  
Firm thy own omens; lead us on to fight;  
And let thy Phrygians conquer in thy right.'

He said no more. And now renewing day  
Had chased the shadows of the night away.  
He charged the soldiers, with preventing care,  
Their flags to follow, and their arms prepare;  
Warn'd of the' ensuing fight, and bade them hope  
the war.

Now, from his lofty poop, he view'd below  
His camp encompass'd, and the' enclosing foe.  
His blazing shield, embraced, he held on high:  
The camp receive the sign, and with loud shouts  
reply.

[throw  
Hope arms their courage: from their towers they  
Their darts with double force, and drive the foe.  
Thus, at the signal given, the cranes arise  
Before the stormy south, and blacken all the skies.

King Turnus wonder'd at the fight renew'd,  
Till, looking back, the Trojan fleet he view'd,  
The seas with swelling canvass cover'd o'er,  
And the swift ships descending on the shore.  
The Latians saw from far, with dazzled eyes,  
The radiant crest that seem'd in flames to rise,  
And dart diffusive fires around the field;  
And the keen glittering of the golden shield.

Thus threatening comets, when by night they rise,  
Shoot sanguine streams, and sadden all the skies :  
So Sirius, flashing forth sinister lights, [frights.  
Pale humankind with plagues and with dry famine  
Yet Turnus, with undaunted mind is bent  
To man the shores, and hinder their descent,  
And thus awakes the courage of his friends—  
' What you so long have wish'd, kind Fortune  
sends—

In ardent arms to meet the' invading foe :  
You find, and find him at advantage now.  
Yours is the day: you need but only dare:  
Your swords will make you masters of the war,  
Your sires, your sons, your houses, and your lands,  
And dearest wives, are all within your hands :  
Be mindful of the race from whence you came,  
And emulate in arms your fathers' fame.  
Now take the time, while staggering yet they stand  
With feet unfirm : and prepossess the strand :  
Fortune befriends the bold.'—No more he said,  
But balanced, whom to leave, and whom to lead :  
Then these elects the landing to prevent,  
And those he leaves, to keep the city pent.

Meantime the Trojan sends his troops ashore :  
Some are by boats exposed, by bridges more.  
With labouring oars they bear along the strand,  
Where the tide languishes, and leap aland.  
Tarchon observes the coast with careful eyes,  
And, where no ford he finds, no water fries,  
Nor billows with unequal murmurs roar,  
But smoothly slide along, and swell the shore,  
That course he steer'd, and thus he gave com-  
mand—

' Here ply your oars, and at all hazard land :

Force on the vessel, that her keel may wound  
This hated soil, and furrow hostile ground.

Let me securely land—I ask no more ;  
Then sink my ships, or shatter on the shore.'

This fiery speech inflames his fearful friends :  
They tug at every oar ; and every stretcher bends :  
They run their ships aground : the vessels knock  
(Thus forced ashore), and tremble with the shock.  
Tarchon's alone was lost, and stranded stood :  
Stuck on a bank, and beaten by the flood,  
She breaks her back ; the loosen'd sides give way,  
And plunge the Tuscan soldiers in the sea.  
Their broken oars and floating planks withstand  
Their passage while they labour to the land ;  
And ebbing tides bear back upon the' uncertain  
sand.

Now Turnus leads his troops without delay,  
Advancing to the margin of the sea.  
The trumpets sound : Æneas first assail'd  
The clowns new-raised and raw ; and soon pre-  
vail'd.

Great Theron fell, an omen of the fight—  
Great Theron, large of limbs, of giant height.  
He first in open fields defied the prince :  
But armour scaled with gold was no defence  
Against the fated sword, which open'd wide  
His plated shield, and pierced his naked side.

Next Lichas fell, who, not like others born,  
Was from his wretched mother ripp'd and torn ;  
Sacred, O Phœbus ! from his birth to thee ;  
For his beginning life from biting steel was free.  
Not far from him was Gyas laid along,  
Of monstrous bulk ; with Cisseus fierce and strong :  
Vain bulk and strength ! for, when the chief assail'd,  
Nor valour nor Herculean arms avail'd,

Nor their famed father, wont in war to go  
With great Alcides, while he toil'd below:  
The noisy Pharos next received his death:  
Æneas writhed his dart, and stopp'd his bawling  
breath.

Then wretched Cydon had received his doom,  
Who courted Clytius in his beardless bloom,  
And sought with lust obscene polluted joys—  
The Trojan sword had cured his love of boys,  
Had not his seven bold brethren stopp'd the course  
Of the fierce champion, with united force.  
Seven darts were thrown at once: and some re-  
bound

From his bright shield, some on his helmet sound:  
The rest had reach'd him; but his mother's care  
Prevented those, and turn'd aside in air.

The prince then call'd Achates, to supply  
The spears, that knew the way to victory—  
' Those fatal weapons, which, inured to blood,  
In Grecian bodies under Ilium stood:  
Not one of those my hand shall toss in vain  
Against our foes, on this contended plain.'  
He said; then seized a mighty spear, and threw;  
Which, wing'd with fate, through Mæon's buck-  
ler flew,

Pierced all the brazen plates, and reach'd his heart:  
He stagger'd with intolerable smart.  
Alcanor saw; and reach'd, but reach'd in vain,  
His helping hand, his brother to sustain.  
A second spear, which kept the former course,  
From the same hand, and sent with equal force,  
His right arm pierced, and holding on, bereft  
His use of both, and pinion'd down his left.  
Then Numitor from his dead brother drew  
The ill omen'd spear, and at the Trojan threw:

Preventing Fate directs the lance awry,  
Which, glancing, only mark'd Achates' thigh.  
In pride of youth the Sabine Clausus came,  
And, from afar, at Dryops took his aim.  
The spear flew hissing through the middle space,  
And pierced his throat, directed at his face :  
It stopp'd at once the passage of his wind,  
And the free soul to fitting air resign'd :  
His forehead was the first that struck the ground ;  
Life-blood and life rush'd mingled through the  
wound.

He slew three brothers of the Borean race,  
And three, whom Ismarus, their native place,  
Had sent to war ; but all the sons of Thrace.  
Halesus, next, the bold Aurunci leads ;  
The son of Neptune to his aid succeeds,  
Conspicuous on his horse. On either hand,  
These fight to keep, and those to win, the land.  
With mutual blood the' Ausonian soil is dyed,  
While on its borders each their claim decide.

As wintry winds, contending in the sky,  
With equal force of lungs their titles try ;  
They rage, they roar ; the doubtful rack of heaven  
Stands without motion, and the tide undriven ;  
Each bent to conquer, neither side to yield,  
They long suspend the fortune of the field—  
Both armies thus perform what courage can ;  
Foot set to foot, and mingled, man to man.

But, in another part, the' Arcadian horse  
With ill success engage the Latian force :  
For, where the impetuous torrent, rushing down,  
Huge craggy stones and rooted trees had thrown,  
They left their coursers, and, unused to fight  
On foot, were scatter'd in a shameful flight.

Pallas, who, with disdain and grief, had view'd  
His foes pursuing and his friends pursued,  
Used threatenings mix'd with prayers, his last  
resource,

With these to move their minds, with those to fire  
their force.

‘Which way, companions! whither would you run?  
By you yourselves, and mighty battles won,  
By my great sire, by his establish'd name,  
And early promise of my future fame;  
By my youth, emulous of equal right  
To share his honours, shun ignoble flight!  
Trust not your feet: your hands must hew your  
way

Through yon black body, and that thick array :  
’Tis through that forward path that we must come :  
There lies our way, and that our passage home.  
Nor powers above, nor destinies below,  
Oppress our arms : with equal strength we go,  
With mortal hands to meet a mortal foe.  
See on what foot we stand! a scanty shore—  
The sea behind, our enemies before :  
No passage left, unless we swim the main ;  
Or, forcing these, the Trojan trenches gain.’  
This said, he strode with eager haste along,  
And bore amidst the thickest of the throng.  
Lagus, the first he met, with fate to foe,  
Had heaved a stone of mighty weight to throw :  
Stooping, the spear descended on his chine,  
Just where the bone distinguish’d either loin :  
It stuck so fast, so deeply bury’d lay,  
That scarce the victor forced the steel away.

Hisbon came on : but, while he moved too slow  
To wish’d revenge, the prince prevents his blow ;

For, warding his at once, at once he press'd,  
And plunged the fatal weapon in his breast.  
Then lewd Anchemolus he laid in dust,  
Who stain'd his stepdame's bed with impious lust.  
And, after him, the Daunian twins were slain,  
Laris and Thymbrus, on the Latian plain;  
So wondrous like in feature, shape, and size,  
As caused an error in their parents' eyes—  
Grateful mistake! but soon the sword decides  
The nice distinction, and their fate divides:  
For Thymbrus' head was lopp'd; and Laris' hand,  
Dismember'd, sought its owner on the strand:  
The trembling fingers yet the falchion strain,  
And threaten still the' extended stroke in vain.

Now, to renew the charge, the' Arcadians  
came:

Sight of such acts, and sense of honest shame,  
And grief, with anger mix'd, their minds inflame,  
Then, with a casual blow was Rhœteus slain,  
Who chanced, as Pallas threw, to cross the plain:  
The flying spear was after Ilus sent;  
But Rhœteus happen'd on a death unmeant:  
From Teuthras and from Tyres while he fled,  
The lance, athwart his body, laid him dead:  
Roll'd from his chariot with a mortal wound,  
And intercepted fate, he spurn'd the ground.

As when, in summer, welcome winds arise,  
The watchful shepherd to the forest flies,  
And fires the midmost plants; contagion spreads,  
And catching flames infect the neighbouring heads;  
Around the forest flies the furious blast,  
And all the leafy nation sinks at last;  
And Vulcan rides in triumph o'er the waste;

The pastor, pleased with his dire victory,  
Beholds the satiate flames in sheets ascend the  
sky—

So Pallas' troops their scatter'd strength unite,  
And, pouring on their foes, their prince delight.

Halesus came, fierce with desire of blood:

But first collected in his arms he stood:

Advancing then, he plied the spear so well,

Ladon, Demodocus, and Pheres, fell.

Around his head he toss'd his glittering brand,

And from Strymonius hew'd his better hand,

Held up to guard his throat; then hurl'd a stone

At Thoas' ample front, and pierced the bone:

It struck beneath the space of either eye;

And blood and mingled brains together fly.

Deep skill'd in future fates, Halesus' sire

Did with the youth to lonely groves retire:

But, when the father's mortal race was run,

Dire destiny laid hold upon the son,

And haul'd him to the war, to find, beneath

The' Evandrian spear, a memorable death.

Pallas the' encounter seeks, but, ere he throws,

To Tuscan Tyber thus address'd his vows—

' O sacred stream! direct my flying dart,

And give to pass the proud Halesus' heart.

His arms and spoils thy holy oak shall bear.'

Pleased with the bribe, the god received his prayer:

For, while his shield protects a friend distress'd,

The dart came driving on, and pierced his breast.

But Lausus, no small portion of the war,

Permits not panic fear to reign too far,

Caused by the death of so renown'd a knight;

But by his own example cheers the fight.



Fierce Abas first he slew—Abas, the stay  
Of Trojan hopes, and hinderance of the day.  
The Phrygian troops escaped the Greeks in vain:  
They, and their mix'd allies, now load the plain.

To the rude shock of war both armies came;  
Their leaders equal, and their strength the same.  
The rear so press'd the front, they could not wield  
Their angry weapons, to dispute the field.  
Here Pallas urges on, and Lausus there:  
Of equal youth and beauty both appear,  
But both by Fate forbid to breathe their native air.  
Their congress in the field great Jove withstands—  
Both doom'd to fall, but fall by greater hands.

Meantime Juturna warns the Daunian chief  
Of Lausus' danger, urging swift relief.  
With his driven chariot he divides the crowd,  
And making to his friends, thus calls aloud—  
' Let none presume his needless aid to join:  
Retire and clear the field: the fight is mine:  
To this right hand is Pallas only due:  
Oh! were his father here, my just revenge to view!'  
From the forbidden space his men retired.  
Pallas their awe, and his stern words, admired;  
Survey'd him o'er and o'er with wondering sight,  
Struck with his haughty mien and towering height:  
Then to the king—' Your empty vaunts forbear:  
Success I hope; and fate I cannot fear.  
Alive, or dead, I shall deserve a name:  
Jove is impartial, and to both the same.'  
He said, and to the void advanced his pace.  
Pale horror sat on each Arcadian face.  
Then Turnus, from his chariot leaping light,  
Address'd himself on foot to single fight.

And, as a lion—when he spies from far  
A bull that seems to meditate the war,  
Bending his neck, and spurning back the sand—  
Runs roaring downward from his hilly stand;  
Imagine eager Turnus not more slow  
To rush from high on his unequal foe.

Young Pallas, when he saw the chief advance  
Within due distance of his flying lance,  
Prepares to charge him first—resolved to try  
If fortune would his want of force supply;  
And thus to Heaven and Hercules address'd—  
' Alcides, once on earth Evander's guest!  
His son adjures thee by those holy rites,  
That hospitable board, those genial nights;  
Assist my great attempt to gain this prize,  
And let proud Turnus view, with dying eyes,  
His ravish'd spoils.' 'Twas heard, the vain re-  
quest;

Alcides mourn'd, and stifled sighs within his breast.  
Then Jove, to sooth his sorrow, thus began—  
' Short bounds of life are set to mortal man:  
'Tis virtue's work alone to stretch the narrow span.  
So many sons of gods, in bloody fight  
Around the walls of Troy, have lost the light:  
My own Sarpedon fell beneath his foe;  
Nor I, his mighty sire, could ward the blow.  
E'en Turnus shortly shall resign his breath,  
And stands already on the verge of death.'  
This said, the god permits the fatal fight,  
But from the Latian fields averts his sight.

Now with full force his spear young Pallas  
threw;  
And, having thrown, his shining falchion drew.

The steel just grazed along the shoulder joint,  
And mark'd it slightly with the glancing point.  
Fierce Turnus first to nearer distance drew,  
And poised his pointed spear, before he threw:  
Then, as the winged weapon whizz'd along,  
' See now (said he) whose arm is better strung.'  
The spear kept on the fatal course, unstay'd  
By plates of iron, which o'er the shield were laid:  
Through folded brass, and tough bull-hides, it  
pass'd,

His corslet pierced, and reach'd his heart at last.  
In vain the youth tugs at the broken wood:  
The soul comes issuing with the vital blood:  
He falls: his arms upon his body sound:  
And with his bloody teeth he bites the ground.

Turnus bestrode the corpse: ' Arcadians, hear  
(Said he), my message to your master bear:  
Such as the sire deserved, the son I send:  
It costs him dear to be the Phrygian's friend.  
The lifeless body, tell him, I bestow  
Unask'd, to rest his wandering ghost below.'  
He said, and trampled down with all the force  
Of his left foot, and spurn'd the wretched corse;  
Then snatch'd the shining belt, with gold inlaid—  
The belt Eurytion's artful hands had made;  
Where fifty fatal brides, express'd to sight,  
All in the compass of one mournful night,  
Deprived their bridegrooms of returning light.

In an ill hour insulting Turnus tore  
Those golden spoils, and in a worse he wore.  
O mortals! blind in fate, who never know  
To bear high fortune, or endure the low!  
The time shall come, when Turnus, but in vain,  
Shall wish untouch'd the trophies of the slain—

Shall wish the fatal belt were far away,  
And curse the dire remembrance of the day.

The sad Arcadians, from the' unhappy field,  
Bear back the breathless body on a shield.  
O grace and grief of war! at once restored,  
With praises, to thy sire, at once deplored.  
One day first sent thee to the fighting field,  
Beheld whole heaps of foes in battle kill'd;  
One day beheld thee dead, and borne upon thy  
shield.

This dismal news, not from uncertain fame,  
But sad spectators, to the hero came:  
His friends upon the brink of ruin stand,  
Unless relieved by his victorious hand.  
He whirls his sword around, without delay,  
And hews through adverse foes an ample way,  
To find fierce Turnus of his conquest proud.  
Evander, Pallas, all that friendship owed  
To large deserts, are present to his eyes—  
His plighted hand, and hospitable ties.

Four sons of Sulmo, four whom Ufens bred,  
He took in fight, and living victims led,  
To please the ghost of Pallas, and expire,  
In sacrifice, before his funeral fire.  
At Magus next he threw: he stoop'd below  
The flying spear, and shunn'd the promised blow;  
Then, creeping, clasp'd the hero's knees, and  
pray'd—

' By young Iulus, by thy father's shade,  
O! spare my life, and send me back to see  
My longing sire, and tender progeny.  
A lofty house I have, and wealth untold,  
In silver ingots, and in bars of gold:

These, and sums besides, which see no day,  
ransom of this one poor life shall pay.

If I survive, will Troy the less prevail?  
A single soul's too light to turn the scale.'  
He said. The hero sternly thus replied—  
'Thy bars and ingots, and the sums beside,  
Leave for thy children's lot. Thy Turnus broke  
All rules of war, by one relentless stroke,  
When Pallas fell: so deems, nor deems, alone,  
My father's shadow, but my living son.'  
Thus having said, of kind remorse bereft,  
He seized his helm, and dragg'd him with his left;  
Then with his right hand, while his neck he  
wreath'd,

Up to the hilts his shining falchion sheath'd.

Apollo's priest, Hæmonides, was near:  
His holy fillets on his front appear;  
Glittering in arms, he shone amidst the crowd,  
Much of his god, more of his purple, proud.  
Him the fierce Trojan follow'd through the field:  
The holy coward fell; and, forced to yield,  
The prince stood o'er the priest, and, at one blow,  
Sent him an offering to the shades below.  
His arms Serestus on his shoulders bears,  
Design'd a trophy to the god of wars.

Vulcanian Cæculus renews the fight,  
And Umbro, born upon the mountain's height,  
The champion cheers his troops to'encounter those,  
And seeks revenge himself on other foes.  
At Anxur's shield he drove; and, at the blow,  
Both shield and arm to ground together go.  
Anxur had boasted much of magic charms,  
And thought he wore impenetrable arms,  
So made by mutter'd spells; and, from the spheres,  
Had life secured, in vain, for length of years.  
Then Tarquitus the field in triumph trod;  
A nymph his mother, and his sire a god.

Exulting in bright arms, he braves the prince;  
With his protended lance he makes defence;  
Bears back his feeble foe; then, pressing on,  
Arrests his better hand, and drags him down;  
Stands o'er the prostrate wretch, and (as he lay,  
Vain tales inventing, and prepared to pray)  
Mows off his head: the trunk a moment stood,  
Then sunk, and roll'd along the sand in blood.

The vengeful victor thus upbraids the slain—  
'Lie there, proud man, unpitied on the plain:  
Lie there, inglorious, and without a tomb,  
Far from thy mother, and thy native home,  
Exposed to savage beasts, and birds of prey,  
Or thrown for food to monsters of the sea.'

On Lycas and Antæus next he ran,  
Two chiefs of Turnus, and who led his van.  
They fled for fear; with these he chased along  
Camers the yellow-lock'd, and Numa strong,  
Both great in arms; and both were fair and young.  
Camers was son to Volscens lately slain,  
In wealth surpassing all the Latian train,  
And in Amyclæ fix'd his silent easy reign.

And, as Ægæon, when with Heaven he strove,  
Stood opposite in arms to mighty Jove;  
Moved all his hundred hands, provoked the war,  
Defied the forked lightning from afar;  
At fifty mouths his flaming breath expires,  
And flash for flash returns, and fires for fires;  
In his right hand as many swords he wields,  
And takes the thunder on as many shields;  
With strength like his, the Trojan hero stood;  
And soon the fields with falling crops were strow'd,  
When once his falchion found the taste of blood.

With fury scarce to be conceived, he flew  
Against Niphæus, whom four coursers drew.

They, when they see the fiery chief advance,  
And pushing at their chests his pointed lance,  
Wheel'd with so swift a motion, mad with fear,  
They threw their master headlong from the chair.  
They stare, they start, nor stop their course before  
They bear the bounding chariot to the shore.

Now Lucagus and Liger scour the plains,  
With two white steeds; but Liger holds the reins,  
And Lucagus the lofty seat maintains—  
Bold brethren both. The former waved in air  
His flaming sword: Æneas couch'd his spear,  
Unused to threats, and more unused to fear.  
Then Liger thus—'Thy confidence is vain  
To scape from hence, as from the Trojan plain:  
Nor these the steeds which Diomede bestrode,  
Nor this the chariot where Achilles rode:  
Nor Venus' veil is here, nor Neptune's shield:  
Thy fatal hour is come; and this the field.'  
Thus Liger vainly vaunts: the Trojan peer  
Return'd his answer with his flying spear.  
As Lucagus, to lash his horses, bends,  
Prone to the wheels, and his left foot protends,  
Prepared for fight—the fatal dart arrives,  
And through the border of his buckler drives,  
Pass'd through, and pierced his groin. The deadly  
wound,

Cast from his chariot, roll'd him on the ground:  
Whom thus the chief upbraids with scornful  
spite—

'Blame not the slowness of your steeds in flight:  
Vain shadows did not force their swift retreat;  
But you yourself forsake your empty seat.'  
He said, and seized at once the loosen'd rein:  
For Liger lay already on the plain

By the same shock : then, stretching out his hands,  
The recreant thus his wretched life demands—  
‘ Now by thyself, O more than mortal man !  
By her and him from whom thy breath began,  
Who form’d thee thus divine, I beg thee, spare  
This forfeit life, and hear thy suppliant’s prayer.’  
Thus much he spoke, and more he would have said ;  
But the stern hero turn’d aside his head,  
And cut him short—‘ I hear another man :  
You talk’d not thus before the fight began.  
Now take your turn ; and, as a brother should,  
Attend your brother to the Stygian flood.’  
Then through his breast his fatal sword he sent ;  
And the soul issued at the gaping vent.  
As storms the skies, and torrents tear the ground,  
Thus raged the prince, and scatter’d deaths around.  
At length Ascanius, and the Trojan train,  
Broke from the camp, so long besieged in vain.  
Meantime the king of gods and mortal man  
Held conference with his queen, and thus began—  
‘ My sister-goddess, and well pleasing wife,  
Still think you Venus’ aid supports the strife—  
Sustains her Trojans—or themselves, alone,  
With inborn valour force their fortune on ?  
How fierce in fight, with courage undecay’d !  
Judge if such warriors want immortal aid.’  
To whom the goddess with the charming eyes,  
Soft in her tone, submissively replies—  
‘ Why, O my sovereign lord, whose frown I fear,  
And cannot, unconcern’d, your anger bear—  
Why urge you thus my grief ? when, if I still  
(As once I was) were mistress of your will,  
From your almighty power your pleasing wife  
Might gain the grace of lengthening Turnus’ life,



Securely snatch him from the fatal fight,  
And give him to his aged father's sight.  
Now let him perish since you hold it good,  
And glut the Trojans with his pious blood.  
Yet from our lineage he derives his name,  
And, in the fourth degree, from god Pilumnus  
Yet he devoutly pays you rites divine, [came!  
And offers daily incense at your shrine.'

Then shortly thus the sovereign god replied—  
' Since in my power and goodness you confide,  
If, for a little space, a lengthen'd span,  
You beg reprieve for this expiring man,  
I grant you leave to take your Turnus' hence  
From instant fate, and can so far dispense.  
But, if some secret meaning lies beneath,  
To save the shortlived youth from destined death,  
Or, if a further thought you entertain  
To change the fates; you feed your hopes in vain.'

To whom the goddess thus, with weeping eyes—  
' And what if that request your tongue denies  
Your heart shall grant—and not a short reprieve,  
But length of certain life, to Turnus give?  
Now speedy death attends the guiltless youth,  
If my presaging soul divines with truth;  
Which, O! I wish might err through causeless  
fears,

And you (for you have power) prolong his years!'

Thus having said, involved in clouds, she flies,  
And drives a storm before her through the skies.  
Swift she descends, alighting on the plain,  
Where the fierce foes a dubious fight maintain.  
Of air condensed, a spectre soon she made;  
And, what Æneas was, such seem'd the shade.

Adorn'd with Dardan arms, the phantom bore  
His head aloft; a plummy crest he wore:  
This hand appear'd a shining sword to wield,  
And that sustain'd an imitated shield.  
With manly mien he stalk'd along the ground,  
Nor wanted voice belied, nor vaunting sound  
(Thus haunting ghosts appear to waking sight,  
Or dreadful visions in our dreams by night).  
The spectre seems the Daunian chief to dare,  
And flourishes his empty sword in air.  
At this, advancing, Turnus hurl'd his spear:  
The phantom wheel'd, and seem'd to fly for fear.  
Deluded Turnus thought the Trojan fled,  
And with vain hopes his haughty fancy fed.  
' Whither, O coward! (thus he calls aloud,  
Nor found he spoke to wind, and chased a cloud);  
Why thus forsake your bride? Receive from me  
The fated land you sought so long by sea.'  
He said, and, brandishing at once his blade,  
With eager pace pursued the flying shade.  
By chance a ship was fasten'd to the shore,  
Which from old Clusium king Osinius bore:  
The plank was ready laid for safe ascent;  
For shelter there the trembling shadow bent,  
And skipp'd and skulk'd, and under hatches went.  
Exulting Turnus, with regardless haste,  
Ascends the plank, and to the galley pass'd.  
Scarce had he reach'd the prow, Saturnia's hand  
The halsers cuts, and shoots the ship from land.  
With wind in poop, the vessel ploughs the sea,  
And measures back with speed her former way.  
Meantime Æneas seeks his absent foe,  
And sends his slaughter'd troops to shades below.

The guileful phantom now forsook the shroud,  
And flew sublime, and vanish'd in a cloud.  
Too late young Turnus the delusion found,  
Far on the sea, still making from the ground.  
Then, thankless for a life redeem'd by shame,  
With sense of honour stung, and forfeit fame,  
Fearful besides of what in fight had pass'd,  
His hands and haggard eyes to heaven he cast.  
' O Jove! (he cried)—for what offence have I  
Deserved to bear this endless infamy;  
Whence am I forced, and whither am I borne?  
How, and with what reproach shall I return?  
Shall ever I behold the Latian plain,  
Or see Laurentum's lofty towers, again?  
What will they say of their deserting chief?  
The war was mine: I fly from their relief!  
I led to slaughter, and in slaughter leave;  
And e'en from hence their dying groans receive.  
Here, overmatch'd in fight, in heaps they lie;  
There, scatter'd o'er the fields, ignobly fly.  
Gape wide, O earth, and draw me down alive!  
Or, oh! ye pitying winds, a wretch relieve!  
On sands or shelves the splitting vessel drive;  
Or set me shipwreck'd on some desert shore,  
Where no Rutulian eyes may see me more—  
Unknown to friends, or foes, or conscious Fame,  
Lest she should follow, and my flight proclaim.'

Thus Turnus raved, and various fates revolved:  
The choice was doubtful, but the death resolved.  
And now the sword, and now the sea, took  
place—

That to revenge, and this to purge disgrace.  
Sometimes he thought to swim the stormy main,  
By stretch of arms the distant shore to gain.

Thrice he the sword essay'd, and thrice the flood :  
But Juno, moved with pity, both withstood,  
And thrice repress'd his rage; strong gales supplied,

And push'd the vessel o'er the swelling tide.  
At length she lands him on his native shores,  
And to his father's longing arms restores.

Meantime, by Jove's impulse, Mezentius arm'd,  
Succeeding Turnus, with his ardour warm'd  
His fainting friends, reproach'd their shameful flight,

Repell'd the victors, and renew'd the fight.  
Against their king the Tuscan troops conspire :  
Such is their hate, and such their fierce desire  
Of wish'd revenge—on him, and him alone,  
All hands employ'd, and all their darts are thrown.  
He, like a solid rock, by seas enclosed,  
To raging winds and roaring waves opposed,  
From his proud summit looking down, disdains  
Their empty menace, and unmoved remains.

Beneath his feet fell haughty Hebrus dead,  
Then Latagus, and Palmus as he fled.  
At Latagus a weighty stone he flung :  
His face was flatted, and his helmet rung.  
But Palmus from behind receives his wound :  
Hamstring'd he falls, and grovels on the ground :  
His crest and armour, from his body torn,  
Thy shoulders, Lausus, and thy head adorn.  
Evas, and Mimas, both of Troy, he slew :  
Mimas his birth from fair Theano drew—  
Born on that fatal night, when, big with fire,  
The queen produced young Paris to his sire.  
But Paris in the Phrygian fields was slain,  
Unthinking Mimas on the Latian plain.

And as a savage boar, on mountains bred,  
With forest mast and fattening marshes fed,  
When once he sees himself in toils enclosed,  
By huntsmen and their eager hounds opposed,  
He whets his tusks, and turns, and dares the war :  
The' invaders dart their javelins from afar ;  
All keep aloof, and safely shout around ;  
But none presumes to give a nearer wound ;  
He frets and froths, erects his bristled hide,  
And shakes a grove of lances from his side ;  
Not otherwise the troops, with hate inspired,  
And just revenge against the tyrant fired,  
Their darts with clamour at a distance drive,  
And only keep the languish'd war alive.

From Corythus came Acron to the fight,  
Who left his spouse betroth'd, and unconsummated  
night.

Mezentius sees him through the squadron ride,  
Proud of the purple favours of his bride.  
Then, as a hungry lion, who beholds  
A gamesome goat who frisks about the folds,  
Or beamy stag that grazes on the plain—  
He runs, he roars, he shakes his rising mane ;  
He grins, and opens wide his greedy jaws :  
The prey lies panting underneath his paws :  
He fills his famish'd maw ; his mouth runs o'er  
With unchew'd morsels, while he churns the gore ;  
So proud Mezentius rushes on his foes,  
And first unhappy Achron overthrows :  
Stretch'd at his length, he spurns the swarthy  
ground ; [the wound.  
The lance, besmear'd with blood, lies broken in  
Then with disdain the haughty victor view'd  
Orodes flying, nor the wretch pursued,

Nor thought the dastard's back deserved a wound,  
But, running, gain'd the' advantage of the ground:  
Then turning short, he met him face to face,  
To give his victory the better grace.  
Orodes falls, in equal fight oppress'd,  
Mezentius fix'd his foot upon his breast  
And rested lance; and thus aloud he cries—  
'Lo! here the champion of my rebels lies!'  
The fields around with 'Iö Pæan!' ring;  
And peals of shouts applaud the conquering king.  
At this the vanquish'd, with his dying breath,  
Thus faintly spoke, and prophesied in death—  
'Nor thou, proud man, unpunish'd shalt remain,  
Like death attends thee on this fatal plain.'  
Then, sourly smiling, thus the king replied—  
'For what belongs to me, let Jove provide:  
But die thou first, whatever chance ensue.'  
He said, and from the wound the weapon drew.  
A hovering mist came swimming o'er his sight,  
And seal'd his eyes in everlasting night.

By Cædicus, Alcahös was slain:  
Sacrator laid Hydaspes on the plain:  
Orses the strong to greater strength must yield:  
He, with Parthenius, were by Rapo kill'd.  
Then brave Messapus Erichates slew,  
Who from Lycaon's blood his lineage drew,  
But from his headstrong horse his fate he found,  
Who threw his master as he made a bound:  
The chief, alighting, stuck him to the ground;  
Then Clonius hand to hand on foot assails:  
The Trojan sinks, and Neptune's son prevails.

Agis the Lycian, stepping forth with pride,  
To single fight the boldest foe defied;  
Whom Tuscan Valerus by force o'ercame,  
And not belied his mighty father's fame.

Salius to death the great Authronius sent:  
But the same fate the victor underwent,  
Slain by Nealcēs' hand, well skill'd to throw  
The flying dart, and draw the far deceiving bow.

Thus equal deaths are dealt with equal chance:  
By turns they quit their ground, by turns advance,  
Victors and vanquish'd in the various field,  
Nor wholly overcome, nor wholly yield.  
The gods from heaven survey the fatal strife,  
And mourn the miseries of human life.

Above the rest, two goddesses appear  
Concern'd for each: here Venus, Juno there.  
Amidst the crowd, infernal Atē shakes  
Her scourge aloft, and crest of hissing snakes.

Once more the proud Mezentius, with disdain,  
Brandish'd his spear, and rush'd into the plain,  
Where towering in the midmost ranks he stood,  
Like tall Orion stalking o'er the flood  
(When with his brawny breast he cuts the waves,  
His shoulders scarce the topmost billow laves).  
Or like a mountain ash, whose roots are spread,  
Deep fix'd in earth—in clouds he hides his head.

The Trojan prince beheld him from afar,  
And dauntless undertook the doubtful war.  
Collected in his strength, and like a rock  
Poised on his base, Mezentius stood the shock.  
He stood, and measuring first with careful eyes  
The space his spear could reach, aloud he cries—  
'My strong right hand, and sword, assist my  
stroke!

(Those only gods Mezentius will invoke):  
His armour, from the Trojan pirate torn,  
By my triumphant Lausus shall be worn.'

He said ; and with his utmost force he threw  
The massy spear, which, hissing as it flew,  
Reach'd the celestial shield ; that stopp'd the  
course ;

But, glancing thence, the yet unbroken force  
Took a new bent obliquely, and, betwixt  
The side and bowels, famed Antores fix'd.  
Antores had from Argos travel'd far,  
Alcides' friend, and brother of the war ;  
Till, tired with toils, fair Italy he chose,  
And in Evander's palace sought repose.  
Now falling by another's wound, his eyes  
He casts to heaven, on Argos thinks, and dies.

The pious Trojan then his javelin sent :  
The shield gave way : through triple plates it went  
Of solid brass, of linen triply roll'd,  
And three bull hides, which round the buckler fold.  
All these it pass'd, resistless in the course,  
Transpierced his thigh, and spent its dying force.  
The gaping wound gush'd out a crimson flood.  
The Trojan, glad with sight of hostile blood,  
His falchion drew, to closer fight address'd,  
And with new force his fainting foe oppress'd.

His father's peril Lausus view'd with grief :  
He sigh'd, he wept, he ran to his relief.  
And here, heroic youth, 'tis here I must  
To thy immortal memory be just,  
And sing an act so noble and so new,  
Posterity will scarce believe 'tis true.  
Pain'd with his wound, and useless for the fight,  
The father sought to save himself by flight ;  
Encumber'd slow he dragg'd the spear along,  
Which pierced his thigh, and in his buckler hung.



The pious youth, resolved on death, below  
The lifted sword, springs forth to face the foe;  
Protects his parent, and prevents the blow.  
Shouts of applause ran ringing through the field,  
To see the son the vanquish'd father shield.  
All, fired with generous indignation, strive,  
And, with a storm of darts, to distance drive  
The Trojan chief, who, held at bay from far,  
On his Vulcanian orb sustain'd the war.

As, when thick hail comes rattling in the wind,  
The ploughman, passenger, and labouring hind,  
For shelter to the neighbouring covert fly,  
Or housed, or safe in hollow caverns, lie;  
But that o'erblown, when heaven above them  
Return to travail, and renew their toils; [smiles,  
Æneas thus, o'erwhelm'd on every side,  
The storm of darts, undaunted, did abide;  
And thus to Lausus loud with friendly threaten-  
ing cried—

‘Why wilt thou rush to certain death, and rage  
In rash attempts, beyond thy tender age,  
Betray'd by pious love?’—Nor, thus forborne,  
The youth desists, but with insulting scorn  
Provokes the lingering prince, whose patience,  
tired,

Gave place; and all his breast with fury fired.  
For now the Fates prepared their sharpen'd shears;  
And lifted high the flaming sword appears,  
Which, full descending with a frightful sway,  
Through shield and corselet forced the impetuous  
And buried deep in his fair bosom lay. [way,  
The purple streams through the thin armour  
strove, [wove;  
And drench'd the embroider'd coat his mother

And life at length forsook his heaving heart,  
Loath from so sweet a mansion to depart.

But when, with blood and paleness all o'er-  
spread,

The pious prince beheld young Lausus dead,  
He grieved; he wept (the sight an image brought  
Of his own filial love—a sadly pleasing thought),  
Then stretch'd his hand to hold him up, and said—  
' Poor hapless youth! what praises can be paid  
To love so great, to such transcendent store  
Of early worth, and sure presage of more!

Accept whate'er Æneas can afford:

Untouch'd thy arms, untaken be thy sword;  
And all that pleased thee living, still remain  
Inviolatè, and sacred to the slain.

Thy body on thy parents I bestow,  
To rest thy soul, at least, if shadows know,  
Or have a sense of human things below.

There to thy fellow ghosts with glory tell,  
" 'Twas by the great Æneas' hand I fell."

With this his distant friends he beckons near:  
Provokes their duty, and prevents their fear:  
Himself assists to lift him from the ground,  
With clotted locks, and blood that well'd from  
out the wound.

Meantime, his father, now no father, stood,  
And wash'd his wounds by Tyber's yellow flood:  
Oppress'd with anguish, panting, and o'erspent,  
His fainting limbs against an oak he leant.  
A bough his brazen helmet did sustain;  
His heavier arms lay scatter'd on the plain;  
A chosen train of youth around him stand;  
His drooping head was rested on his hand:

His grisly beard his pensive bosom sought;  
And all on Lausus ran his restless thought.  
Careful, concern'd his danger to prevent,  
He much inquired, and many a message sent  
To warn him from the field—alas! in vain!  
Behold his mournful followers bear him slain:  
O'er his broad shield still gush'd the yawning  
wound,

And drew a bloody trail along the ground.  
Far off he heard their cries, far off divin'd  
The dire event with a foreboding mind.  
With dust he sprinkled first his hoary head;  
Then both his lifted hands to heaven he spread;  
Last, the dear corpse embracing, thus he said—  
'What joys, alas! could this frail being give,  
That I have been so covetous to live?  
To see my son, and such a son, resign  
His life a ransom for preserving mine?

• And am I then preserved, and art thou lost?  
How much too dear has that redemption cost!  
'Tis now my bitter banishment I feel:  
This is a wound too deep for time to heal.  
My guilt thy growing virtues did defame;  
My blackness blotted thy unblemish'd name.  
Chased from a throne, abandon'd, and exiled  
For foul misdeeds, were punishments too mild.  
I owed my people these, and, from their hate,  
With less resentment could have borne my fate.  
And yet I live, and yet sustain the sight  
Of hated men, and of more hated light—  
But will not long.' With that he raised from ground  
His fainting limbs that stagger'd with his wound;  
Yet, with a mind resolved and unappal'd  
With pains or perils, for his courser call'd—

Well mouth'd, well managed, whom himself did  
dress

With daily care, and mounted with success—  
His aid in arms, his ornament in peace.

Soothing his courage with a gentle stroke,  
The steed seem'd sensible, while thus he spoke—

' O Rhæbus! we have lived too long for me—  
If life and long were terms that could agree.

This day thou either shalt bring back the head  
And bloody trophies of the Trojan dead—

This day thou either shalt revenge my woe,  
For murder'd Lausus on his cruel foe;

Or, if inexorable Fate deny

Our conquest, with thy conquer'd master die :

For, after such a lord, I rest secure,

Thou wilt no foreign reins, or Trojan load endure.'

He said : and straight the' officious courser kneels,  
To take his wonted weight. His hands he fills

With pointed javelins : on his head he laced

His glittering helm, which terribly was graced

With waving horsehair, nodding from afar :

Then spurr'd his thundering steed amidst the war.

Love, anguish, wrath, and grief, to madness  
wrought,

Despair, and secret shame, and conscious thought

Of inborn worth, his labouring soul oppress'd,

Roll'd in his eyes, and raged within his breast.

Then loud he call'd Æneas thrice by name :

The loud repeated voice to glad Æneas came.

' Great Jove (he said), and the far shooting god,

Inspire thy mind to make thy challenge good !'

He spoke no more, but hasten'd, void of fear,

And threaten'd with his long-protended spear.

To whom Mezentius thus—' Thy vaunts are  
My Lausus lies extended on the plain : [vain.

He's lost! thy conquest is already won :  
The wretched sire is murder'd in the son.  
Nor fate I fear, but all the gods defy.  
Forbear thy threats : my business is to die ;  
But first receive this parting legacy.'  
He said ; and straight a whirling dart he sent :  
Another after, and another, went.  
Round in a spacious ring he rides the field,  
And vainly plies the' impenetrable shield.  
Thrice rode he round ; and thrice Æneas wheel'd,  
Turn'd as he turn'd : the golden orb withstood  
The strokes, and bore about an iron wood.  
Impatient of delay, and weary grown,  
Still to defend, and to defend alone,  
To wrench the darts which in his buckler light,  
Urged, and o'erlabour'd in unequal fight—  
At length resolved, he throws, with all his force,  
Full at the temples of the warrior horse.  
Just where the stroke was aim'd, the' unerring  
spear

Made way, and stood transfix'd through either ear.  
Seized with unwonted pain, surprised with fright,  
The wounded steed curvets ; and, raised upright,  
Lights on his feet before : his hoofs behind  
Spring up in air aloft, and lash the wind.  
Down comes the rider headlong from his height :  
His horse came after with unwieldy weight,  
And floundering forward, pitching on his head,  
His lord's encumber'd shoulder overlaid.

From either host, the mingled shouts and cries  
Of Trojans and Rutulians rend the skies :  
Æneas, hastening, waved his fatal sword  
High o'er his head, with this reproachful word—  
'Now ! where are now thy taunts, the fierce disdain  
Of proud Mezentius, and the lofty strain ?'

Struggling, and wildly staring on the skies  
With scarce recover'd sight, he thus replies—  
' Why these insulting words, this waste of breath,  
To souls undaunted, and secure of death?  
'Tis no dishonour for the brave to die:  
Nor came I here with hope of victory;  
Nor ask I life, nor fought with that design.  
As I had used my fortune, use thou thine.  
My dying son contracted no such band;  
The gift is hateful from his murderer's hand.  
For this, this only favour let me sue:  
If pity can to conquer'd foes be due,  
Refuse it not: but let my body have  
The last retreat of humankind, a grave.  
Too well I know the' insulting people's hate:  
Protect me from their vengeance after fate:  
This refuge for my poor remains provide;  
And lay my much loved Lausus by my side.'  
He said, and to the sword his throat applied.  
The crimson stream distain'd his arms around,  
And the disdainful soul came rushing through  
the wound.



END OF VOL. II.

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